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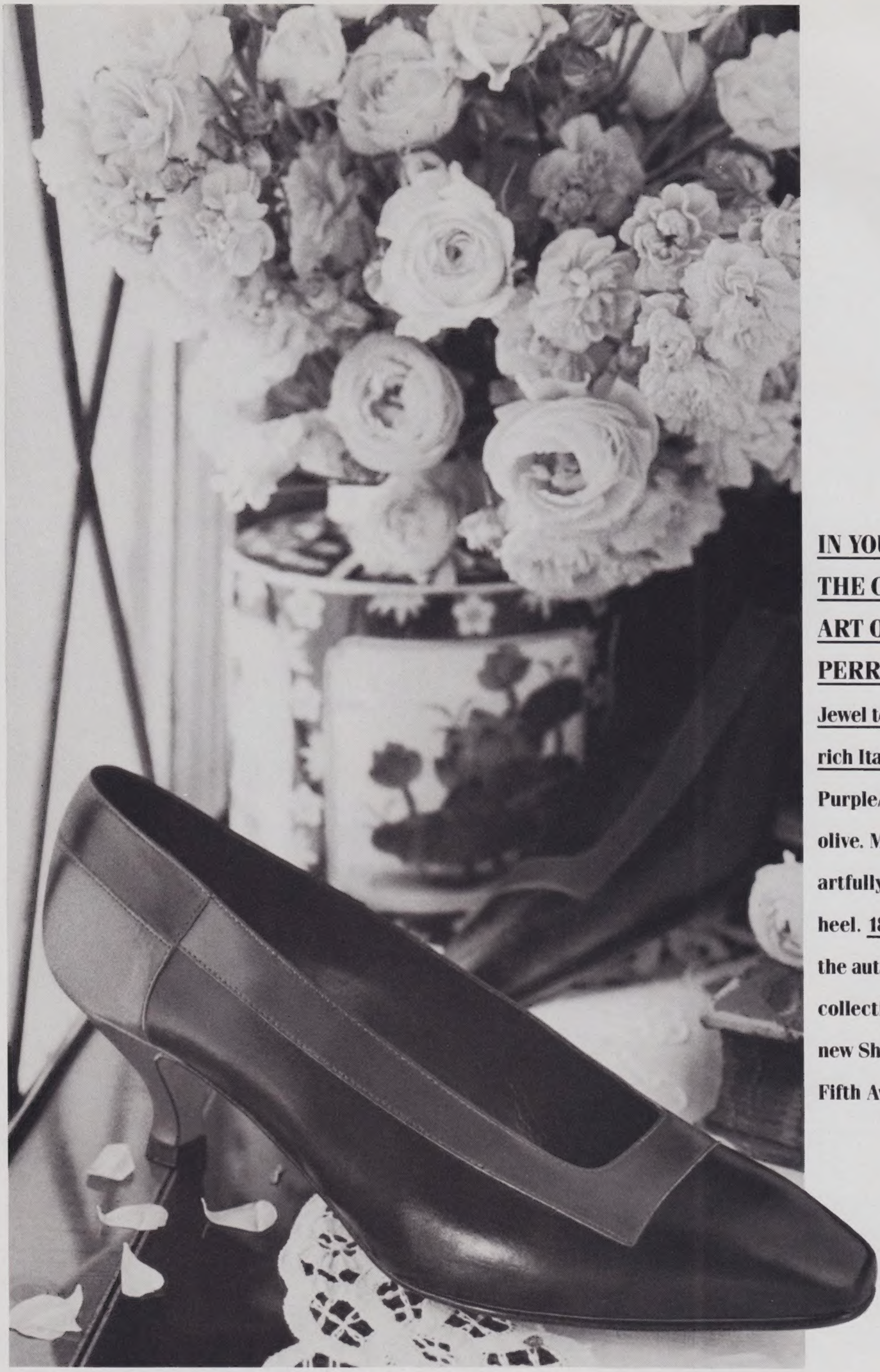

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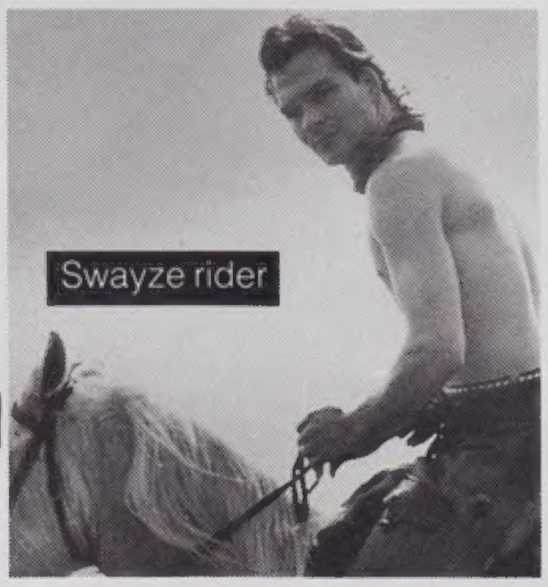

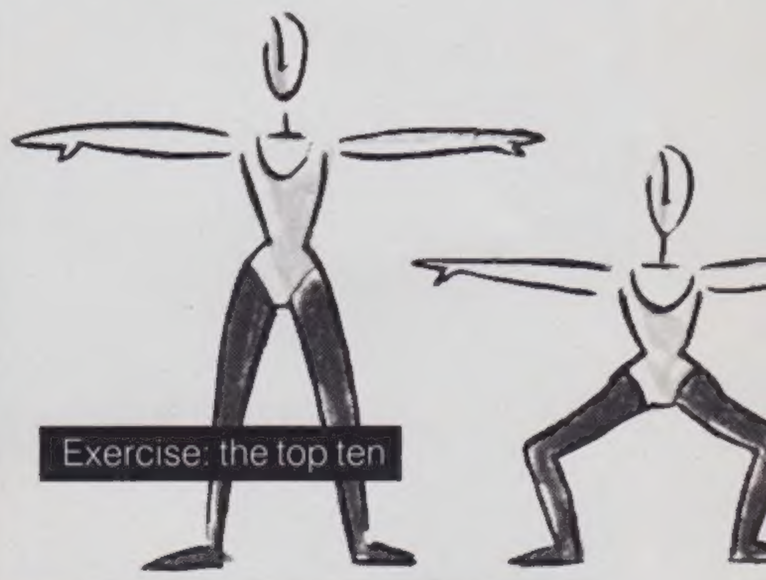

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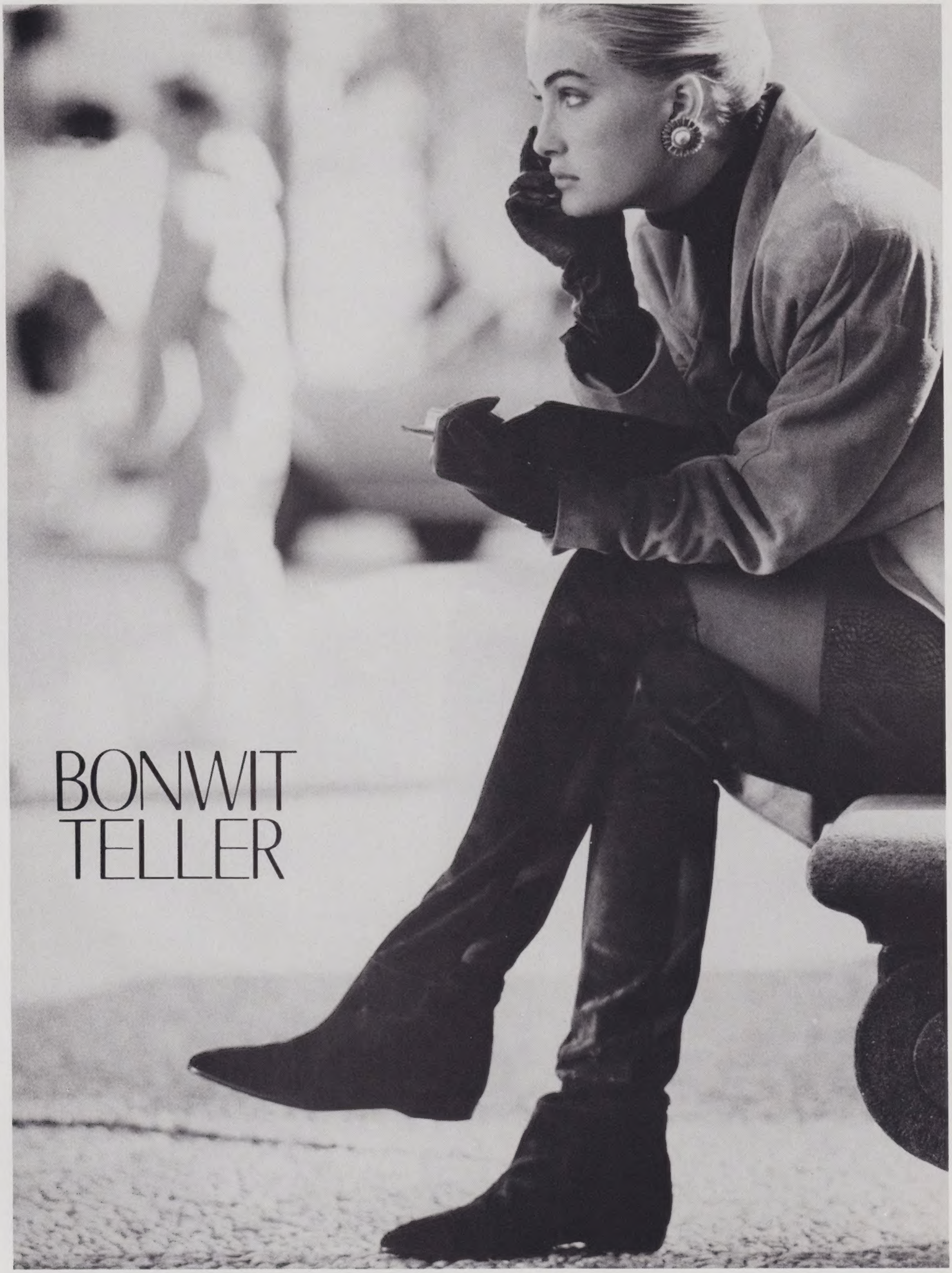

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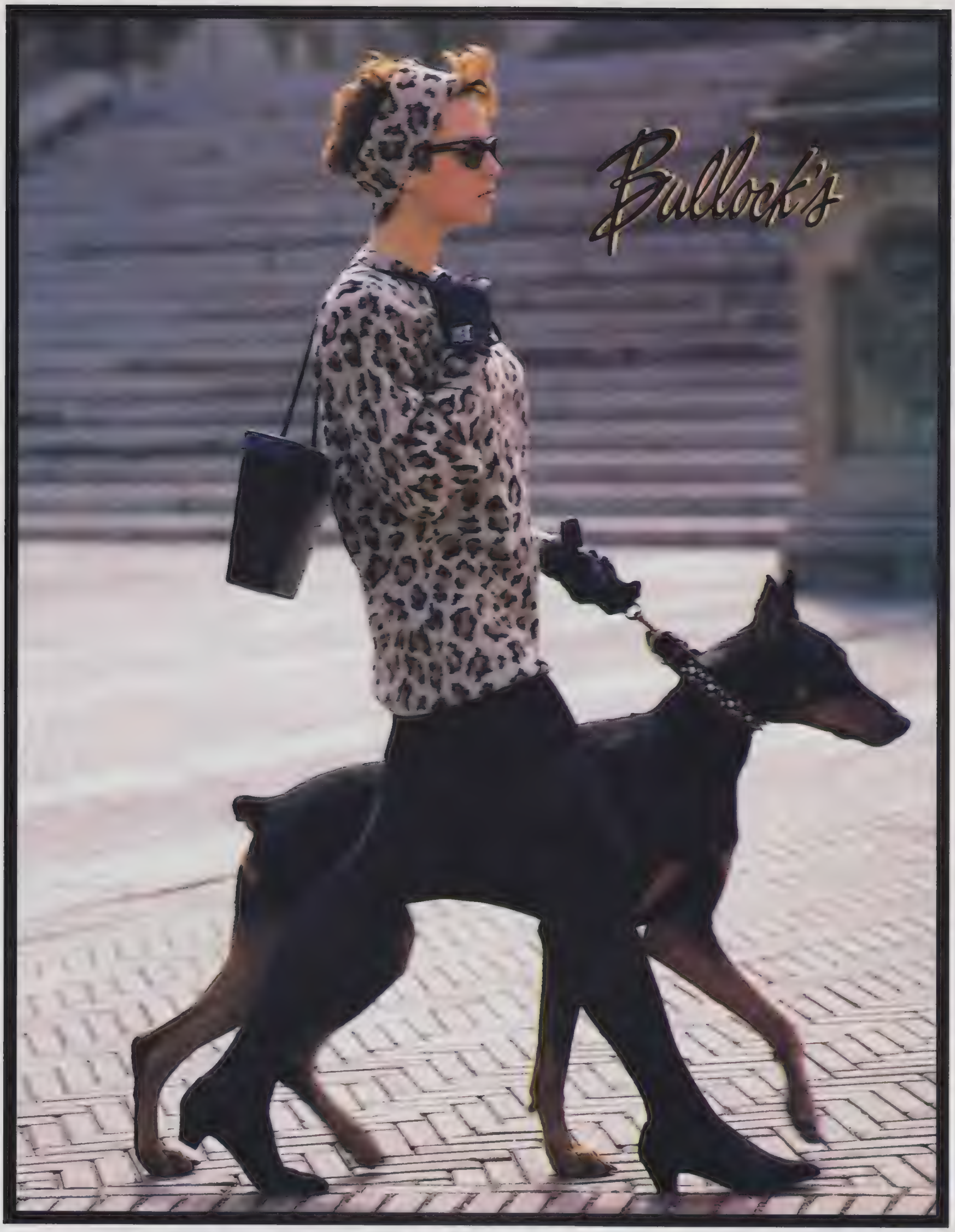

MARIE ST.JOHN

BEAUTY NOW

Beauty in this issue: setting up fall... with shorter hair, "prettier" makeup

summer splash!

The fresh appeal of model Susan Miner, above and on our cover for the first time: good looks that are vibrant, uncontrived; that stand up to summer-wet hair simply controlled (here) with gel; a little sheer, sun-blushing color. Water-resistant, just warming the face, it's a simple summer makeup idea pared down to three essentials: Warm Beige Flawless Finish base; Cocoa Rose Creme Perfection cheeks; Honey gloss over Pure Coral lips. All, Elizabeth Arden. Hair, John Sahag, John Sahag salon, NYC; makeup, Kevyn Aucoin. "Gold" necklace, earring, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Details, last pages. Photograph by Avedon.

On fall runways—and in this issue—the first signs of some changes to come? A difference in the look of hair: hair that's visibly shorter, neater, a bit softer, clearing the shoulders or pulled back and twisted up for cleaner effect. Rather than cropped "short," hair is cut to show natural texture, movement.

NYC stylist Oribe layers hair shorter in back, then sweeps it low and forward to frame the face (1,5). Or, casually pinning hair at the nape, brushes bangs to the side (2) for neatness. Even when hair now goes fuller and longer, there's noticeable shape and polish: here (4), side-parted and held off the face with gel.

In keeping with changes in hair, the best makeup is softer, non-excessive, says NYC makeup expert François Nars. "Accent one feature, eyes or lips...and use a more monochromatic palette—pastels are easier to wear, have a sense of 'play.' " What's evident now is a look of "less" on the face—matte pink cheeks (3), softened brick (6) colors.

"Women are beginning to see that wearing less makeup makes the skin look better," says makeup artist Laura Mercier—who skipped foundation, used only moisturizer, concealer, loose powder to create natural—but "finished"—looks in this issue. On eyes: "Makeup should 'echo' the quality of the iris," says Nars. Here, he "opens" up eyes with pearlized brown shadow (5).

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BEAUTY STYLE

Here's what's happening behind the scenes in the beauty/fitness world: people . . . places . . . trends . . . ideas

BY DOROTHY SCHEFER AND SHIRLEY LORD

Power Places

First it was the power lunch where big deal-making took place; then came the power breakfast. Now the action among the movers/shakers is moving again: this time to the gym. *New York Times* publisher Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, speaking at a meeting of the Advertising Women of NY, admitted he was there because AWNY president Nancy Megan and he share a gym: "She caught me behind the rowing machine"—and invited him to speak.

Every year, Donald Trump's wife Ivana hosts what she calls "the health break we deserve," flying ten women friends to Mar-A-Lago, the twenty-acre Palm Beach Trump estate she turns into a spa for the weekend. An Olympic skier (on the '72 Czech team), Ivana is no slouch when it comes to fitness. Despite commuter-flying back and forth twice each week from NYC to Atlantic City (where she's the CEO of Donald's casino empire) and taking on the task of president of New York City's Plaza Hotel (the newest Trump acquisition), Ivana always reserves time to work out with personal trainer Erin Leider-Pariser. Erin, a Jane Fonda protégé in the early days of The Workout, supervised the "health break" schedule, devising a mix of low-impact aerobics and dance classes with morning hikes around Mar-A-Lago.

Billy Juza, one of Mar-A-Lago's six chefs, takes charge of the low-cal, high-energy menu. Guests' verdict: They hope they'll be asked back next year—and have signed on with Erin in New York.

HIGH-TECH BEAUTY

● *Today, it's not unusual to get as many as six eye-color choices in one palette, two or three for cheeks/lips. Portable and practical, the idea is now being used for treatment products. New from Paris and a perfect traveler: Quadrant Beauté (from the Acadēmie scientifique de beauté), four creams in one pot—moisturizer, mask, spot gel, and night cream.*

● *When in doubt, ask a beauty consultant? Sometimes the answers aren't convincing—and the beauty industry knows it. One solution adopted by Marcella Borghese: a satellite teleconference, where twelve hundred Borghese beauty consultants across the country simultaneously watched a seminar about a new treatment product (CuraForte) and then a simulated tough-talk session on how to answer possible questions/complaints. The end result? An increase of between 35 and 145 percent in Borghese business—everywhere.*

Cosmetics Companies with a Conscience

Reebok International will sponsor this fall's 1988 Human Rights Now! World Concert Tour—as well as establish an annual human rights award of $100,000. . . . Lournay (which makes skin-care products for sensitive skin) sponsored the New York launch of the Cecil Beaton photography retrospective now touring museums across the country through December 1989.

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DIET TRENDS

● **START FRESH** is the brainchild of Erma Bressler, an Orthodox Jewish woman who struggled for years with a weight problem because she couldn't find a weight-loss program that accommodated a kosher diet. Bressler, who lost seventy pounds on her own program, began Start Fresh in her Brooklyn home in 1980. Last year, the company—whose programs include exercise, cooking classes, and now frozen dinners—grossed close to $1 million. Participants attend private sessions or classes—which, in accordance with Orthodox traditions, are separate for men and women. 718/851-0081.

● **A DOG'S LIFE**. . . According to Alpo surveys, while pet owners are exercising, pets are languishing and going unexercised; 4 out of 10 canines are chubby. Enter: canned Alpo Lite, with 25 percent fewer calories than Alpo's regular canned dog-food brand—joining Purina Fit & Trim and Gaines Cycle Lite 3 in the booming business of doggy diets.

There's been a sock-market smash, not crash, in midtown Manhattan with the arrival of Europe's hottest, fastest-growing specialty chain: the Sock Shop, which sells trendy "legwear" near subways/offices, where women can pop in to-and-from work. The brainwave of thirty-one-year-old Sophie Mirman, once secretary to the chairman of England's Marks & Spencer department stores, eighty Sock Shops have sprung up in the U.K.; seven NYC shops are doing capacity business—with eight more planned. Says Sophie: "American women are more into fitness. They wear sneakers and socks over their hose to work."

ULTIMATE SERVICES

Seen slipping into Trish McEvoy's in New York for a facial—**Madonna**, who is a regular whenever she's in town. . . . When **Kim Basinger** needed her hair colored for her newest movie, *My Stepmother Is an Alien*, she called Louis Licari—who flew from New York, where he's based, to the Coast to do the job. . . . At the Academy Awards, the acceptance speech that stood out? **Cher**'s. Her special kudos went not to *Moonstruck*'s director, Norman Jewison, or to her co-stars, but to her MVPs (most valuable people): her hairstylist (Renate Leuschner) and her makeup man (Leonard Engelman).

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Sexual personalities . . . the vanishing gender gap. BY CAROL TAVRIS

DOWNWARD MOBILITY: WHO'S TO BLAME WHEN THE CRUNCH COMES?

The American Dream is built on the belief in upward mobility: work hard and you will move up the ladder of success. But in *Falling from Grace: The Experience of Downward Mobility in the American Middle Class* (Free Press), Katherine S. Newman, Ph.D., of Columbia University, reports on the many middle-class people "who are losing their grip on prosperity." These people are stuck, Newman notes, in a "psychological no-man's land," caught between their old identities as successful members of the middle class and the new realities of being unemployed or among the "working poor." At best, they're in jobs that are adequate yet offer far less status and affluence than they once enjoyed. The impact of this on self-esteem and personal identity can be devastating. American culture is rich in symbols and rituals that celebrate success, Newman observes, yet there are no stories to help people make sense of losing that success.

Newman interviewed 150 members of this "lost tribe": former executives, fired air traffic controllers, blue collar workers whose plants were shut down, and divorced mothers (divorce being the most common cause of downward mobility for women). She found some common psychological themes: the feeling of failure, loss of control and a coherent identity, and disorientation—though people's reactions did vary, depending, for example, on whether they shared the experience with others (as in a company closing) or felt themselves to be alone (as in divorce).

Newman finds that "downward mobility is not simply an episodic or unusual phenomenon in this country. It is a regular feature of the economic landscape." About 20 percent of all American men move *down* the job hierarchy during their lives, and an increasing number of people are suffering economic decline. Yet so strong is the Horatio Alger ethic, Newman says, that people blame the downwardly mobile for psychological failings rather than blaming social policies that make downward mobility more likely. What we need, Newman says, are programs that soften the blow of losing a job—from more unemployment compensation to job retraining—and that restore workers' security and confidence. The downwardly mobile, Newman concludes, "should not be left to suffer in silence or in self-loathing, and we cannot pretend that they have only themselves to blame."

PREDICTING SEXUAL ATTITUDES

In examining seemingly unrelated elements of sexuality—from attitudes toward sex and contraception to sexual fantasies—a team of researchers has identified a personality continuum ranging from "erotophobia" (fear of things erotic) to "erotophilia" (love of things erotic) that is a predictor of many sexual attitudes and practices. William A. Fisher, Ph.D., of The University of Western Ontario; Donn Byrne, Ph.D., of SUNY, Albany; Leonard A. White, Ph.D., of Purdue; and Kathryn Kelley, Ph.D., also of SUNY, find, for instance, that erotophiles are more willing to learn about sex and to use contraception—while erotophobia, among women, is related to an inconsistent use of birth control. "Because sexual behavior is inherently rewarding," the researchers note, "erotophilia would presumably be the norm"—if authoritarian parents who conveyed the feeling that sex is dirty and wrong didn't get in the way.

SPIRITUAL POSSESSION AND THE BRAIN

Throughout history, there have been stories of "cosmic" consciousness, spiritual possession, and transcendence. Barry L. Beyerstein, Ph.D., of the Brain Behavior Laboratory at Canada's Simon Fraser University, has been studying the neurology of such experiences. "Some are pathological," he reports, "others are induced by specific manipulations, and some are occasional spontaneous discharges in otherwise normal brains."

The sense of self, says Beyerstein, results from a complex process of internal sensations, external perceptions, time cues, and memories. When the brain mechanisms that regulate this process are interrupted by disease, sensory overload, or drugs, "the self seems to lose its physical boundaries. Psychologists call this 'depersonalization' or 'ego dissolution'; to mystics, it is 'oneness with the universe.' "

Beyerstein has identified three brain abnormalities—epilepsy, Tourette's Syndrome, and migraines—that were probably involved in many ancient stories of demonic possession and mystical vision. (One twelfth-century nun had visions of dazzling light and halos around objects that are typical of auras that precede migraines.) Beyerstein also identifies practices that can alter brain chemistry in normal people, techniques that have long been used for religious and political conversion such as rhythmic sensory bombardment (chanting and dancing); food, water, and sleep deprivation (vigils, fasts); and hyperventilation.

Whether people interpret their experiences as natural or transcendent, Beyerstein notes, varies with individuals and their times. The common thread, it seems, is the *desire* for explanation—one that will fit their philosophy and needs, reassuring them that they are not crazy.

HOW MEN AND WOMEN THINK

For decades, indeed for centuries, scientists have attempted to prove that men and women "think differently." Now, however, Alan Feingold, a doctoral student at Yale University, in reviewing more than three decades of test scores on aptitude tests, including SATs, has found that gender differences have declined. In 1947, for example, girls scored higher than boys on spelling, language, clerical speed and accuracy, and verbal ability. Boys scored higher than girls on mechanical, verbal, and abstract reasoning, space relations, and numerical ability. By 1980, boys had completely caught up with girls on verbal ability and halved the difference in clerical abilities (thanks, no doubt, to computers). Girls had caught up in verbal reasoning, abstract reasoning, and numerical ability and halved the difference in mechanical reasoning and space relations. The only exception to the "vanishing gender differences," Feingold has found, is the gap at the highest levels of math performance in high school. Such dramatic changes suggest that we need not differentiate between "male" and "female" abilities. Indeed, perhaps one reason for the closing of the "thinking gap" is that schoolchildren are no longer separated for "girls' " and "boys' " activities, just as the line between "men's work" and "women's work" is blurring.

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Players

Corporations used to be merely patrons of the arts, but now they're a favorite subject of plays, books, films—and this month NYC's Cooper-Hewitt Museum's exhibition of annual reports. Frankly, **expense accounts** would be more provocative. . . . Our fascination with corporate culture extends to the jargon used by employees (at Walt Disney, for example, business lunches are "on the mouse") and acronyms that reflect the financial status of various demographic groups. DINKS (double income, no kids) has spawned **OINKS** (one income, no kids), **WOOFS** (well-off older folks), and SWELLS (single women earning lots and lots). . . . "Player" is the buzzword of the moment. In *Wall Street*, **Michael Douglas'** character used the term to refer to someone making serious money, but "players" may best describe the bidders at the recent **Warhol auction**—people like Stuart Pivar, who paid $11,550 for one lot, and told *The New York Times*: "I always wanted a cookie jar." . . .

Mish-M*A*S*H

According to public opinion polls, people don't want another Vietnam. Meanwhile, the war continues to intrigue filmmakers: most recently, David Jones—who's shooting *Jacknife* with **Robert De Niro** and Ed Harris—and Brian De Palma. And ABC's new series *China Beach* borrows shamelessly from *Platoon* and *Good Morning, Vietnam*. Maybe the difference between conservatives and entertainment industry liberals is that the former feel embarrassed about losing the war, and the latter feel compelled to express their guilt through endless repetition. . . . British producer **David Puttnam**, whose Viet pic, *The Killing Fields*, won three Oscars in 1984, and whose brief reign at Columbia was relatively bloody, may be back in business, backed by an international consortium. . . .

High-tech astrology

Nancy and Ronald Reagan, who are still consulting horoscopes, are living in the Dark Ages: the signs of these times are blood types. According to the authors of a recent book called ***You Are Your Blood Type***, people with O-type blood are high achievers; As are introverted and idealistic; Bs are independent; and ABs are analytical, intense, trustworthy. Scientists now believe that certain personality traits—shyness, for one—are inherited, so blood-typecasting should come as no surprise. . . . The first reported case of **New Age vandalism** comes with the story of a crystal fanatic who visited the posh Hay-Adams Hotel in Washington, DC, and snatched a piece of the chandelier to channel with. . . . The **panhandling** line of the month? "Can you spare a nickel or dime for breakfast? It's the most important meal of the day." . . .

Idealism

Now that architects have exhausted the esthetic limits of Post-Modernism, they are turning to other challenges. In New York City, such prestigious firms as Skidmore, Owings & Merrill are designing transitional housing for the **homeless**. . . . Recently, a number of films and plays have focused on the politics of South Africa (*Cry Freedom, Sarafina!*, etc.) and on the struggles of **Hispanics** in East L.A. (*Stand and Deliver*) or the American Southwest (*The Milagro Beanfield War*). Do they reflect a new idealism—or a new kind of exoticism? One political satire that has been causing a flap since it was re-released is John Frankenheimer's 1962 film ***The Manchurian Candidate***, the dark story of an assassin-in-the-making that was yanked out of theaters in 1963 because of its eerie resemblance to the J.F.K. assassination. . . .

Jerseysomething?

The producers of *thirtysomething*, Ed Zwick and Marshall Herskovitz, are creating a series about blue-collar types in New Jersey, which is also the locale of **Mary Tyler Moore's** new show. . . . If New Jersey can become trendy, anything can happen—and might explain why New York City restaurateur Jonathan Waxman has closed **Jams**, his tony Upper East Side boîte, and reopened it under the name J.W., featuring entrées in the $15 to $19 range. "People are tired of paying $80 each for dinner," he reportedly said. That calls for a brandy. Or a Bud. —TRACY YOUNG

("PATA" continued on page 34)

ESPRIT
FOOTWEAR

(Continued from page 32)

THE GODS THAT FAILED Women caught between family and political conviction

Barbara Hershey's dual roles of activist and mother are "A World Apart"

It was the late 'sixties and the early 'seventies and the women's movement was in its utopian phase. Women embarked on careers more exalted than anything their mothers had dreamed of, moved into politics and social activism, joined demonstrations and sit-ins. And they had children.

These children are now teenagers, and in several current films they look at their mothers with accusing eyes and ask, "Why didn't *I* come first?" *A World Apart*, cinematographer Chris Menges' first film as a director, stars Barbara Hershey as an anti-apartheid journalist in South Africa, and focuses on the misery of her thirteen-year-old daughter, played by Jodhi May, whose life has been convulsed by her mother's activities on behalf of the far-left African National Congress. In Sidney Lumet's *Running on Empty*, opening this fall, Christine Lahti and Judd Hirsch play 'sixties radicals who have lived underground (with their two children) since they blew up a napalm factory in the early 'seventies, pulling up roots the moment they spot a suspicious unmarked car. Their seventeen-year-old son (River Phoenix), a musical prodigy, is caught between his parents' love and need of him, and his urge to break free and follow his own ambitions.

The stunning achievement of both films is to show how the children of radical parents are bequeathed ideals as if they were genes and are forced to take on adult burdens of conscience. They're asked to sacrifice the freedom and innocence of childhood, yet not let in on adult confidences that would help them understand why. These children might also become the glue that holds the home together. In an extreme variation of that moment when a parent says, "I've done it all for you," *Running on Empty*'s Hirsch tells his son that it is for the boy's love and good opinion that he continues to follow a path of radical idealism and isolation, implying that the boy must stay with the family to justify his father's ideals.

Set in 1963, *A World Apart* is the true story of a woman who defied the South African bans on antigovernment activism, was imprisoned, then tried to commit suicide out of fear that she might inform. Hershey's severe and disturbing performance, though not always clearly focused, captures the ruthlessness of sainthood. This low-budget film grasps in a way that *Cry Freedom* never did the agony of a white South African's choice to protest apartheid, and the truth that to give oneself to a political cause, however noble, usually involves a sacrifice. In this case, a child is deprived of her mother. She is also ostracized by her school friends, branded a Communist, and then almost orphaned.

If life is sometimes viewed as a system of "prioritizing" and compromise, these films show us there are times when it is not. One look at Hershey's fierce, unyielding face, and you know this woman could not have done otherwise. But her daughter, played by May with an astonishing combination of girlishness and gravity, makes an equally strong claim. When mother and daughter finally confront each other, it is to weep together over the unfairness of life and of a country in which acts of conscience can drive a mother and daughter apart.

—MOLLY HASKELL

("PATA" continued on page 38)

"Apart"'s Jodhi May: "Why didn't I come first?"

CHECKLIST Watch

the British upper classes self-destruct in grand, stiff-upper-lip style in *A Handful of Dust*, Charles Sturridge's brilliant adaptation of one of Evelyn Waugh's most scathingly ironic novels. Heading a superb cast is the beautifully enigmatic *Kristin Scott Thomas* as the female half of Waugh's morbidly mismatched couple, and *James Wilby*, a revelation as her husband, a man of old-fashioned honor in thrall to an England that no longer is.... In *A Summer Story*, Piers Haggard's hyperesthetic take on a Galsworthy story, *Wilby* is more like the pretty boy he played in *Maurice*. *Imogen Stubbs* is lovely as the peasant girl he loves and leaves, but so is every rock, tree, and raindrop. The film is relentlessly picturesque, emotionally vapid. —M.H.

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(Continued from page 34)

ALCHEMY Penelope Spheeris' witty appraisal of heavy metal

Spheeris' "Decline" is the audience's gain

Long-haired, bejeweled, and painted with horror-film makeup, the heavy-metal rockers of Penelope Spheeris' *The Decline of Western Civilization Part II* look like a coven of Draculas who wandered into a Walpurgisnacht celebration. Their salvation (and the audience's) is a splashy and witty self-awareness. The surprisingly articulate interviewees describe the agonies of the heavy metal scene, such as the "head banger" fans who rhythmically slam their heads against the stage during concerts, and the ecstasies of the music—a loud, aggressive brand of rock one star calls "a fist in your face." The still stringy-haired veteran Alice Cooper firmly maintains that heavy metal saved rock 'n roll from dying of effeteness. The movie marks a major step forward for Spheeris, whose previous forays into the bonding and drug habits of the punk subculture, *Suburbia* and *The Decline of Western Civilization*, sentimentalized boys in groups and were longer on violence and boredom than on humor.

It is a few years and many hangovers later, and a lot of the guys are burned out, drying out, or staving off middle age the best they can. Joe Perry and Steven Tyler, the grand old men of Aerosmith, are off drugs and booze. Ozzy Osbourne, who used to bite the heads off doves, pads around his London flat in his bathrobe, the picture of domesticity as he fixes a wholesome English breakfast.

Despite the frenzied atmosphere and the verbal raunch, this lively blend of concert footage and bad-boy interviews strikes a note of nostalgia: every decade has its rebels without causes. Even the womanizing bravado and the locker-room jokes of both the younger and older rockers have a retro 'fifties air. The young ones are clearly more entrepreneurial, convinced they can become megastars, and maybe they can—if their parents don't get them into California's statewide "de-metalizing" programs first.

—MOLLY HASKELL

"Enchanting young predators," Renoir and Chaulet

AH, YOUTH

Like the women in Stendhal's novels, Eric Rohmer's enchanting young predators are the militarists of love, planning their campaigns with a general's eye for detail and an intuitive understanding of the quarry. The battlefield in *Boyfriends and Girlfriends*, his newest film, is an antiseptic modern housing and office development outside Paris that looks like a stage set about to be struck. Cergy-Pontoise, with its distant view of the Eiffel Tower, is a self-contained world with its own man-made lakes, theaters, plazas, cafés, and malls, a place where swarms of middle-management singles are destined to meet.

After two young women, one an arts agency bureaucrat, the other a computer trainee, become instant intimates, they debate strategies for respectively capturing and evading two of Cergy's sexiest men. Léa (Sophie Renoir), the evader, is a tall and willowy brunette who hates sports (her boyfriend loves them), while Blanche (Emmanuelle Chaulet), one of Rohmer's most winning heroines, is a delicate-faced, sturdy-bodied sports enthusiast who thinks her speechlessness in the presence of the other very attractive man is love. Naturally, when desire strikes, it has nothing to do with the fixed ideas and battle strategies the two have been carrying in their heads.

Rohmer takes a class of people that nobody else would find poetic, uncovers the universality in their tribal dances and self-deceptions, and makes our hearts beat faster at the breathless moment when someone decides to love. In the comic gavotte of *Boyfriends and Girlfriends*, a *Così fan tutte* of the malls, he confirms that he is the erotic Aesop of our times.

—M. H. ("PATA" continued on page 44)

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(Continued from page 38)

Megashows may be coloring the museum-goer's intimate relationship with art

ROTHKO VS. RAMBO

Can art survive the blockbuster museum show?

We all know the blockbuster—a mix of crowd, crush, and masterpiece that sends us careening out of the museum with a few fragmentary impressions, a bag full of gift shop junk, and a longing for peace and quiet. Megamania has its origins in the 'sixties, when Michelangelo's Pietà came to New York City's World's Fair, and people scanned a stage-lit icon from a moving sidewalk. Since the King Tutankhamen exhibition made its cross-country tour in 1977-79, the blockbuster has become the typical museum experience for most Americans. Some shows have even entered the pop culture mainstream—remember comedian Steve Martin singing "King Tut" on *Saturday Night Live*? And megamadness had spread around the world: this past winter, crowds circled the huge Musée d'Orsay complex in Paris, waiting hours in the cold for a chance to see *Van Gogh: The Paris Years*.

While some blockbuster shows are still enthralling, the circus atmosphere has made it increasingly difficult for museum-goers and museum professionals alike to enter into a really intimate relationship with great works of art.

These huge exhibitions are also part of the upward spiral of art world hype. The back-to-back Van Gogh shows at New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art in 1985 and 1987 contributed to the auction price fever that sent Van Gogh's works into the fifty-million-dollar sphere last year. And blockbuster prices have, in turn, fueled rising insurance costs that are threatening the very concept of the loan exhibition. Commenting on the difficulty of insuring the Gauguin show, currently at Washington's National Gallery of Art, Director J. Carter Brown observes that lenders are "adding zeros to values. . . . If things continue this way, it's going to kill off any kind of loan exhibit of that kind of material. We may be seeing some dinosaurs here that are about to go extinct."

Brown thinks the big museums will probably be able to keep on with major shows—especially with the help of federal indemnification programs that cover costs normal insurers would never consider; but for smaller institutions, cost, along with the reluctance of collectors to lend for long tours, is going to become an insuperable obstacle.

A growing awareness of the wear and tear involved in shipping irreplaceable works of art is exacerbating the loan crunch. "In almost every one of these shows damages occur that have to be fixed," says Sherman Lee, the widely respected former director of the Cleveland Museum of Art. "Works are unpacked and go straight to the conservation department." Lee also believes we must face up to the possibility of catastrophic disasters—such as plane crashes. In 1986, a committee on federal indemnification advised against insuring twenty-six masterpieces from West Berlin for exactly this reason. (The insurance estimate on those Renaissance paintings was a surreal two hundred million dollars plus.)

Blockbusters—which, for a time, created a mood of ever-expanding expectations in the museum-going public—are now backfiring. The Ticketron marketing, the exhibits laid out like flow charts are breeding cynicism in the public. Kirk Varnedoe, the recently appointed Director of Painting and Sculpture at New York City's Museum of Modern Art, fears that we've come to the point where people are "expecting Rothko to compete with Rambo." Philippe de Montebello, Director of NYC's Metropolitan Museum of Art—and no stranger to the megashow—speaks of "exhibitionitis." "Major shows," he says, "are affecting the overall performance of museums." With all attention focused on a few big exhibitions, beleaguered museum staffs are having a hard time concentrating on the care and development of their own collections.

Can museums play a quality rather than numbers game? Not according to Henry Hopkins, who was director of the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art until 1986; he feels that sponsors watch record-breaking attendance figures all too closely. "To suddenly show a reduced audience," says Hopkins, "even if you improve the quality of your shows, is regarded as impossible." Museum officials are afraid that sponsors will think they're "on a backward spiral." In the past decade, massive building programs have triggered sharp increases *(Continued on page 46)*

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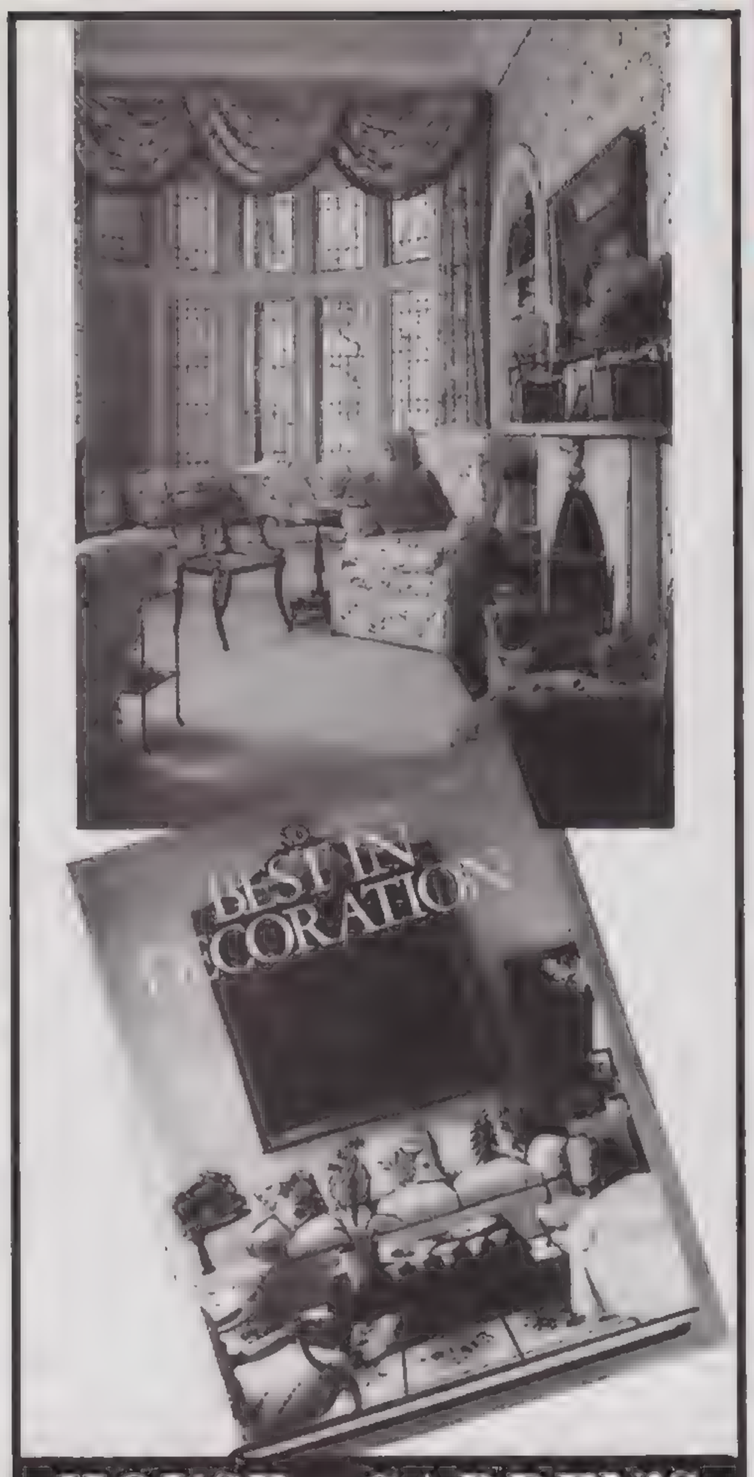

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... ART/THEATER

(Continued from page 44)

in operating costs; when the new wing is in place, blockbusters may be the only way left to balance the books.

Luisa Kreisberg, who was head of public information at NYC's Museum of Modern Art from 1978–1984, helped prepare for the mammoth Picasso retrospective. She describes the current megashow mentality as "*People Magazine* esthetics," and points out that the hype reaches people who never even make it to the show. There's the book—and for those who don't read, the TV program.

Nobody really knows if blockbuster visitors turn into regular museum-goers. When museum people around the country call Kreisberg, her advice boils down to two phrases with long-term implications: boost education, boost endowments. Kreisberg also thinks museums need to be more creative about attracting the public. For starters, she suggests hours that are tailored to leisure time: why not stay open late every night, as the Pompidou Center in Paris has done for years?

As museums move into the post-blockbuster 'nineties, there's one very encouraging sign around the country—new attention is being focused on hometown holdings. At the Art Institute of Chicago, the European paintings collection has just been wonderfully reinstalled. In Houston, the De Menil Collection opened last year with a revolutionary commitment to allowing the art to speak for itself: the curators are simply hanging the paintings on the walls, setting the sculptures on their pedestals, and letting the public draw its own conclusions. Ironically, only those museums with massive private endowments—such as the De Menil, the Kimbell in Forth Worth, and the Getty, scheduled to open in Los Angeles in 1994—may be free to look beyond anxieties about attendance figures and corporate sponsorships to a new kind of populism. We may find that the elitists are the only ones who offer the "contemplative" atmosphere that Sherman Lee sees as essential to our experience of works of art. When novelist John Updike staggered out of the Renoir show at Boston's Museum of Fine Arts in 1985, he was amazed that Renoir himself "wasn't trampled underfoot." The public has to send a sign that it's ready for a change. What would happen if they gave a blockbuster and nobody came? —JED PERL

THE MAN WHO MISTOOK AN ESSAY FOR A MUSICAL

Frederick Westcott examines "a convoluted red object with a linear green attachment"

It was surprising when *The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat*, neurologist Oliver Sacks's poetic collection of case histories, made the best-seller list; what is more surprising is that the book's title chapter is now an absorbing chamber opera by British composer Michael Nyman. Originally produced by London's Institute of Contemporary Art last year, the opera will be performed at New York City's Lincoln Center this month. (SoHo's Film Forum will screen the movie version starting August 31st.)

Nyman's score, at once lush and minimal, drives the intense plot forward: Dr. P., the courtly gentleman who makes the title's mistake, is a Viennese musician suffering from an incurable loss of visual perception. The opera shows an empathetic neurologist (Sacks's alter ego) gently running Dr. P. through a maze of diagnostic tests. He discovers that Dr. P. can identify objects only by zeroing in on the basic geometric shapes that comprise them, then making an educated guess. The scene in which Dr. P. cheerfully identifies a rose he's holding as "a convoluted red object with a linear green attachment" reveals how much of this endearing man is irretrievably lost. Ultimately, the only prescription the neurologist can give Dr. P. is "more music," since he realizes that his patient, humming away as he bumbles through a world growing increasingly alien to him, relies on the comforting structure of his music to organize his shattered life.

The performances in the film version are powerful, and the tenderness with which the characters relate to one another, very affecting—the wife (Patricia Hooper) gracefully struggling to maintain the dignity of her husband (Frederick Westcott), the neurologist (Emile Belcourt) straining to understand and console. It's as involving a scenario as any you can imagine in opera, and in its own intimate way, grandly dramatic. —BOB MORRIS

("PATA" continued page 48)

MARK GARVIN

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... THEATER / TV

(Continued from page 46)

STARSTRUCK

Olympia Dukakis: "My dream wasn't to win an Oscar—it was to play the great parts"

Olympia Dukakis is as spontaneous and animated as her cousin, Michael Dukakis, is subdued and measured. Behind the sly deadpan of her Oscar-winning performance as Cher's resolutely unromantic mother in *Moonstruck*, there's a salty candor more in keeping with a seasoned pro than a new movie star.

Though Dukakis' prior film career has been mostly on the order of don't blink or you'll miss it, her theater résumé contains three decades of highly regarded work. The winner of two Obies, she has performed Off-Broadway in productions ranging from *Electra* to Sam Shepard's *Curse of the Starving Class*. On Broadway, she played Marlo Thomas' resolutely romantic mother in *Social Security*. "With some exceptions, my roles in commercial theater have been strongly ethnic," Dukakis says. "Lots of Italians. And mothers."

In response to this typecasting, Dukakis set out fifteen years ago to forge a new creative outlet: with her husband (actor Louis Zorich) and brother (actor-director Apollo Dukakis), she founded the Whole Theatre, a small professional company in Montclair, New Jersey. "A producer, whose name will go unmentioned, said to me, 'What are you doing, hiding out in New Jersey?' *Actually* said that. But I knew I couldn't wait for the *business* to offer me the big parts—Mother Courage, Phaedra.

"When we started out, people thought we were just another community theater, like a social club," she recalls. But ambitious seasons of classics and new plays have established the group's reputation. And not just locally, but alongside resident companies nationwide.

Her *Moonstruck* acclaim hasn't hurt, which she acknowledges with characteristic matter-of-factness. "It was never my dream to win an Oscar. But it's wonderful what's happened. People are coming—*because of me*. If Olympia Dukakis is acting in a show at the Whole Theatre . . . well, there must be something going on there." —THOMAS GALLAGHER

GARRY TRUDEAU AND ROBERT ALTMAN CREATE THE ONLY CONVINCING CANDIDATE

In only eleven episodes of *Tanner '88*, running on HBO, director Robert Altman (*M*A*S*H*, *Nashville*) and cartoonist Garry Trudeau (*Doonesbury*) have created a completely new and yet astonishingly natural form for television. A show about the Presidential campaign shot on videotape during the actual campaign, it is a timely comic strip, a quick fiction using for political satire the same techniques of urgency and dispatch long employed for straight news documentaries. *Tanner '88* is an unlikely TV show that could only have been done on TV.

Altman and Trudeau have created a candidate and thrown him into the primary pond to watch him swim. He splashes and paddles with real pols like Bob Dole and Pat Robertson, who make cameo appearances; but mostly he floats, good-humoredly, toward defeat, while his loyal staff waves madly from the shore. This mock candidate's buttons say, "Tanner for President . . . For real."

Michael Murphy plays Tanner with ease and resilience. He breathes. He can make Jack seem a little like a jerk when he's campaigning—uncomfortable and unconvincing—then bring him suddenly to life. In the first episode, Tanner has been trying not to bump into other candidates while shaking local hands. ("You my 10:30 people?" asks Farmer Bob, whose quaint farmhouse is next to the airport. His wife snaps a picture with her Polaroid. "And then I've got a whole bunch of Kemps hee-uh," she says, opening an album. "I thought that maybe my neighbor down the road, Ellie Duncan would trade me some of her Doles. . . .") Tanner's staff has in the meantime concocted an absurdly false bio-film about their man, to which a test audience has reacted with snickers of disgust. When Tanner returns from his ridiculous day, he suddenly begins to tell his disheartened staff why he wants to run, why he thinks America is worth running for. "We got in there for moral reasons," he says about Vietnam, "and by God we got out of there for moral reasons. Where else on this earth would such debate center on anything other than expediency?" It's a moving moment for us rhetorically starved liberals, and Murphy gives the guy passion and stature.

Pamela Reed plays Tanner's campaign manager with perfectly harassed, bug-eyed cynicism and dedication. When she watches him speak, her nostrils flare, her eyebrows rise, slyly congratulating him, urging him on to greater heights; you can tell that, for her, shaping a successful candidate is as exciting, as engaging, as satisfying, as sex.

Trudeau's seemingly aimless dialogue drifts into perfect, deadpan epiphanies while Altman's camera mingles with the nattering crowds of voters, staffers, advisers, and journalists. A photographer's elbow blocks Senator Lowell Weicker's face at an anti-apartheid rally; the hostess's child, in pyjamas, rubbing his eyes, comes padding unceremoniously down the steps at a fund-raising party—*Tanner '88* has the pleasant, awkward rhythm of curiosity. Trudeau and Altman obviously despair over the absurd campaign process, in which ideas get blocked as completely as Weicker's profile, but the filmmakers never give up looking. A first on American TV, *Tanner '88* is a very funny show that is serious about politics.

—CATHLEEN SCHINE

("PATA" continued on page 58)

On the TV campaign trail in "Tanner '88": Michael Murphy and Cynthia Nixon

Top: JAMES HAMILTON. Hair and makeup: Sandra Bocas. Bottom: CLIFF LIPSON

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BY MARGARETHA LEY

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TORONTO • HAZELTON AVENUE
MONTREAL • OGILVY
OTTAWA • SUSSEX DRIVE
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EDMONTON • MANULIFE PLACE

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JOHN WANAMAKER/PHILADELPHIA

(Continued from page 48)

REBEL WITH A CAUSE

Peter Garrett, political activist, leads one of Australia's great slam-dance bands

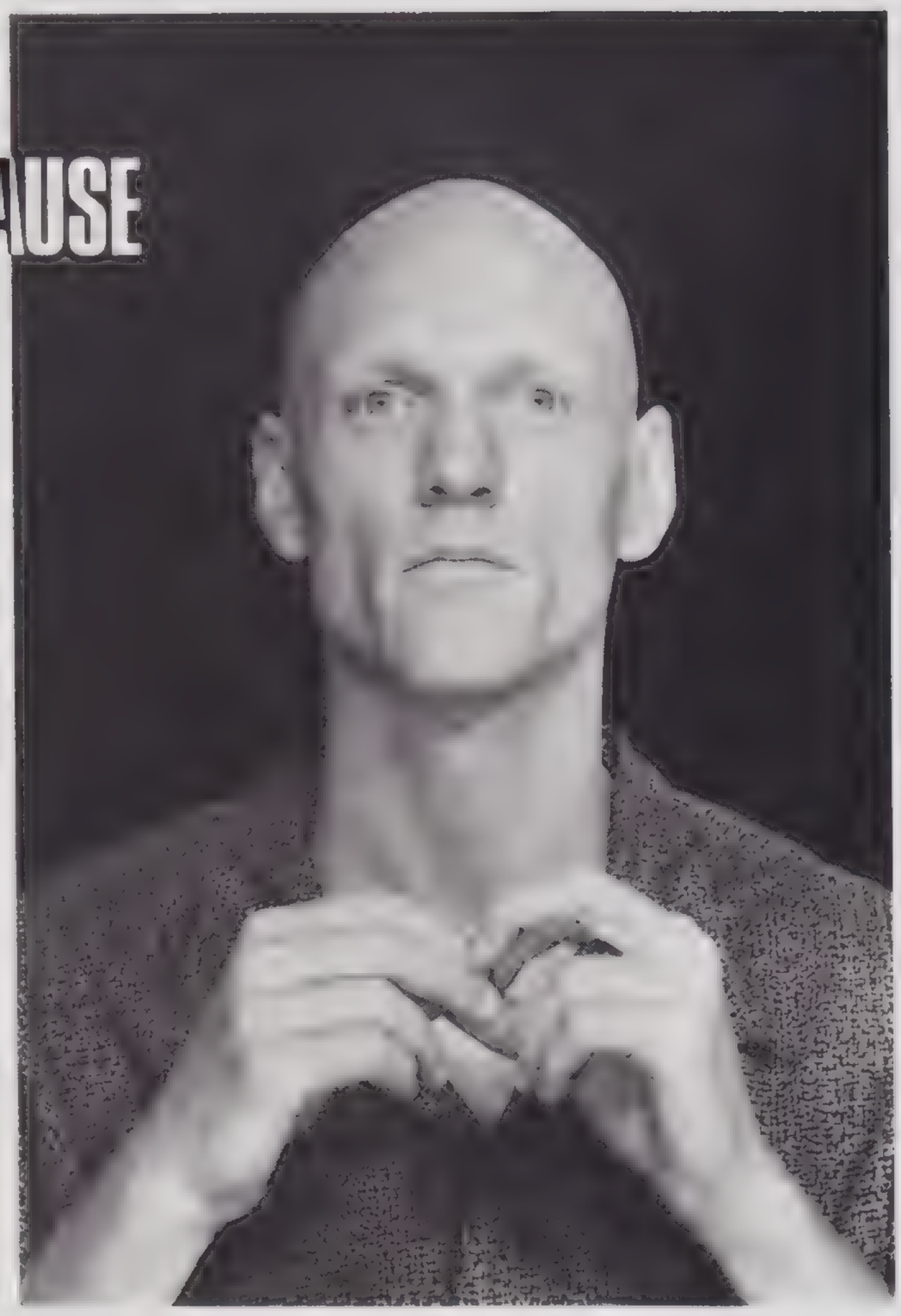
Peter Garrett—6'6" and bald, with the snarling voice of a punk rocker and songs full of politically volatile lyrics—is one of rock's most charismatic figures. For the last ten years, Garrett, a lawyer (and body-surfing fanatic), has directed some of his energy toward bettering the world: he ran as an antinuclear candidate for the Australian Senate. He also leads one of the country's great slam-dance, high-energy bands, Midnight Oil.

While rock audiences have grown used to benefit concerts, Midnight Oil has taken strong stands on particularly controversial issues, among them, aboriginal land rights and U.S. military and cultural imperialism. "Politics is a dirty word," says Garrett, thirty-four, "but the reality is that it's just life: emotional, gut issues."

Garrett's frenzied, spasmodic dance style and compelling stage presence make him the major concert draw of the group. While he refuses to analyze the effect he has on audiences, Garrett does admit that he's a "forceful personality." Along with his passionate political stance, he has a ruffian's approach to rock: he can make an arena concert seem as if it's being performed in a sweaty bar.

The Oils, as they're known in Australia (Garrett, Rob Hirst, Martin Rotsey, Peter Gifford, Jim Moginie), have mixed their message with hard-edged songs that have made them wildly popular in their country. While they've never courted U.S. success, they're about to make it big here, whether they like it or not; their sixth LP, *Diesel and Dust*, has propelled the band from the college radio scene to the wider audience they deserve. The Oils are not at all concerned that their songs are "too Australian." "We're in the global pub now," says Garrett.

—LISA ROBINSON



Midnight Oil's Garrett: "We're in the global pub now"

DIVA MADNESS

"I'm the type of person who sings to Muzak in the supermarket"

Shelley Hirsch: the exotic bird on the New Music landscape

Shelley Hirsch is an exotic bird, even on the New Music landscape. Like Meredith Monk and Laurie Anderson, she insists on stretching the possibilities of a song, her vocal vocabulary inspired by anything from movie musicals to traditional Korean storytelling. Onstage, her repertoire features jazzy improvisational "scat" singing, hallucinogenic Wagherian arias, and snatches of texts spoken in exaggerated local accents. One minute she'll be chopping vegetables with an enormous cleaver, and the next soaring out over her audience on a swing. At a recent concert in downtown Manhattan, Hirsch sang a duet with a glowing music box that played the theme from *Swan Lake* while she cooed "Cry Me A River" in the darkness. "My songs are like collages," Hirsch says. "I like to work on both concrete and associative levels."

Hirsch works with composer David Weinstein (in New Music circles, they're affectionately known as the Peaches & Herb of the avant-garde), and "Power Muzak," their latest experiment, is a speedy, kaleidoscopic piece made up of bits of conversation, pop songs, and personal texts that Weinstein has set to lush orchestration. "In 'Power Muzak' we embrace and poke fun at the language of pop songs and Muzak. It's a celebration and subversion of sentimentality," says Hirsch. "But then, I'm the type of person who sings to Muzak in the supermarket."

Hirsch's habitats are New York City's experimental performance spaces like The Kitchen, Dance Theater Workshop, and The Knitting Factory. On July 6, Hirsch migrates uptown, appearing in the New York International Festival of the Arts "High Voltage Vocalists" program at Merkin Concert Hall. She also recently released her first solo album, *Shelley Hirsch Singing*, on Apollo.

As entertaining as she is eclectic, Hirsch has the verve of a pop singer—a Judy Garland possessed, or Lotte Lenya tripping on some astral plane. "When I was a kid I'd perform these fully costumed historical variety shows that might start out with 'Sweet Betsy from Pike' and end up with a Motown number. I've always been into overviews." —BOB MORRIS

("PATA" continued on page 63)

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(Continued from page 58)

TENDER MERCIES

A *Love Story* for the AIDS generation

Alice Hoffman, America's most accomplished author of literary fiction for women who read too much.

Alice Hoffman has been dreaming ever since she finished her latest novel, *At Risk* (Putnam's). When the dreams stop, it will be time for her to start writing again.

Though only thirty-six, Hoffman has seen this cycle of writing, dreaming, and writing again repeat itself many times. Prolific (seven novels, numerous screenplays and reviews) and disciplined ("I treat writing as a job"), she has become America's most accomplished author of literary fiction for women who, perhaps, read too much. Her books blend magical and realistic elements in complex family portraits; two recent novels, both well-received critically, show Hoffman's unique turf. In *White Horses* (1982), narcoleptic Teresa struggles to gnaw through an incestuous tie to her charismatic brother; and in Nantucket-based *Illumination Night* (1987), Vonny, a maddening potter, goes agoraphobic and kills a child with her car while, next door, a teenage girl has an affair with a giant and a grandmother is trying to fly. Written with dream-like intensity, attentive to the tiniest shifts in each character's inner life, these books aren't exactly beach reading. But *At Risk*—a story about AIDS—is going to look right at home in the beach bag next to the jug of tanning oil, on the subway, in the beauty-salon chair. It will likely be Hoffman's crossover hit. The screenplay is already finished.

Set in Morrow, a fictional New England town, *At Risk* follows what happens when Amanda, an eleven-year-old gymnast with Mary Lou Retton potential, learns she has AIDS; worse, that she contracted it five years earlier from a contaminated blood transfusion; worse still, that she's going downhill fast. Fleshing out the tale are Amanda's mother, the horsily comforting Polly; her astronomer father, Ivan; and her little brother, Charlie. Charlie is clearly Hoffman's favorite: he's the only one who gets to have a richly symbolic dream —of himself as a tyrannosaurus rex, wandering the frozen earth en route to species extinction. Also, he's the only one who gets to learn anything from Amanda's mortal illness.

"This is the first time I've dealt with interpersonal relations in a normal family," Hoffman says, keeping her head tilted toward her baby's gurgling and her dog's sporadic barks. Perhaps this "normal" novel is a product of Hoffman's increasing domesticity. First son Jake is five now; baby Zachary was born in March; husband, Tom Martin, also works at home, writing screenplays and helping care for the boys. "I don't do much in the outside world," she says with a laugh. "Gee, I don't do much besides see my kids. I don't clean out my closets. I don't even write letters."

The specter of AIDS seems far away from this rambling house filled with family noises, scrubbed pine furniture, and shiny floors. "That's just it," Hoffman says. "AIDS is so sudden; it comes from nowhere. I've written 'issue' books—about incest, agoraphobia—but *At Risk* is more immediate, more rooted in reality than they are. It's rooted in the question, 'What would I do if my son went to school with a child with AIDS?' "

The dog yips. The baby cries. Hoffman falls completely silent, then resumes. "The adult characters in the book represent the different aspects of how I responded when I asked myself what I'd do. I was shocked at my negative feelings, and the book is how I worked those feelings out."

Unlike the characters in Hoffman's previous books, the people of Morrow are symbols more than complete selves. Except for Charlie, they don't dream, and they act on such easy-to-read emotions as maternal love, sibling hate, and fear of contagion. Since the end of the story is known at its start (no reader will look for a magical cure for AIDS), our only challenge is to guess how each character will fare as Amanda's tragedy gains velocity and becomes the whole town's, or world's, concern.

Hoffman is quick to point out that *At Risk* is not a book about AIDS; it's about the characters. Even so, the lessons eight-year-old Charlie absorbs are the ones she'd like adult readers to take in, especially the "liberals who are shocked at themselves for having bad thoughts about AIDS. *At Risk* says it's O.K. to have those bad thoughts. It's just not O.K. to act on them. This is a book about acting humanely." Whether readers will pick up her message is unclear. It is clear that no one will resist Amanda, the stricken preteen, and that *At Risk* could command as much Kleenex as *Love Story*. But, if readers and audiences weep for Amanda, Hoffman hopes they'll weep for gay men, AIDS' far likelier victims. "This is a scary time," she says, waving her arm in an arc to suggest the whole world's vulnerability to the disease.

"It's O.K. to have bad thoughts. It's just not O.K. to act on them."

For Hoffman, the recent years have been a time of grappling with that fear and of confronting a flicker of doubt about the role of art in the face of a plague. As she explains it, "I know writing's important. But sometimes social action is more important. *At Risk* was something I could *do*." —SARAH WRIGHT

("PATA" continued on page 66)

JOHN GOODMAN

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Have you driven a Ford...lately?

(Continued from page 63)

THE DIVINE SPARK

Enormous changes in the moral universe: a visit with Muriel Spark

Muriel Spark is always being asked why she lives in Tuscany. And doesn't she ever find it a bit far from the center of things?

If Muriel Spark were less precise and had even a hint of laziness in her, she might just wave a hand. Obvious answers are spread out before us, around the converted thirteenth-century stone church and rectory on a windy hill she shares with Penelope Jardine, a sculptor and friend who helps with the typing. There are dusty-green olive groves feathered underneath with bright-green grass, surrounded by a thick tangle of broom and live oak. There is the tiny walled hamlet down the hill and the sturdy Renaissance fort above (imagine a civilized outpost in Dante's dark wood) that mark the two ends of her horizon. There are the heavenly afterimages of Piero della Francesca's paintings, across the valley in Sansepolcro.

But, no, Spark has ready her own quite specific answer: "I like the people in Tuscany. They are very kind, they're honest, and they're natural anarchists—they have a long tradition here of distrusting government, you know. And, then, if you meet nothing but writers, as I do when I am in England or America, you soon find you have nothing to write about. I rather like my friends just to be friends—the doctor, the dentist, the farmers in the village."

Spark has lived in Cape Town, in London, New York City, and Rome. She turned seventy this year but can, when she smiles, look thirty, forty, fifty, or sixty, apparently at will. "It's very important how people look," she says, talking about the fact that the people in her novels are often marked by being fat or thin. "Superficial things—the size and shape of a person—are all you really know, so they matter a great deal."

She was born and raised in Edinburgh, Scotland, the memorable city of her 1961 novel *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*. As a teenager, she wrote herself steamy love letters from fictitious men that she hid under the sofa cushions, in the hopes that her mother would find them. She married a Scottish painter in 1938; they went to South Africa, where she had a son. The marriage didn't last ("I was very young. When you're nineteen, you have an interest in going abroad"), but she was unable to leave Africa until 1944 because of wartime travel restrictions. She then went to London and got a job with the British Foreign Office writing phony news releases to demoralize the Germans.

Her most difficult period came next: a decade of odd jobs in publishing and public relations. Spark wrote poetry and converted to Catholicism, intrigued by the example of Cardinal Newman, whose letters she was editing. "I am Scottish by formation," she says. "Scots are so logical, I don't see why they're not all Catholics." She was finally able to write full-time when a friend told Graham Greene she needed a patron. Greene was willing. "He paid me twenty pounds a month. He said he didn't want to meet me, and above all, he didn't want me to pray for him."

The Comforters, her first novel, published in 1957, has since been followed by seventeen others, as well as five volumes of stories, two of poetry, three works of literary criticism, and one children's book. *A Far Cry from Kensington*, coming this month from Houghton Mifflin, revisits a London that still bears the marks of war and centers on a young woman "with lots of integrity and a certain warmth, who gives out advice and can't help it."

It was written, like everything else Spark has done, in a neat girlish script on alternate lines of Bothwell's spiral notebooks, which she still orders from Edinburgh. In her airy, comfortable second-floor study, Spark pulls one out of a file.

"In the front, you see, I write the title, then below it my name, and below that, Chapter One, and then I begin. Oh, yes, I was young," she says as she guesses the next question. "I started to write when I was nine." And is there anything else she wishes she had done in the last sixty-one years? "I'd like to have danced." Fox-trot, tango, waltz? "No, although that's nice too. But *danced*—I mean *Swan Lake*."

Spark has been a Catholic half her life, a life that has included its fair share of love affairs, ups and downs. Has she found Catholic thought and morality to be inexhaustible; does it keep her going intellectually? "Well, no, I'd say it's exhaustible. But if you're a believer, it's impossible to disbelieve, even though it would be more convenient intellectually to say the whole thing's a lot of rubbish."

It is lunch hour down in the one-bar village below Spark's study. A man has pulled a bulldozer full of dirt up to his door and is filling the flower pots. A practical joker friend shoots a twenty-one-gun firecracker off the roof. Inside the bar, a sort of general store that sells sandwiches, laundry soap, and diapers, a hand-lettered sign on the soft drink dispenser says "Wine on Tap," and another practical joker has scribbled in "on Spinal Tap." The kids working the video games are scrupulously ignoring their elders.

It is a far cry from West 43rd Street, where Spark had an office at *The New Yorker* during the 1960s, and rather remote from the postwar South Kensington of her current novel. Moral consistency is a theme in Spark's stories. Do all these times and places belong to the same moral universe?

"No, I'd say the moral problems people face now have changed. In the 'fifties, generally speaking, people were more honest materially, but they were terribly dishonest with themselves. We were more puritanical then; it was wrong to tell a lie. Today, people examine their own motives more, they are more honest with themselves—but they don't care whose property they grab."

—FREDERICKA RANDALL

("PATA" continued on page 68)

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MAX FACTOR

(Continued from page 66)

VOGUE'S CHOICES

Robin Benedict, an unlikely whore

TRUE CRIME: HE WANTED SEX. SHE WANTED MONEY.

Were Robin Benedict alive today, she'd be about to celebrate her twenty-seventh birthday, perhaps married to Clarence "J.R." Rogers, with a child and a little house near Boston all done up in her favorite browns and tans. She'd probably still be on the streets, too, and J.R. would probably still be pimping for her. Those two would never confuse love with sex.

One of Benedict's customers, a biologist named Bill Douglas, did, though. That's why he's doing time in Gardner, Massachusetts, and why she's in a landfill somewhere. Teresa Carpenter, a reporter for *The Village Voice*, devoted four years to talking to almost everyone who'd ever come within hailing distance of Robin Benedict and Bill Douglas. The result: *Missing Beauty* (Norton)—an exhaustively researched account of the murder of a whore by a wimp.

William Henry James Douglas, who headed a tissue culture research laboratory at Tufts University, met Benedict in Boston's Combat Zone. An awkward, unattractive man, he was looking for companionship and oral sex. She was looking for money. To pay for her time, Douglas bilked Tufts of thousands of dollars; eventually, he put a hammer to her head.

Precisely why Douglas killed Benedict isn't entirely clear, possibly because neither J.R. Rogers nor any member of the Douglas family would speak to *Missing Beauty*'s author. It isn't wise, however, to trifle with Teresa Carpenter. Look, for instance, at how she rewards Nancy Douglas for her lack of cooperation: "Her eyes were small and recessed, utterly without emotion, which gave her an unfortunate porcine stare." Hell hath no fury like an interviewer scorned.

Gratuitous cruelty aside, Carpenter does a fine job of organizing a plethora of material. Besides, the people on the periphery of the Benedict case prove to be more interesting than the people at the center. Policemen and state troopers fight over turf; prosecutors and defense attorneys devise strategies; newspaper and TV reporters try to get a jump on one another; the ladies living in the residence hotel where Bill Douglas, dropped by Tufts, gets a job organize themselves into the Agatha Christie Crimestoppers and pursue their own investigation. Carpenter, nose to the ground, must have had a swell four years.

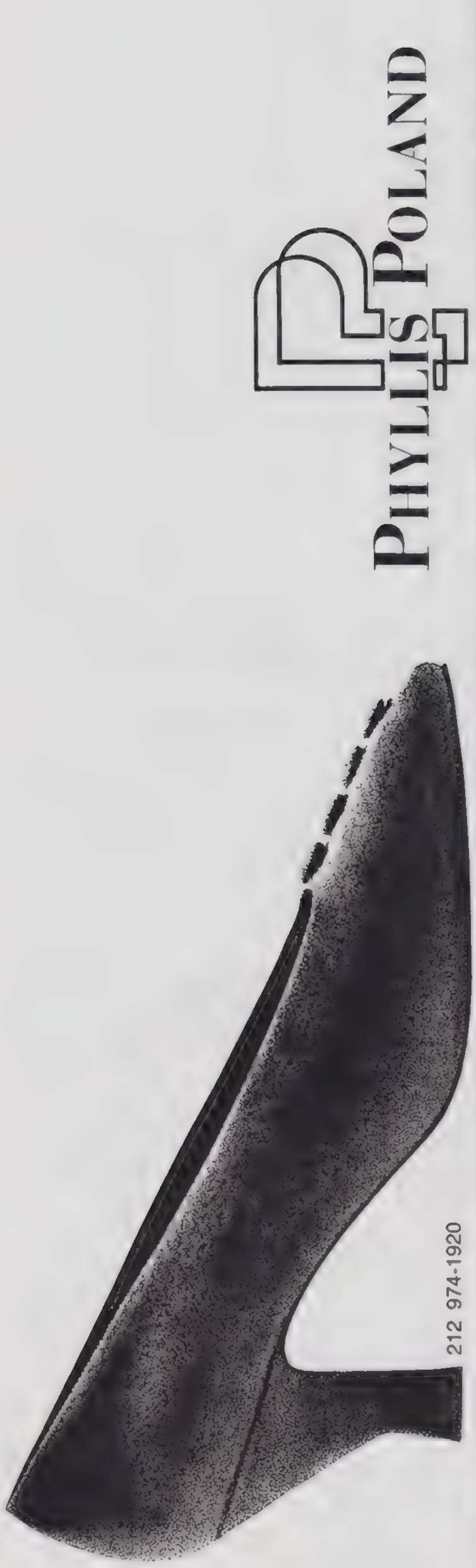
—MARY CANTWELL

("PATA" continued on page 70)

William Douglas, in handcuffs—an even more unlikely murderer

Top: JOHN BENEDICT/Wide World Photos; bottom, JAMES HAMILTON/VILLAGE VOICE

PHYLLIS POLAND



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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT ... BOOKS

(Continued from page 68)

SHIRLEY JACKSON, NOVELIST OR A WITCH?

The sun is shining, the grass is green, and the flowers are blooming when the villagers of Shirley Jackson's most famous story gather for the lottery that is one of their civic ceremonies. The sun is still shining when they complete the lottery, stone one of their own citizens to death, then head home for dinner.

"The Lottery" is a wonderful and terrible story because the murder is inseparable from the chitchat—and in all of Jackson's work, humor and horror cohabit, either peaceably or brutally. *Life Among the Savages* and *Raising Demons* are ostensibly chirpy tales of her life as a homemaker, but they read like *Marat/Sade* adapted by Erma Bombeck. *The Bird's Nest*, *The Haunting of Hill House*, and *We Have Always Lived in the Castle* are terrific female horror novels, but the madwoman isn't in the attic: she's in the kitchen fixing breakfast.

Private Demons (Putnam's) is the right title for a life of Shirley Jackson, and Judy Oppenheimer is a good biographer: she writes at a swift, sure pace, and though overly facile at times, she's consistently alert, interesting. Jackson was born into an implacably respectable San Francisco family. Her parents would have liked a docile, sweetly dull girl; instead, they got a willful, gifted rebel. She left her right-wing WASP nest to marry the left-wing Jewish critic Stanley Edgar Hyman. She played the Ur-wife and mother of four with gusto while studying—and practicing—witchcraft with high seriousness. She drank a lot, took amphetamines to control her weight and tranquilizers to counter the amphetamines, struggled with agoraphobia, and died of cardiac arrest at forty-eight.

Our most flamboyant ringmaster of terror, Stephen King, dedicated his novel *Firestarter* "to Shirley Jackson, who never had to raise her voice." Instead, she raised the lid off truths we'd rather have hidden. When "The Lottery" was published in *The New Yorker* in 1948, some readers wrote in to cancel their subscriptions, some to denounce her as a tool of Satan or Stalin, and some to ask where such lotteries were held. —MARGO JEFFERSON

AN ARGUMENT FOR THE EXISTENCE OF GOD

Big Science is the modern substitute for Gothic spires. By contemplating our place in space and time, we experience the delirious sense of expansion, of being a Lilliputian mote in a swirling eternity, that once was religious ecstasy. Now, two new books retrace the assembling of our current knowledge about the universe: *Coming of Age in the Milky Way* by Timothy Ferris (Morrow) and *A Brief History of Time: From the Big Bang to Black Holes* by Stephen W. Hawking (Bantam).

Ferris, a professor at Berkeley and a much-awarded journalist, has written the more eloquent text. He starts the reader in the tiny, closed cosmos of classical Greece and continues through discovery after discovery, detailing how space and time enlarged into today's ancient and gigantic universe. For him, history is a procession of amazing conceptual leaps: "It is turmoil and confusion and not calm assurance that mark the growth of the mind," he writes. Even more than Ferris (who has had a PBS series), Hawking is a media superstar: despite his near-total paralysis from amyotrophic lateral sclerosis (Lou Gehrig's disease), he is often called Einstein's successor. Following his flights of logic is a bracing exercise that, when successful, leaves you knowing that you understand something better than you ever thought possible.

Hawking is the person who mathematically proved that the universe began with a "singularity," an event during which today's laws of physics did not apply. Most scientists believed he proved that the Big Bang actually took place; others, including some theologians, say he verified the existence of God. Hawking, however, has rejected his own proof. He now believes that space and time, taken together, are finite but have no boundary (think of traveling the globe—the surface is finite, but has no edge or end). According to this theory, the laws of nature we know now must have always applied, even during the Big Bang. Ironically, Hawking announced his theory at the Vatican. —MARION ASNES

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SHAPE-UP NOW

Beating stress: what works best? . . . rating aerobics

Running barefoot on the beach, above, may be exhilarating, but it's also potentially injurious. Jog on wet sand at low tide, wear running shoes.

STRESS BUSTING

Should you exercise or rest to reduce stress? "Both can help to temporarily reduce some stress signs, such as a rise in blood pressure, heart rate, and anxiety," says Rod Dishman, Ph.D., professor of sport psychology, University of Georgia. "But exercise's effect on stress appears to last longer." In a University of Wisconsin study, de-stressing effects lasted three hours for subjects who had engaged in forty minutes of moderate aerobic activity—jogging, swimming—compared with twenty minutes for those who had taken a quiet, forty-minute rest.

Experts disagree on *how* exercise reduces stress. Some believe that, like rest, exercise serves as "time out" from a stressful situation. Others point out that endorphins produced by the body during exercise have a calming effect. While more research is needed, most experts agree that the long-term benefits of regular exercise outweigh those of rest.

scoring exercise

How do exercises measure up in terms of benefits? Right, a variety of exercises were rated on a scale of 1 to 5 (5=excellent; 4=above average; 3=average; 2=below average; 1=poor).

	Aerobic Capacity	Flexibility	Power	Muscular Endurance	Weight Loss*
Aerobic Dance	4	3	3	3	3
Bicycling	4	2	4	3	3
Calisthenics	2	4	2	4	2
Jogging	5	2	5	3	4
Rowing	4	3	3	4	3
Swimming	4	3	4	4	4
Tennis	3	2	2	3	2
Cross-Country Skiing	5	3	5	4	4

Note: To benefit from an exercise program, one must work out at least 3 times a week for 20 to 30 minutes
*For any weight-loss program to be effective, it must include regular exercise and a diet that's low in fat, moderate in protein, complex carbohydrates

PATRICK DEMARCHELIER. Details, last pages. Chart adapted from Fact Fit America! published by Foot Locker and The National Fitness Foundation.

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Q&A BEAUTY

Bikini lines: cleaner, neater . . . lash-saving mascara removal . . . safer at-home facials

Q What's the best way to remove hair from the bikini line?

A There isn't one definitive way: Cost, time, convenience, and the degree of personal discomfort are all factors to consider. "The only permanent form of hair removal is electrolysis, where the bulb of the hair follicle is destroyed," says Vera H. Price, M.D., clinical professor of dermatology at the University of California, San Francisco. "Waxing lasts four to six weeks and should be done on small areas at a time to minimize irritation and discomfort. Both methods may require regular visits to a trained technician and can be painful."

Shaving is the popular choice, but it's important to treat skin before and after hair removal. Shave in the shower or bath, when skin is moist and hair soft. A shower gel or cream aids razor glide. After shaving, a powdered talc or over-the-counter cortisone cream can help prevent skin rash and alleviate friction sometimes caused by clothing.

Other hair removal options: depilatory creams, which remove hair at the surface; plucking (which can be very painful and is best reserved for a few random hairs); "dry" shaving. A small-headed razor (Clairol's battery-operated Bathing Beauty Bikini Shaver is one) helps avoid excess irritation, allows for more precise shaving.

Q I wear waterproof mascara in the summer, but feel I lose extra lashes when I remove it. Am I causing permanent damage?

A "Since the 'age' of a lash is predetermined by its growth cycle, excess tugging can cause lashes to fall out prematurely," says Paul Lazar, M.D., professor of dermatology at Northwestern University. "It's a myth, however, that eyelashes don't grow back or are permanently 'lost.' Lashes fall out naturally when new lashes push out the old ones."

Ingredients in waterproof mascaras, of course, are not water soluble; removal requires care, patience, and a cleanser specifically designed to remove eye makeup. After applying with a non-synthetic (cotton) ball, leave remover on a few minutes for mascara to dissolve. Wipe off gently, from outer eye corner inward; avoid excess tugging on delicate under-eye tissue. (Contact lens-wearers should take added care to prevent eye—and lens—contamination.)

Some lash conditioners (such as Lauder's Lash Primer, new this month) now also serve as base coats, enhancing lash "strength." "Since eyelashes are often deprived of essential oil, conditioners help moisturize and lessen susceptibility to breakage," says Karen Young, executive director of marketing for Estée Lauder. "By increasing lash flexibility, conditioners make them more tolerant to tugging."

Q Are at-home facial masks safe to use on a regular basis?

A At-home masks come in a variety of forms—peel-off gels, granular creams, and lotions that can be used as daily cleansers. "Using a mask is a pleasant way to relax—when you're free from outside disturbance, distraction. They are basically harmless and offer minimal exfoliation to the skin," says Albert Kligman, M.D., professor of dermatology at the University of Pennsylvania.

For a home mask/facial, skin should be in optimum condition. Postpone the process if sunburned, if you have a rash or acne breakout. Steam skin beforehand to help loosen dirt, make cleansing easier. Vaporize with caution: never place skin directly over boiling water; keep towel loosely over head; steam no longer than five minutes.

"The regularity of facials depends upon skin type," advises A. John Penicnak, senior vice president, corporate scientific for Lancôme. He suggests: weekly deep-cleansing masks for oily skin; a semi-monthly regime for normal; monthly treatments for skin that's dry. Salon treatments—such as the new multi-sensoral facials at Lancôme Institut de Beauté salons—are targeted for specific skin problems/conditions and should be timed according to the aesthetician's advice.

Discontinue use of product or treatment immediately if rash or other allergic reaction appears. If the problem persists, consult a dermatologist.

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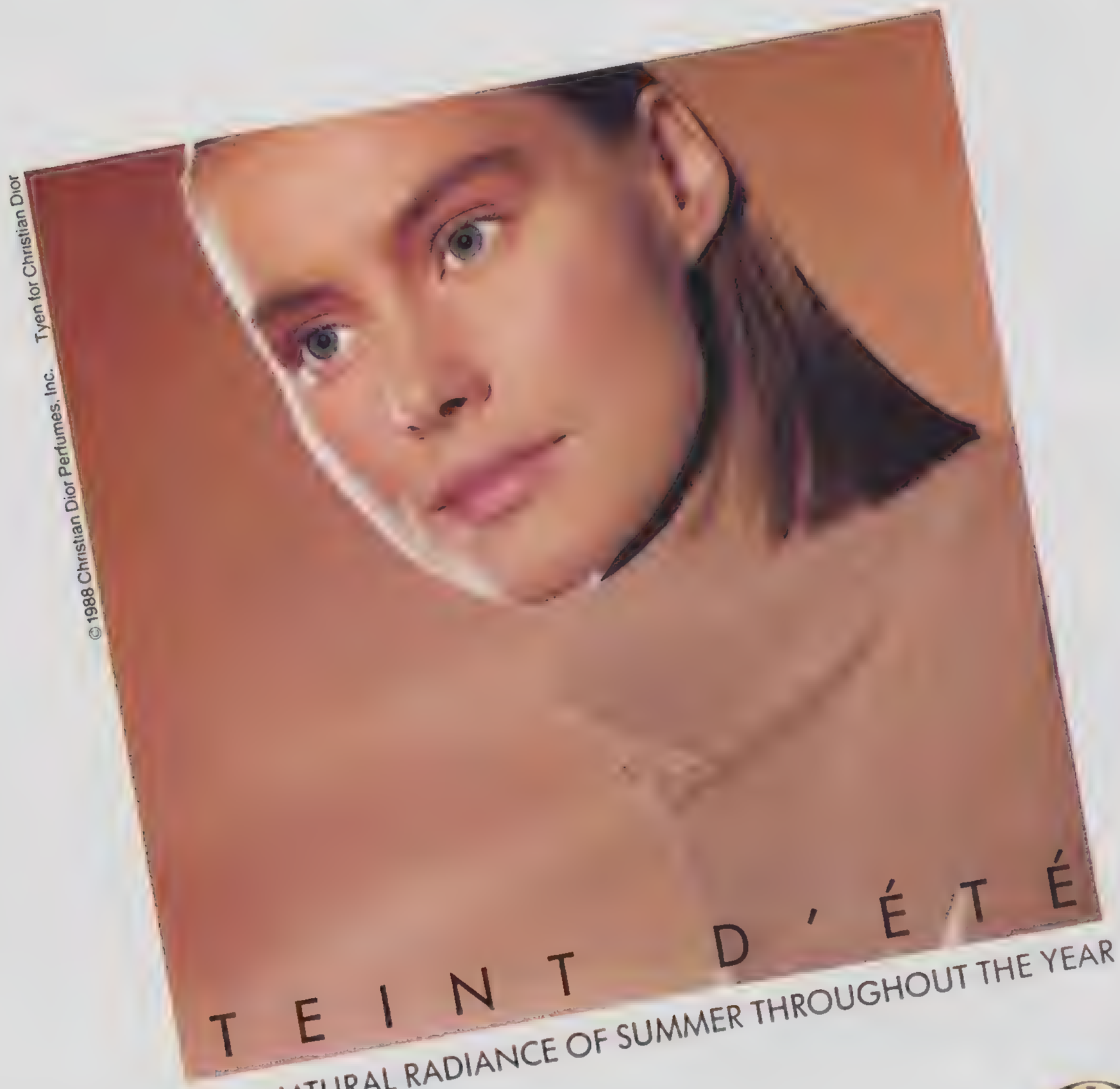

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horoscope

BY ROCKIE GARDINER

July's Astrological Weather: All's relatively quiet on the romantic front this month as Venus, planet of affection and attraction, moves too slowly for any significant contacts to be made. While the Cancer sun tries to maintain domestic tranquility, Mars, the sometime warrior, assails authority and upsets carefully laid plans around the 10th. Jupiter's entrance into Gemini on the 21st may bring another round of corporate takeovers in the communications, shipping, and advertising industries. In the last week, as the Leo sun stirs the passionate side of Mars, the proverbial summer slump ends.

CANCER June 22–July 22 As the month begins, the Cancer sun confirms the wisdom of the changes you've instituted over the past year, and you'll discover another way to make your life run more smoothly. One of your long-term creative projects may also come to fruition at this time. Mid-month, after clever Mercury enters your sign, a bright young colleague may offer to help promote your product or artistic talent. In the last week, an impromptu invitation from out-of-town friends can lead to an exciting romantic interlude.

LEO July 23–August 22 You might misunderstand a friend's intentions in the first week, when your sun ruler comes under Neptune's nebulous spell. To avoid jeopardizing the relationship, ask a perceptive neighbor or sibling to mediate. Around the 22nd, when the sun contacts lucky Jupiter, you may suddenly gain easy access to a prominent community figure or find that your career has taken an upward turn. In the last week, Mars infuses intimate relationships with renewed passion and a sense of adventure.

VIRGO August 23–September 22 Over the weekend of the 9th, when your Mercury ruler faces stringent restrictions from Saturn and the hostility of Mars, Virgos born in mid-September could become furious with parents, partners, and employers. All other Virgos may tactfully sidestep confrontations by appealing to people's rational side. A stalled financial matter could be reactivated the week of the 18th when Pluto, in your money house, moves forward again. Take all promises made then with a grain of salt.

LIBRA September 23–October 22 An old friend or lover may show up unexpectedly around the 4th and, with your Venus ruler changing direction, you'll feel obliged to reassess all of your emotional ties. While danger lurks in your health house the weekend of the 9th, be especially careful in the water and on the playing field. During the last two weeks, Mars in Aries, your complementary sign, can either stir up conflicts with partners or bring a project initiated around your birthday to a successful climax.

SCORPIO October 23–November 21 In the first week, the nurturing Cancer sun fuels your determination to make long overdue changes in your personal life. Because you can make an indelible impression on strangers, this is an excellent time to solicit new business or apply for a loan. Midmonth, when your Mars co-ruler acts up, the rash behavior of your child or boyfriend may disrupt cash flow as well as create emotional storms that could last until the Leo sun relieves the tension in the last week.

SAGITTARIUS November 22–December 21 Around Independence Day, as romantic Venus in your house of significant others picks up momentum, a brand-new love may enter your life. While you're so willing to compromise this month, to mend rifts, make sure that others don't take advantage. For the next four months—beginning on the 21st, when your Jupiter ruler enters Gemini—your best opportunities for emotional growth and financial success come when you're working as part of a team.

CAPRICORN December 22–January 19 Try to spend a quiet Fourth relaxing with your date, because your patience will become sorely tried during the next ten days, with discordant Mars lashing out at your Saturn ruler. Avoid the whining sibling, the domineering parent, and the nosy co-worker who can send sparks flying. Once the sun leaves Cancer on the 22nd, you'll be less sensitive to other people's needs and, with or without them, will finally enjoy a guilt-free good time. *(Continued on page 80)*

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BEAUTY REPORT

HAIR CARE

WHY YOUR FAVORITE SHAMPOO WILL WORK BETTER IF YOU STOP USING IT FOR 14 DAYS.

It's exasperating. The very shampoo that has left your hair so silky and clean, the shampoo you depend on—subtly, then noticeably stops working. That fresh softness you prize so much in clean hair is gone. Your hair looks limp . . . dull . . . blah.

Why why why? "Shampoo build-up" is the reason. Each washing, even by fine shampoos, leaves a shampoo "residue." Sadly, certain cleansing mixtures, and conditioning agents, if they are effective, leave a telltale residue that has been measured precisely in laboratory studies.

Recent tests on 15 quality shampoos show that residues keep accumulating each time you shampoo. It's a fact of hair life!

Getting rid of the build-up. Make no mistake. You must, temporarily, switch to a shampoo with super rinsability. One that has gently proven its power to revitalize the hair. And don't put it off. Shampoo build-up is more than unattractive: it can impair the soft feel of your hair . . . its manageability . . . and it can eventually harm your hair.

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If you feel you want to revitalize your hair, try Neutrogena Shampoo for 14 days. Think of it as a freshening "vacation" . . . and afterwards, your hair will respond again happily to your favorite shampoo. If you use your Neutrogena as often as needed, your favorite shampoo will keep on being your favorite!

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*Excerpt from Neutrogena Skin Care Institute Report

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ATTENTION: MOUSSE/GEL USERS: ***Daily use of mousses and gels gradually builds up residue. Hair resists styling, loses shine. Most shampoos just can't cope. But just completed tests show high-rinsability Neutrogena Shampoo is able to remove an average 90% of mousse or gel residue in 1 washing. (Residue Removal Study, April, 1985. Neutrogena Laboratories.)***

ADVERTISEMENT

HOROSCOPE

(Continued from page 78)

AQUARIUS January 20–February 18 Your unsettled love life may miraculously straighten itself out as soon as Venus, in your house of romance and risk, turns direct on the 4th and you stop pining over what might have been. Although you may feel more daring when rambunctious Mars stimulates your Uranus ruler the weekend of the 9th, stay out of the sky and off your water skis, because you could really hurt yourself. The full moon in Aquarius as the month ends is the perfect excuse for a party.

PISCES February 19–March 20 The sympathetic Cancer sun ensures that the family will provide Pisceans born in February the necessary emotional and financial support for a new business or real estate venture. In the first week, artists and historians can also benefit. Around the 10th, Pisceans born in mid-March encounter solid resistance, even outright hostility, when dealing with higher-ups at work or in the community: relentless Mars in your sign insists that you press your point until the bitter end.

ARIES March 21–April 19 Although you would prefer to remain neutral, there's a strong possibility that you could be dragged into the middle of a raging family dispute as the month begins. If you've made vacation plans, be sure that you're not traveling around the 11th, when your Mars ruler is upset by accident-prone Uranus. Once Mars enters your sign on the 13th, after two months of drifting through foggy Pisces, it will become obvious what your next career move should be. The best time to entertain is in the last week under the full moon.

TAURUS April 20–May 20 Your social life will improve as soon as your Venus ruler turns direct on the 4th; however, you might not feel romantically inclined until next month. While you'll continue to be generous toward your less affluent friends, family members, and charitable causes, keep in mind that lucky Jupiter leaves your sign on the 21st, so you may be without its financial blessings until December. The psychological tug of war you've been having with a Scorpian ends when stubborn Pluto turns direct in the third week.

GEMINI May 21–June 21 You can attract more than your fair share of attention over the Fourth of July, when Venus dramatically changes direction in your sign. Be discreet, however, because the following weekend, when your Mercury ruler is under attack from all sides, you could be the scapegoat for your boss's, partner's, or parents' antagonism. Enthusiastic Jupiter enters Gemini in the third week for a four-month sojourn, making now the perfect time to expand your horizons and to be more spontaneous in your personal life. ▽

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To better match the pace of women's lives—and lack of free time—city salons are now rethinking and revamping their programs. The goal: to offer the activity of spa life without the travel or time commitment, to have women out in an hour, rejuvenated in a day, give them the kind of service generally found only at spa retreats.

The "urban spa" expert is one of the newest additions to luxe salon beauty services/treatments. *Georgette Klinger, NYC* (212/838-3200) and *Le Pli* in Boston (617/868-8087) both have on-staff nutritionists and exercise physiologists for personal diet/fitness consultations. *Trish McEvoy's NYC Skin Care Center* shares offices with a dermatologist who does skin checkups on all new clients (212/758-7790).

For the woman who needs a revitalizing break: *Elizabeth Arden's* twelve salons across the country give full-day hair/makeup/skin treatments (in NYC, 212/407-7900). At *Catherine Atzen*'s NYC salon, one can choose à la carte from forty-five services or book special packages (212/517-2401). *Mira Linder's Spa in the City* includes a light lunch (in Palm Beach, 305/832-7722; Detroit, 313/356-5810; Toronto, 416/961-6900). At *Aida Thibiant's Institut de Beauté* in Beverly Hills, clients can customize treatment days (213/278-7565).

Salons are also expanding their hours to accommodate clients' schedules. *Yuki's* West Hollywood salon (213/652-7474) opens at 8:30 A.M. and *Vera's Retreat In The Glen* (213/479-6362) stays open until 9:00 P.M. two nights a week for the business crowd. *Diane Young NYC Skin Care Center,* open seven days a week, provides the ultimate summer retreat: either a manicure or pedicure, followed by lunch outdoors on the terrace (212/753-1200). The newest *Ilona of Hungary* institute in Costa Mesa, CA, stays open until 9:00 P.M. Monday through Saturday (714/540-3331).

For women who can't get to a spa, some salons will send masseuse, manicurist, and pedicurist to hospitals or homes. Two who do: *Aida Grey* of Beverly Hills (213/376-2376) and *Anushka*, NYC (212/355-6404).

Lunch-hour boosts: *The Excelsior Club* in NYC has state-of-the-art exercise equipment, plus a dining room for light meals (212/688-5280). A manicure/pedicure/facial done simultaneously at *Ernie Benson's Face Place* in L.A. (213/855-1150) gets you out in an hour.

(Images continued on page 84)

ban the tan

As women become smarter about sun-worshipping practices, more and more are turning to bronzers to fake a tanned glow. To get the most natural effect: The trick, says makeup artist Sandra Bocas of the Benjamin Salon, NYC, is to use transparent, not heavy, coverage. "A light, even application gives the most believable results," she says. "Start at the center of the face—nose and forehead—and work toward outer edges." This works particularly well for liquids (Estée Lauder's Sport Bronzer SPF 8; Elizabeth Arden's Active Day Protecting Moisture-Cream) for better "flow," more even appearance. For powder bronzers (Avon's Bronzing Powder; Kársan's Sun Powder, at NYC's Bonwit Teller), Bocas uses a big, fluffy brush. "Dust off excess on a tissue before applying. Whisk over collarbones, shoulders, face for a subtle glow."

PATRICK DEMARCHELIER Hair by Didier Malige for Jean Louis David, makeup by Bobbi Brown for Orlbe at Parachute. Details, last pages

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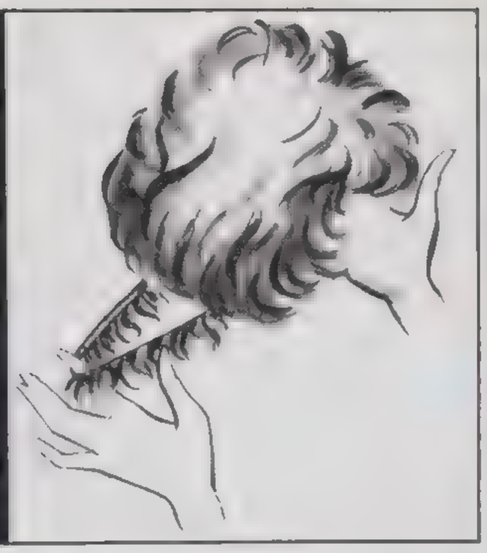

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beauty now

FROM HAIR TO "ETERNITY"

In the "we" decade: At top, Calvin and Kelly Klein; Kelly's "fit" life, above: she's a blue-ribbon jumper. Above left, Kelly's wedding band, close up: the Duchess of Windsor's "Eternity" ring.

First there were the classic scents with "classy" names: Chanel No. 5, L'Air du Temps. Along with the social/sexual revolution came fiery fragrances with daring new titles—Obsession, Poison, Decadence. The mood, now, is more conservative again—romance, reportedly, is back—and fragrance names have taken another turn: Estée Lauder named her newest scent Knowing; Calvin Klein's calling his Eternity.

"There's no question that perfume names reflect what's going on in society," says Calvin Klein. "The sexual liberation of the 'sixties and 'seventies is finished. A woman wants to have a relationship today, to share a life with one person, to have a family. She's no longer just out to prove she can have a job on Wall Street...nor does she necessarily need to wear a man-tailored suit. She wants to be feminine." Which is precisely what Calvin Klein's newest scent is: romantic, floral; Eternity is the antithesis of his other, provocative, Obsession.

Klein's recent marriage—to Kelly Rector—makes Eternity, too, a personal expression. The name came to him at Sotheby's, when the Duchess of Windsor's jewelry was about to be auctioned. While Kelly tried on the Duchess's pearls (Calvin snared them for Kelly), Calvin spotted a gold-and-diamond ring given by the Duke—inscribed with the word "eternity." Calvin won the bid for the ring—and a scent was born.

Eternity may be lasting, but it's not about to immediately eclipse Klein's other scent, Obsession—the first to turn up in a line of hair products, allowing for a new kind of layering: "Modern women should have options."

("Images" continued on page 86)

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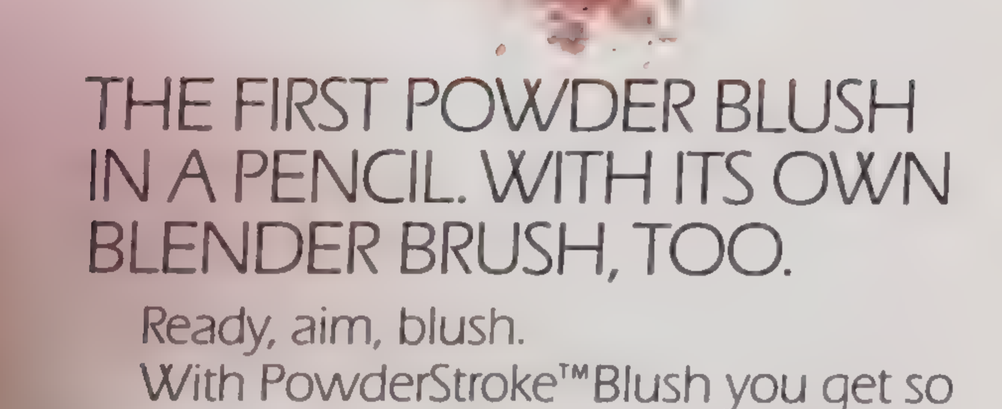

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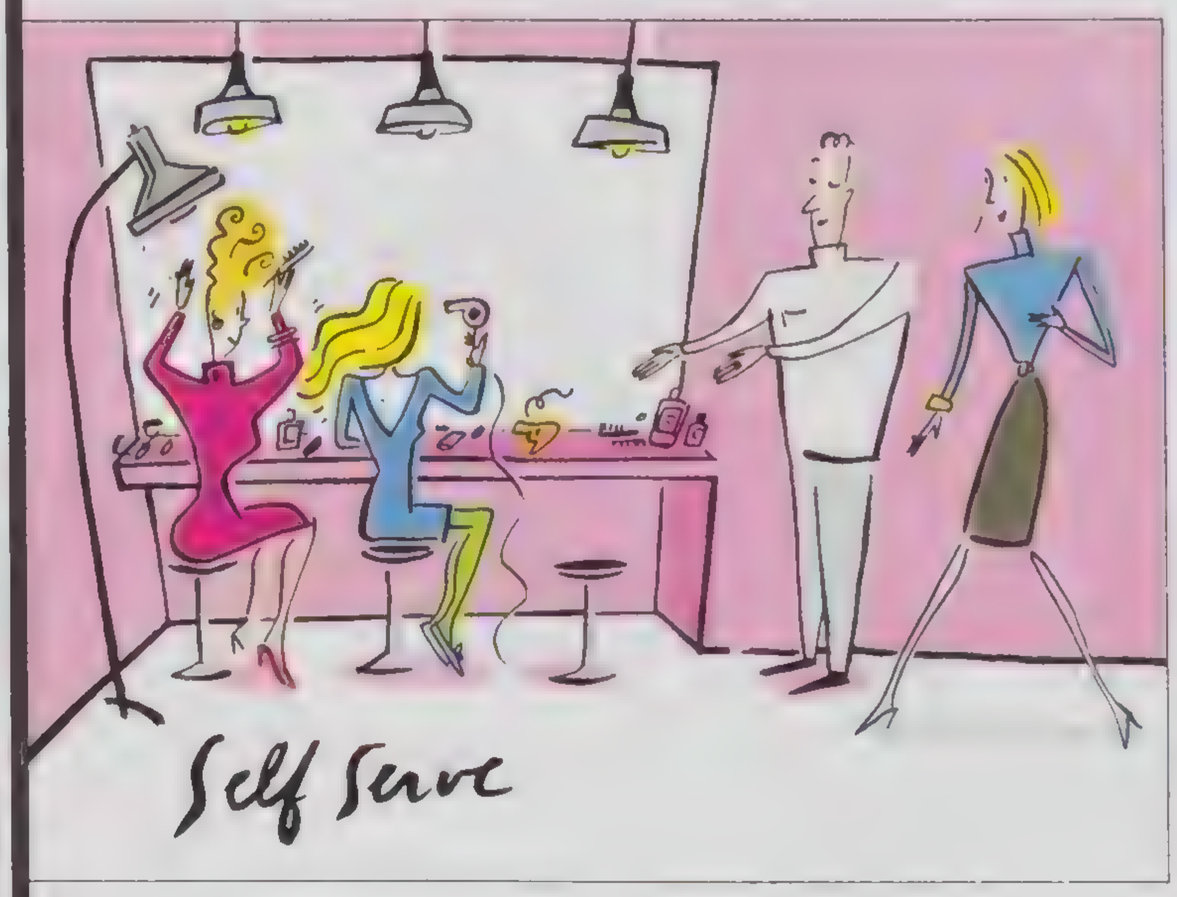
beauty now

perm priorities

To watch for this fall: the perm, redefined, with more focus on "fullness" and less on "curl." According to top hairstylists, today's increased emphasis on hair texture—shine, dimension—demands, at times, the extra boost of a body wave, at others, the restructuring of a natural curl or wave pattern. (Contrarily, the sleeker, longer looks of past seasons depended more on instant styling aids than on "permanent" solutions.) Not incidentally, this interest coincides with recent advances in perming technology and techniques. . . . "Swell" perming is the latest process at New York City's Minardi Minardi Imagemakers salon. As implied, it's designed to add volume without curl. . . . A "perm" for curly hair is the news at Louis Viel's La Dolce Vita Salon in Manhattan—meant to "tame over-curly and frizzy hair and soften the coarseness that's common with this hair type." . . . Paul Mitchell, whose products can be found at salons around the country, has introduced a Symmetry Wave for customized perming with safer results. . . . Also at salons, from Oggi, a permanent wave technique that "clusters" various wave patterns, gives the effect of "more" hair, movement, natural body and fullness. . . . Who should *not* get a perm? "Women with 'fragile' hair—too thin, too much bleach—need to take caution," says Viel.



The fast fix? **What's "fastest," sometimes, is relying on professional services only when they most count. NYC's Louis-Guy D salon, for one, has a self-serve counter *(left)* where clients can "finish" their own look after a cut, color, or perm. "Tools" include electric rollers, blowers, brushes; there's also a pro watching over all.**

"chair" hopping

How to switch comfortably to another stylist within the same salon? Some women make sure to try the new expert on the former one's day off—not always convenient to the woman's schedule. Others, to avoid pain of embarrassment, simply change salons altogether. "Eighty percent of clients who change stylists do so because of a feeling of lack of attention," says hair pro Graham Webb, who includes "client relations" training at his professional hairstyling academy in Arlington, VA. "An honest conversation may solve the problem." On the other hand, "A change may be best for everyone," says NYC salon owner Marc Pipino. "There's nothing offensive about a woman's saying she wants a fresh point of view. In fact, the original stylist may be the best one to recommend the right expert for her."

("Images" continued on page 88)

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beauty now

Like mother… like Jennifer Hall

If the gamine look, the black hair, most of all, the full, pouty lips seem familiar, it's because Jennifer Hall has inherited them from a very familiar beauty: her mother, Leslie Caron. Yet mention the resemblance and the daughter responds quickly, "I'm flattered, but I don't see it." While millions of girls dreamed in the 'fifties of being as much as possible like Caron's Gigi, Jennifer Hall recalls, "I very much wanted to be me."

Rebellion, in part, led her to Cambridge University to study literature, to launching a successful stage career. (Currently, she's appearing in Britain's National Theater production of *The Tempest*, directed by Jennifer's father, Sir Peter Hall.) It has gained her, at twenty-nine, entry into the world of music, "because no one else in the family was there," Jennifer says. Her first album, *Fortune In Men's Eyes,* was released this past year; its single, "Ice Cream Days," is included on the *Bright Lights, Big City* soundtrack.

In fact, Jennifer has plenty to call her own: a three-year-old daughter and a marriage that she prefers to keep private; a dressing style that runs anywhere from "disheveled chic" for day to a favorite "clingy" red dress at night. Spare makeup is regularly played up by deeply colored "Caron" lips. Other inherent traits: a soft-spoken, self-assured manner; a love of things that last (her flat in London is in a Victorian building and looks out over the city's rooftops).

Jennifer Hall, above: the face of another generation . . . with shades of the past

Balancing stage, sound studio, family may call for an "indulgent afternoon at the health club for a sauna, a swim." She might get in her car, and head for the country . . . or scour an antique market like Camden Lock. Detours are Jennifer Hall's hallmarks.

("Images" continued on page 90)

Throroughly modern "Loulou"

Silent-screen star Louise Brooks (near left) seems to be taking on a second life this season: Her sprightly bob haircut showed up throughout fall collections, virtually identical to the strand on Italy's Mario Valentino runway (far left). Other incarnations turn up for fall at Chanel, Ralph Lauren.

ERICA LENNARD, GUY MARINEAU, EUGENE ROBERT RICHEE/Kobal Collection. Top photo: Hair and makeup by Martin Pretorius for Michaeljohn, London. Details, last pages

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images

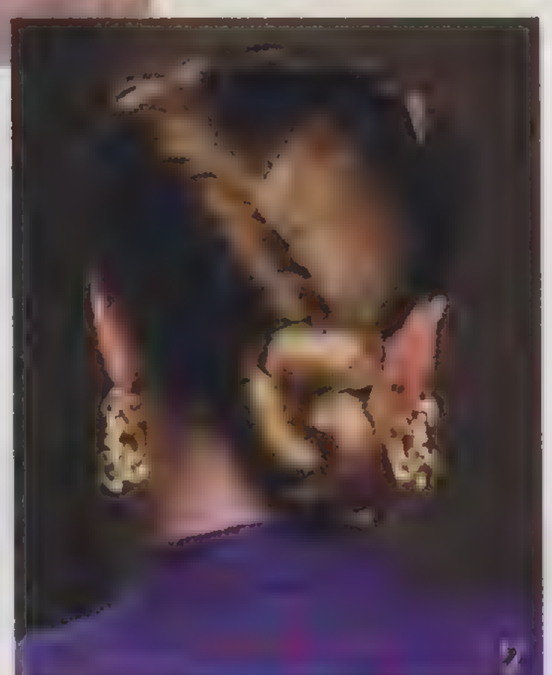
hair now

up and away

The consistent message on fall runways: Hair that's a bit neater, clearing shoulders—cut somewhat shorter or caught up into variations of a chignon. When hair goes up, the effect may be schoolgirl-naïve, retro, or romantic; at times, inspired by Victoriana—at Romeo Gigli (3), Katharine Hamnett, Callaghan. Other influences: Alexandre, responsible for the looks at Saint Laurent, Chanel, and Valentino, cites painters of the Italian Renaissance, as well as the classicism of Greece and Rome.

The starting point, often, is a braid: at Gigli, French-plaited, sometimes accented with bows; at other moments "flattened" close to the neck for added neatness. Loose braids get twisted, turned, pinned, and decorated: at Comme des Garçons (1), smoothed close to the head; in demure side pieces framing a part at Dolce e Gabanna.

Hair that isn't long enough to be braided may call for hairpieces: matched to natural hair at Ungaro; as an added hair "bow" at Hanae Mori. Shorter hair is rolled into nape-of-neck chignons at Rykiel (4), "French" twists at Valentino (2): the setup for hair clips, standout earrings, a neater look.



Tools of the Trend

To hold hair back, allow for easy twists, turns, braiding: the trick, say stylists, is a styling liquid—lighter in feel and, in theory, performance than traditional gels; designed to hold hair while adding shine. "Rub a little into your palm, then run through hair—through sides and up from neckline," says Rosario Acquista of NYC's La Coupe salon. "Hair has a slicked-back smoothness without appearing 'wet' or stiff."

Once hair is pulled back securely with an elastic band, ends can be gently blown dry for added volume; a final quick spritz of hairspray catches loose ends.

As for hair clips and pins, Julie Matos of Raymond & Nasser, NYC, gets the most holding power from "the ninety-nine-cent clear-plastic hair combs found in variety and drug stores. They don't show in hair, are perfect for a romantic look." Her secret to rolling hair, particularly when it's stick-straight: "Start by setting hair on electric curlers to give more pliability, a neater roll."

a change of... shampoo

What's important: rethinking, often changing, shampoos each season—as weather, environment, and life style alter the kind of abuses inflicted on hair.

"Hair actually gets dirtier in summer. Women spend more time outdoors, are exposed to more grime, and tend to perspire more," says George Andrassy, vice president of research and development for Dep. Washing hair more often, however, can result in dry hair. What works best is a moisturizing shampoo (a new one—Freeman's Sea Mist shampoo); or a "stronger" shampoo followed by a conditioner designed to prevent overstripping. (Dep for Styling shampoo and conditioner come in a twin-pack.)

Beach-goers need to take extra precaution, too—particularly if they towel-dry hair before washing out sand and salt. "It compares to putting hair through a grinder," says John Corbett, vice president of technology for Clairol Inc. Look for rich-lathering shampoos to "lift and suspend particles while removing grease." Since latherability depends, in part, on the type of water, trial-and-error is the best bet.

the politics of appointments

This month, some thirty-five thousand conventioneers and pals converge on Atlanta for the Democratic National Convention. In anticipation, local salons and stylists are extending hours, offering in-hotel services; some are prepped for walk-in "no-appointments." Among the best Atlanta places, people: *Scott Cole*, stylist to local political wives, holds court at Phipps Plaza (404/237-4970). . . . *Glemby* in Macy's downtown (404/221-7926 or -7023) connects by walkway to the Westin Peachtree hotel, is across from the Ritz-Carlton. . . . *Don Shaw Hairdressers* on Peachtree Road (404/355-5555) is known for easygoing looks. . . . *Claiborne's* has two salons in the convention area—(404/436-8300) and (404/256-1995).

PATRICK DEMARCHELIER. GUY MARINEAU. Top left: Hair by Didier Malige for Jean Louis David manicure by J. Freeman Visage Style. Details, last pages

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health

Detecting the alcoholism-prone . . . risk in self-treatment for pain. BY MELVA WEBER

PAINKILLER CAUTION

Ibuprofen, now available as an over-the-counter drug under several labels, is widely used to relieve menstrual cramping; but women who are being treated for high blood pressure should consult with their doctors before self-medicating with this drug.

A study at the University of Cincinnati's Medical Center, by Kenneth L. Radack, M.D., Colleen C. Deck, Pharm.D., and Saul S. Bloomfield, M.D., shows that, in at least some people being treated for hypertension, control gets worse when even ordinary doses of ibuprofen are taken. The nonsteroidal anti-inflammatory drug (NSAID) was compared with another over-the-counter pain reliever, acetaminophen, and a placebo, neither of which affected the blood-pressure control.

The subjects in the study were predominantly female, black, and overweight, three characteristics that affect the risk and course of high blood pressure; other people might be less responsive to ibuprofen. There is no reason to suspect that normal blood pressure would be elevated by ibuprofen use; but since hypertension can be symptomless, it would be well to be sure of your status before choosing a pain reliever.

LATEST FOR GENITAL WARTS

Interferons (the body's natural virus-fighters, now sometimes produced in laboratories by genetic engineering) have been tried in a new area. Sexually transmitted, often hard to cure, genital warts (condylomata acuminata) have been safely and effectively treated by natural interferon alpha injected into the lesions, according to a multicenter study reported in the Journal of the American Medical Association. In 62 percent of the patients treated for eight weeks with twice-weekly interferon injections in the study, led by Alvin E. Friedman-Kien, M.D., New York University Medical Center, warts were completely eliminated. Only 21 percent of those treated with placebos showed this improvement. Interferon-treated patients had brief flu-like symptoms after the injections, but these ceased after three weeks. In editorial comment, Philip Kirby, M.D., of the Harborview Medical Center in Seattle, Washington, calls the response rate to interferon impressive, though no higher than that produced by cryosurgery (freezing). He sees potential in the further use of interferons against human papillomavirus.

DRUG NEWS FOR DIABETICS

Cyclosporine, the immunosuppressive drug that opened the way to successful kidney transplants, has made a new and dramatic entrance into the treatment of diabetes in children.

P.F. Bougneres, a pediatric endocrinologist at Hôpital Saint Vincent de Paul in Paris, led a clinical trial in which children with Type I insulin-dependent diabetes mellitus were treated with cyclosporine. Two-thirds of the patients were able to discontinue insulin treatment within seven weeks. Successful remission was related to earlier start of treatment, maintaining weight, milder symptoms. The French team reports in The New England Journal of Medicine: "Early treatment with cyclosporine in children with recent-onset Type I diabetes can induce remission from insulin dependence, with half the patients not requiring insulin after a full year."

In an editorial comment, University of Chicago's Kevan C. Herold, M.D., and Arthur H. Rubenstein, M.D., hail the news that immunosuppression with cyclosporine can alter the natural history of the Type I disease, at least in the short term; however, until some questions about risks are answered, they caution against its use except in clinical trials, where patients are carefully monitored.

BLOOD MARKERS IN ALCOHOLISM

New test methods show differences in biochemical activity in the blood of alcoholics as compared with nonalcoholics; these measurements of blood platelet enzyme activity may eventually identify people genetically susceptible to alcoholism—even among those who have never had an alcoholic drink. Earlier, studies of adoptive children and their parents suggested that alcoholism may be strongly heritable; a dependable biologic marker would lead to improved diagnosis, prevention, and treatment.

A study by the National Institute on Alcohol Abuse and Alcoholism in Bethesda, Maryland, and the University of Illinois and Westside VA Medical Center in Chicago measured two types of enzyme activity able to distinguish between alcoholics and control subjects. Research leader Boris Tabakoff, Ph.D., of the NIAAA concludes in *The New England Journal of Medicine* that the enzyme measures can indicate either excessive alcohol consumption or, even without alcohol consumption, a predisposition to alcoholism.

EARACHE FROM A HAIRCUT!

A tiny hair clipping can cause trouble if a blow-dryer forces it deep into an ear. William A. Schiavone, D.O., and Howard L. Levine, M.D., at Cleveland Clinic Hospital, describe a patient who had ear pain, heard a crunching sound when chewing. A microscope revealed a quarter-inch hair cutting resting on the eardrum; symptoms disappeared when the hair was removed with surgical instruments.

IT ISN'T HAY FEVER

If during pregnancy you experience a relentless stuffy-nose condition, don't conclude that you've developed a brand-new allergy. In particular, don't try self-treatment with over-the-counter remedies, says the American Academy of Otolaryngology–Head and Neck Surgery. As many as one-third of pregnant women suffer increased stuffy noses and nosebleeds, symptoms directly related to their child-carrying condition, reports the academy.

Dallas otolaryngologist Richard L. Mabry, M.D., chairman of the Academy's committee on drugs and devices, says increased blood levels of estrogen, among other pregnancy factors, can cause the nasal swelling that sets off symptoms. Proper air humidification and use of a simple saline nasal spray may help prevent discomfort. For severe symptoms, Dr. Mabry recommends asking one's obstetrician for a referral to an otolaryngologist.

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MEDICAL UPDATE

CAN ASPIRIN PREVENT HEART ATTACKS?

Here, the truth behind the hype

BY MELVA WEBER

A recent long-term study involving more than twenty-two thousand middle-aged and older male doctors found that those who took an aspirin every other day had almost 50 percent fewer heart attacks than those who didn't take aspirin. The experimenters halted their study and released their dramatic finding at a scientific briefing; they also published a preliminary report in *The New England Journal of Medicine*.

The media responded exuberantly. Almost overnight, Americans were hearing that the most familiar of the over-the-counter painkillers could prevent heart attack. It suddenly looked like regular use of aspirin was a good insurance policy, even for people with no evidence of heart disease. And aspirin manufacturers did what they could to support that suspicion: in full-page ads and television commercials, they proclaimed a new day for heart health.

The Food and Drug Administration (FDA), the watchdog of over-the-counter drug labeling, and the Federal Trade Commission, whose authority extends to advertising claims, thought the response premature and suggested to the manufacturers that they withdraw their heart-protection advertising and promotion—or face regulatory action. FDA Commissioner Frank E. Young, M.D., Ph.D., made it clear that he wanted to see the aspirin study completed, made available to the medical community, and evaluated by the FDA before any changes in labeling, directions for use, or physician guidelines were prepared.

But the hype went on. TV personalities latched on to the aspirin cure; syndicated columnists, like San Francisco's Herb Caen, ran items like this: "Know how a guy can tell if his wife really loves him? There's an aspirin tablet on his breakfast plate."

What's important to realize is that aspirin possibly can ward off a heart attack in the making—by preventing blood platelets from clumping together to form a clot in an *already-narrowed* coronary artery—but it does nothing to prevent the formation of the plaque that clogs the artery in the first place. Meanwhile, the side effects of aspirin can be serious—specifically, internal bleeding, caused by erosion of tissues and by the same anticlotting action that halts a heart attack. A recent study of major upper gastrointestinal tract bleeding found that even occasional aspirin use substantially increases bleeding risks in a population already susceptible to gastric bleeding. And the American Heart Association (AHA) warns that a bleeding tendency may persist for so long after aspirin dosage is stopped—ten days or more—that people should inform surgeons of their aspirin intake before any procedure, even dental extractions.

But the AHA's greatest fear is that some people may dangerously misinterpret aspirin therapy as a substitute for control of the major risk factors for heart attacks and heart disease—high cholesterol levels, high blood pressure, and smoking. They add that, because the study was limited to men, its application to women should be approached with caution. Indeed, the total number of deaths, even among the men in the study, was not affected by the aspirin consumption of either group: the doctors were already such a healthy bunch that while 733 cardiovascular deaths would have been expected among the same size group within the general population of American white males over a not quite five-year period, only eighty-eight of the doctors suffered cardiovascular deaths. On the other hand, the study's aspirin users suffered a 15 percent increase in hemorrhagic stroke (cerebral bleeding) when compared to the placebo group. Moreover, since the study was stopped so abruptly, there's no way of knowing if taking aspirin prevents heart attacks, or merely postpones them. In any case, the AHA most emphatically cautions that no one should take aspirin regularly without consulting a doctor and discussing the possible complications.

The scientists who conducted the Physicians' Health Study (Charles H. Hennekens, M.D., and colleagues at the Harvard Medical School) express the same caution about self-medicating—a message all but lost in the early media coverage. Julie Buring, D.Sc., epidemiologist and a coinvestigator with the team, told Vogue: "This treatment involves taking a drug with side effects every other day for the rest of your life. Without informed medical guidance, it's very difficult to weigh the risk of taking aspirin against the risk of having a heart attack. Some examples may clarify:

"Take a fifty-five-year-old man who's a heavy smoker; he has a high cholesterol level and a family history of heart attacks. He's a prime candidate for aspirin therapy as long as he doesn't have major risk factors against aspirin. He also needs medical advice on smoking and, probably, diet.

"Next, consider a thirty-eight-year-old woman who doesn't have elevated cholesterol, but who does have high blood pressure that isn't under control. Her risk for stroke is higher than for heart attack, and aspirin possibly could add to that risk.

"It's important to see a doctor not just to find out if aspirin therapy is O.K. for you, but to learn what your risks really are. Perhaps the doctor will decide that the first thing to do may be to get your hypertension under control. Or to change your diet. Or to get you off cigarettes. The aim is to reduce your risk of heart attack; aspirin alone isn't going to do it. And, people who put themselves on aspirin without this information may do themselves more harm than good."

The side effects of aspirin therapy can be serious—gastric and cerebral bleeding

Are doctors prepared to make informed decisions for their patients about aspirin therapy? "The study," Dr. Buring says, "covers only one dosage, a 325-milligram aspirin every other day. In further studies, we may be able to drop that dosage. But when the full report comes out, doctors will receive a tremendous amount of information about the relative risks for smokers and nonsmokers, among different age groups, in various cholesterol ranges."

Meanwhile, in England, a study of five thousand British doctors, recently reported in the *British Medical Journal*, failed to find the risk of heart attack reduced with regular aspirin use. Scientists in both countries are reviewing the conflicting results; some suggest that the U.S. findings may be valid but less dramatic than reported. But the specific findings are probably less important than Dr. Buring's final warning: "What would be an absolute tragedy is for people to think they can continue to smoke, not to worry about their blood pressure, and to eat any kind of high-fat diet they want, as long as they take an aspirin every other day."

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NEW ADVANCED FORMULA FINESSE

talking to...

THE AUERSPERGS: Ala and Alexander, the children of Sunny von Bülow, have turned a tabloid tragedy into an opportunity for action

INTERVIEW BY JOHN FEINBLATT

Ala and Alexander Auersperg were in their early twenties in 1981 when their stepfather, Claus von Bülow, was charged with attempting to murder their mother, Sunny von Bülow, who now lies in an irreversible coma. They've since lived through two trials (the first ending in a conviction, the second an acquittal); a crush of publicity and sensationalism that turned their lives into national headlines; and an auto accident in 1983 that left their Austrian father, Prince Alfred von Auersperg, in the same comatose state as their mother.

Discovering that they could channel the experience of tragedy into action, Ala and Alex opened the National Victim Center, in 1986, to serve as a resource and referral center for more than five thousand groups across the country that lend support to crime victims and their advocates. A year later, they opened the Sunny von Bulow Coma and Head Trauma Research Foundation to advance medical research and raise awareness about coma and head injury; last April, Ala's film, *The Journey Back: Surviving Coma,* aired nationally on PBS. Here, Ala, who is thirty and president of the coma foundation, and Alex, twenty-nine, the victim center's president, talk about the victims' movement, the healing support of peers, and individual empowerment.

John Feinblatt: *What is the secret to coping with tragedy?*

Alex: A lot of it has to do with knowing that other people have gone through the same thing or worse and have made productive use of their lives afterward—knowing that there is a future.

Ala: You develop a different perspective. You become touched by different things and frightened by different things. Dominick Dunne [a journalist and writer], whose daughter, Dominique, was murdered, has become a close friend. I couldn't say to other people, "Look, this is ripping me apart," but I felt comfortable talking to him. Sometimes, it makes you feel better to realize that you are not the worst off. The saddest thing that I've seen over the past few years is young people who have gotten into accidents, who are strapped into wheelchairs and you know that they'll never be able to take care of themselves.

JF: *Does sharing your grief with other people help?*

Alex: It's important to keep telling your story to get it out of your system. But eventually, you've got to turn that energy into something positive. I guess we realized there wasn't a thing we could do about the anger we felt. The only window open to you is the one that looks forward.

JF: *How has establishing the centers and making the film contributed to your own coming to terms with tragedy?*

Alex: It's almost as though something good has finally come *(Continued on page 102)*

John Feinblatt *is deputy director of NYC's Victim Services Agency.*

RUEDI HOFMANN Hair and makeup, Leanne Newton Alfieri

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(Continued from page 96)

out of what happened to our parents. You can't change the past—we can't. This is one way in which we have some control, where we can make a change and a difference.

To have our mother in a coma was unbelievable, but then to have our father in exactly the same type of coma—not brain dead, but as close to it as possible, suspended between life and death—well, the coma foundation was a way to look at this problem.

Ala: Making the film helped me understand what's happened with our parents. They're neither typically alive nor dead. And so the question becomes: What are they thinking? Are they thinking anything? The doctors can't tell you. One of the best doctors in the country said, "You know, you can perform an operation on someone like your mother, and you don't need anesthesia." Well, where is the "I"? What *is* their "I"? Where is their soul? Then, odd things happen. For example, they'll smile, but that smile doesn't mean anything. They'll cry, but it's a very primitive reaction. You see it, though, and you say, "My God, she just smiled. What does that mean?"

In the victims' movement, you often suffer total estrangement and loss. Well, I go up and I *see* my loss. So it's even more graphic because I remember a beautiful, vital woman who took care of and loved three kids and had four Labradors; and I see a woman who isn't ugly, but is certainly a mere semblance of herself—who can't see me, can't recognize me, who spends her days in a hospital room.

JF: *Why did you devote so much of the film to euthanasia?*

Ala: There are ten thousand people in the United States in a persistent vegetative state. If the families of these coma victims haven't got the funds—which we are lucky to have—somebody will have to give up a job and stay home twenty-four hours a day, and give up education for their kids. So in essence, the lives of all the family members are destroyed for years. Euthanasia is something that every one of these families has to face. I am just resoundingly grateful that I didn't have to make that decision.

JF: *Did the fact that you didn't have to face that decision, that the press characterized you as extraordinarily privileged, create a chasm between you and others?*

Alex: I think other victims' groups appreciate that we are using our resources to help people. We've had every opportunity to lead a dream existence, having a mother who loved us and took care of us, beautiful homes, and the best educations. But, we've also had a period in our lives that has been in sharp contrast to all that privilege. The loss of our mother and father has given us a very different sense of reality, and we see life now from those two perspectives.

JF: *How have you dealt with the media image of you as greedy stepchildren?*

Ala: You're hurt that somebody thinks of you in that light, and you'd like to correct the misconception. After awhile, you say, "Forget it. That's not what I am, and I'm going on." Originally, we discussed not going to the police at all. But we felt a crime had been committed. It was a horrible decision. But there is a difference between right and wrong, and if you're going to be part of this society, you'd better play it that way.

JF: *What do you hope to accomplish for crime victims?*

Ala: During the second trial, we became acutely aware of the problems that victims face. We felt that terrible things were happening to us, even though we had the advantage of our attorney's explaining the process. Most people assume that victims have the same rights a defendant has. We weren't allowed in the courtroom because the defense didn't want the jury to see the victim's family. We walked out really angry—angry with the way things had turned out, certainly, but also angry with our system.

One of the most sacred things in life is that

"During the second trial we became acutely aware of the problems that victims face"

I can be safe—that the police will protect, the prosecutor will prosecute, and the judge and jury will see to it that no guilty man goes free. That's the network around us that makes us able to cope. Blow away that infrastructure and you are helpless. We can't control death, and we can't control car accidents—they are acts of God—but we can try to make our system work. Before we started the center, I remember thinking I'd really like to see to it that somebody doesn't have to sit here feeling quite so lost.

JF: *In the Jennifer Levin case, it was reported that the family was given veto power over the plea bargain. Is this the kind of empowerment that victims want?*

Alex: I don't think the victim of a crime is ever going to be in a position to control a prosecution. But whatever can be done to show a family that the system cares helps. The most important thing that the victim center could accomplish would be a constitutional amendment, enacted on a state-by-state basis, guaranteeing victims the right to be informed about the proceedings, to be present in the courtroom, and to be heard—to tell the court what the impact of this tragedy was. The defense attorney has an opportunity to say what the impact will be on the defendant and his family if he goes to jail. The reason that only a small percentage of crimes are reported is that people don't have confidence in the system—they are intimidated by it. If victims are treated with dignity and are not ignored, they will feel that they have access to our court system.

JF: *In some parts of the country, the victims' movement has been used as a platform for taking away defendants' rights. Do defendants have too many rights?*

Ala: No. I think you should see to it that an innocent man never goes to jail. But you need to balance the scales—a crime is committed against the state, but it is also committed against the individual. If it's a crime against me, I have to be part of the process. I want to have a part of the say-so.

JF: *In the cases of Marla Hanson, the model whose face was slashed, and Jennifer Levin, the defense attorneys' strategy was to blame the victim for the crime. Did that occur in your mother's case?*

Alex: Absolutely. There was a big headline that said something like "Bold von Bülow Strategy: Try Comatose Wife." The victim's family, which has already suffered from having lost a loved one, then goes through seeing that person's character, the last thing left, assassinated as well.

The strategy of trying to put the victim on trial is designed to create an impression in the jury's mind that perhaps this person "deserved it." This strategy really stands out in rape trials, in which the defense attorney tries to shift the attention away from the defendant and onto the victim—she had fifty boyfriends so maybe she deserved to be raped. Society in general is uncomfortable with the idea of victimization.

JF: *Did anybody try to discourage you from starting the two centers?*

Ala: I think that to a certain extent people felt that we ought to leave well enough alone, that it would be nice to sort of fade back and say, "I've closed the doors and I am back to a completely normal life." But people who know us very well realize that we have gotten on with our lives. We don't spend time saying how sad we are anymore. It might not be fun to fly to Indianapolis, but if somebody there will listen to me, and I can make good out of that, then it's worth it. We're interested in these things because we've lived them. And that's not something we feel sorry about or ashamed of.

JF: *Do you hope that your half-sister, Cosima, the daughter of your mother and Claus von Bülow, will take part in the activities of the two centers?*

Ala: I don't know how much she will ever be part of the victims' movement. That's asking a lot. It's more likely to be the coma center. I haven't discussed it with her, but the opportunity is there for her help on both.

Alex: And certainly we hope that we can all be together. It's been many years since we have, and time has damaged the relationship. We hope that we can pick up and regain some of the family life we had before. ▽

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Q HAIR A

Does hair grow faster in summer?... fine hair and conditioners... swim cap answers

Q My hair seems to grow faster during the summer months. Is this possible?

A "It may seem that hair grows faster during the summer than any other time of the year," says Maria Hordinsky, M.D., assistant professor of dermatology at the University of Minnesota. "A warm scalp may dilate blood vessels, and sunlight may alter the number of immune cells on the scalp—both of which could promote faster hair growth. However, all this is theoretical.

"More likely, the perception of 'more' hair during the summer is due to an increase in humidity, which causes the hair cortex to swell and slightly enlarge hair strands."

Kenneth, of Kenneth Salon, NYC, notes that many of his clients choose a shorter version of their regular hairstyle during summer. "When weather is warmer, you *notice* your hair more. Outdoor activity increases the amount of perspiration around the forehead; bangs and hair around the face may seem uncontrollable. Humidity can make even simple long styles unmanageable and uncomfortable. For many women, 'less is easier' during these months."

Q My hair is thin, and I don't want to weigh it down. What kind of deep conditioner should I use?

A The type of conditioner is probably not as important as the way in which you use it. "Women with fine hair tend to have problems with conditioner when they leave it on too long, use too much, or don't rinse the product out of the hair thoroughly," says Phyllis Ansher, technical brand manager for Pantene. "It may be best to try different conditioning 'strategies' to see which meets your needs. Once-a-week deep conditioning may be too frequent; you might better use a deep conditioner only once a month and a lighter, rinse-out conditioner every day."

Also try leaving deep conditioner on hair for a shorter time or avoiding heat "treatments"—beneath a towel or cap or under a dryer—that increase conditioner's penetration and thus may over-condition strands. "One of the most common mistakes is applying the conditioner from the scalp down," says Ansher. "Instead, apply only on ends, where most damage occurs, to minimize weight and potential build-up."

As a rule, deep conditioners aren't targeted for different hair "types." Many daily conditioners, however, come with body-building formulas for fine hair. These tend to have less-concentrated conditioning ingredients, making them less likely to leave residues and weigh down hair. (Two new ones: Pantene's Cream Conditioner for fine hair; Finesse's Advanced Formula Conditioners.)

Q What's the best kind of swimming cap? Some seem to pull my hair; others allow water to seep in.

A Different types of swim caps offer different advantages. "Generally speaking, the silicone swim cap is the best one made today," says John Krueger, vice president of aquatic accessories for Speedo. "Silicone has the most stretch to accommodate lots of hair, but is also the most expensive material for caps. Lycra caps often feel the most comfortable on a woman's head, but they tend to let water seep in. Latex caps are least expensive and are best at keeping water out, but they don't stretch as well as Lycra and silicone. Many women complain that latex is uncomfortable and too tight-fitting.

"There's also no guarantee that any cap is going to keep water out completely," Krueger continues. "Some swimmers, in fact, wear a Lycra cap underneath one of silicone. Layering the two caps provides maximum protection from water seepage with maximum comfort."

What do the pros choose? "I usually wear a latex one," says Mary T. Meagher, Olympic gold-medal swimmer. "I pile my chin-length hair up on top of my head first, then put on the cap. That way, most hair is away from the cap's rim, so there's less chance water will dampen it. But even with the best cap, I still wash and condition my hair afterwards to remove any chlorine." For more protection, NYC/London hair and scalp expert Philip Kingsley offers this suggestion: "Before putting on a swim cap, a woman should comb conditioner through her hair; not only will this allow the cap to slip on and off more easily, minimizing breakage to hair, but the conditioner can further shield hair from the drying effects of salt or chlorine. (Note: Kingsley's Swim Cap Cream 15, containing silicone, is designed to make hair more water-resistant.)

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THE BEST OF WINES

RED VELVET

Antinori's sensuously urbane wines set the standard for Italy

BY MARTIN GERSH

The superb classic red table wines made by Marchese Piero Antinori in Tuscany are justly renowned. Sumptuously fruity, velvety in texture, ample-bodied yet always graceful and charming, these distinguished, long-lived Italian wines are often surprisingly reminiscent of great Bordeaux from Saint-Julien, Margaux, and Graves.

Though my greatest love among the Antinori reds is Tignanello, whose recognition as a "new" world-class wine inspired other Italian vintners to copy its urbane style and innovative grape structure (80 percent native Sangiovese and 20 percent Cabernet Sauvignon), three others share my affections. The fine inexpensive Villa Antinori Riserva and the excellent moderate-priced Villa Antinori Riserva "Marchese Antinori" are traditional Chianti Classicos vinified almost entirely from the outstanding Sangiovese grape. The most recent Antinori creation is Solaia, made thus far in only two vintages, 1979 and 1982. With a grape formula that is the mirror image of Tignanello's, it is in fact a Cabernet Sauvignon.

I conclude my reviews with two sturdy and admirable Antinori whites from Umbria, both entirely new to me, that in no way diminish the reputation of this venerable winery.

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Villa Antinori Chianti Classico Riserva 1982 *An exceptionally pretty, tightly knit wine of good scale, revealing densely concentrated black-cherry fruitiness. Best drinking: for the next 16 to 17 years. Aeration: 7¼-7¾ hours. $7-$8.*

Solaia 1982 *Stylistically akin to the celebrated Saint-Julien, Château Ducru-Beaucaillou, distinguished by wonderfully spicy blackberry flavor and notable size—simply terrific! Best drinking: for the next 15 to 16 years. Aeration: 7-7½ hours. $45-$50.*

Tignanello 1982 *An urbane, beautifully integrated wine of medium body and satiny texture, whose delightfully sweet raspberry-like taste element is graced with chocolaty nuances. Best drinking: for the next 17 to 18 years. Aeration: 8-8½ hours. $25-$26.*

Villa Antinori Chianti Classico Riserva 1981, "Marchese Antinori" *Thoughtful in manner, with a smoky, cassis-like fruit presence, this is a highly civilized red of important size. Best drinking: for the next 16 to 17 years. Aeration: 7-7½ hours. $15-$16.*

Tignanello 1980 *Substantial, displaying an alluring fruit constituent suggestive of plums and boysenberries—a wine in the mode of a fine Margaux, and a true aristocrat. Best drinking: for the next 14 to 15 years. Aeration: 5¾-6¼ hours. $25-$26.*

Villa Antinori Chianti Classico Riserva 1978, "Marchese Antinori" *Most impressive—cohesive, reasonably large-bodied, showing a tangy black cherry flavor element. Best drinking: for the next 14 to 15 years. Aeration: 5-5½ hours. $18-$19.*

Tignanello 1978 *Somber, of generous dimensions, with a provocative, smoky and spicy prune-plum taste component—a rare jewel. Best drinking: for the next 17 to 18 years. Aeration: 6½-7 hours. $45-$50.*

Villa Antinori Chianti Classico Riserva 1977, "Marchese Antinori" *Featuring an intense plum and cassis fruit aspect, this is a marvelous, dignified Riserva of imposing size. Best drinking: for the next 15 to 16 years. Aeration: 5-5½ hours. $16-$17.*

Tignanello 1977 *Big, sumptuously fruity, animated yet perfectly balanced—a fabulous bottle, the ultimate Tignanello. Best drinking: for the next 16 to 17 years. Aeration: 5½-6 hours. $25-$26.*

Castello della Sala 1986 *A gracious Umbrian white, whose fresh apple- and lime-tinged flavor clearly reflects the presence of Sauvignon Blanc in its grape composition. Best drinking: for the next 1 to 1½ years. Aeration: 10-15 minutes. $8-$9.*

Cervaro della Sala 1985 *Created primarily from Chardonnay, oily in texture, full-bodied, with opulent melony fruitiness—top notch! Best drinking: for the next 2½ to 3 years. Aeration: 30-40 minutes. $17-$18.*

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FOOD IN VOGUE

Chervil pops up everywhere . . .
ice-cream "fruits" arrive
. . . the food/art connection
takes off. BY BARBARA KAFKA

The essence of summer: here, ice-cream miniatures; bottom, from Finland, the perfect vodka glass.

The parsley of the upscale chef, both American and French, is chervil. I first noticed these delicate fronds festooning dishes at restaurants as elegant as Robuchon in Paris. As chervil became available in this country, it started to pop up on everything short of dessert.

While I can understand the attractions of this beauty, I don't like herbs decorating foods to which they bear no taste relationship; consider how parsley has turned into an anonymous green rather than a good strong flavor. Chervil, traditionally, is part of the *fines herbes* mix. It lends a mild licorice note, and it does best when it isn't cooked too long: in egg dishes, creamy sauces.

Chervil is an annual, and it germinates quickly so now is not too late to start it. Plant it where it gets some shade during the day. Resow the area every two to three weeks, as chervil tends to go to seed quickly.

This herb is not really suitable for pot planting. You need too much. Many other herbs do very well in pots, however. The more avant-garde gardeners are growing them as topiaries. In its soon-to-arrive Christmas catalogue, White Flower Farms (Litchfield, Connecticut 06759-1179) sells rosemary in Italian terra-cotta pots, trained as standards with ball-shaped tops. If summer's strong plants make you feel adventurous about forming your own eighteenth-century look-alikes, consult *The Potted Herb* by Abbie Zabar (Stewart, Tabori & Chang), which will encourage you with thorough instructions.

Summer is ice-cream time. Some of the best of the new entries into this seemingly endless market are beautiful, naturally colored, miniature ice-cream fruits: pears, strawberries, peaches, walnuts, about a half-ounce each. They are available by mail order from St. Clair Ice Cream Fruits, 1 Hanford Place, South Norwalk, CT 06854 (call 203/853-4774) for $8 a dozen, or $8.50 if made of sorbet.

The recent liquor trend in this country has been a succession of white liquors—rum, tequila, then vodka and gin—as the drinks of choice. Now, tasty, trendy akvavit is on hand, to mix into Danish Marys and Scandinavian boilermakers (akvavit with a beer chaser). So far, we mainly have drunk these liquors diluted with mixers, fruits, ice, and juices, but their day as violently chilled straight-up drinks is coming.

It's time, then, for appropriate glasses, with a thick bottom to keeps one's fingers from warming the drink. Naturally, the best-looking glass comes from Finland, designed by Tapio Wirkkala of Ittala. Called Kaleva, it costs $11.50 and is pretty enough to serve as a bud vase at a place setting when not in use for drinking.

Some trends have legs. Last year we saw a spate of books about breakfast and tea. It's not over. Especially useful for country weekends with friends are two very good new books. *Biscuits and Scones* (Clarkson N. Potter) by Elizabeth Alston, who had a related best-selling book on muffins, most charmingly extends her subject to sweets and desserts.

Dorian Leigh Parker, the owner *(Continued on page 110)*

Illustration by ISABELLE DERVAUX Photo by SUSAN WOOD

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FOOD IN VOGUE

(Continued from page 109)

of a modeling agency in Paris and lately a superb writer on food and travel, particularly for *Gourmet*, has written the kind of little book that sends one off to the kitchen. Its title, *Pancakes* (Clarkson N. Potter), gives scant indication of the riches inside: recipes from the many countries where Parker has traveled and lived, from Corn Crepes of the American South and Crespolini from northern Italy to French Chocolate Crepes with Coconut Cream. There are interesting inventions like the pumpkin filling for the corn crepes; Eggplant Pancakes with Pine Nuts; and Peter Rabbit Pancakes, enlivened with carrots, for her grandsons. She has tried where possible to adapt recipes for health; but there is still a lot of eggs and cream.

Recently, food and art have been going steady and have been seen around together so much that people seem to be confusing one with the other. Now, wine and food can be artistic, the work of an artisan, beautiful, even artful; but they're not art. They're meant to be consumed, not to endure; they're meant to please rather than to radically revise our perceptions.

This partnership started benignly enough in France with Philippe de Rothschild's commissioning of wine labels for Mouton in 1946, and with La Colombe d'Or's displaying paintings that it had traded with artists for meals. Worthwhile, certainly, and I don't want to do any artist out of a job or a meal, but now this relationship is a little too serious.

Vincent Guerithault, of the eponymous restaurant in Phoenix, was one of the first American restaurateurs to follow the French custom of having a chosen wine bottled; and he has commissioned Fritz Scholder, a Southwestern artist, to draw and design the label. Christian Moueix, of the famous family of French negotiants, has just opened a California winery, Dominus, and persuaded Larry Rivers to design the first in a series of labels by artists.

Some restaurants have taken to using their halls for culture-vulture events during off-hours. Most notably, 72 Market Street in Los Angeles recently sponsored a series of lectures by artists and architects, among them, Frank Gehry. Some restaurants simply offer their walls for rotating exhibits. Several offshoots of Michael's in Santa Monica—J.W. in NYC, The Rattlesnake Club in Denver—have bought paintings by Hockney, Stella, and Johns to put on their walls.

Tamara, a movable play that is also a movable feast, has a meal as its entr'acte. And *Babette's Feast*, which won an Oscar this year for Best Foreign Film, has a meal as its climax. The artistic gesture of the meal is wasted on the recipients but not on the audience; at least one restaurant—Petrossian in NYC—has replicated the meal. ▽

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LIVING Pushing design to its limits: don't call Clodagh "trendy"... finishing touches for cottage gardeners. BY BARBARA PLUMB

Clodagh, an award-winning interior designer and a partner in the avant-garde home furnishings shop Clodagh, Ross, Williams in New York City, is known for her daring use of materials, often adapting them from one context to another. "Where do I pick up my feeling for materials? Wandering around the Temple of Dendur at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Seeing a new sculpture exhibit. Looking at a construction site where they're blasting or working with I-beams."

She uses her loft, *above*, as her design lab. Clodagh blended the raw materials for her tinted-concrete kitchen countertop—a first—in a cement mixer she brought home. Framing the preparation island is ground raw steel that she had seen in a David Smith sculpture. "We've already had the great spaghetti sauce disaster," Clodagh says, "and the concrete survived. So now I can dare to suggest it to clients."

Clodagh particularly enjoys collaborating with artists from her shop. When she saw a tray by Kirsten Hawthorne with a fantastic curling pattern sandblasted into Plexiglas, she asked the artist to work on a huge door out of the same materials for an East Village loft. "From something small, like jewelry," says Clodagh, "I immediately amplify it and see wall, door, window. I bring it up to a very large scale."

"I don't want to be thought of as trendy. Trendy is death," says Clodagh, who has watched the oxidized-copper *objets* and jewelry that she pioneered in her shop become a cliché in a year. "I'm still interested in that green patina. I think it's a perfectly beautiful color, and I don't give a damn if it's used ten thousand times. All those wonderful oxidized roofs are sitting up there giggling at us."

CHATTER

Talk about bringing chintzes to Newcastle: the owners of London's four-star Capital Hotel, near Harrods, have ordered the furnishings for a redo of their sixty rooms from Ralph Lauren in New York City. They reportedly had trouble finding anything "typically English" in England....London's Victoria and Albert Museum has drafted an American curator, Christopher Wilk, formerly of the Brooklyn Museum. He'll supervise the display of a permanent collection of twentieth-century design larger than that of either of Manhattan's crown jewels, The Metropolitan Museum of Art and The Museum of Modern Art....Joan Rivers' rough year is about to get better. She will soon move into a two-story penthouse on New York City's Upper East Side, across the street from Central Park. It has been taken down to the bare bones and completely renovated; Rivers is said to have a decorator who devotes his time exclusively to her projects. Her two-story-high salon, with Georgian architectural detailing and a throng of sumptuous Louis XVI furniture, was planned for an ambitious agenda of entertaining. And Rivers' office is ensconced on the floor below for a fast commute.

house & gazebo

The now-fashionable English cottage garden demands not only authentic landscaping but proper ornamental structures: a fanciful gazebo, a romantic trellised arbor. One English firm, Machin Designs, is renowned for imaginative hybrids of traditional garden architecture with functional contemporary materials. Its line of chinoiserie pavilions, bell-capped gazebos, and Gothic covered seats features durable fiberglass roofs, lead-colored to resemble the old-fashioned ones. Handcrafted from Swedish pine timbers, the buildings are constructed with stainless-steel hardware and equipped with solid-brass handles and hinges. Brochures, $6 through Machin Designs, Inc., 652 Glenbrook Road, Stamford, CT 06906.

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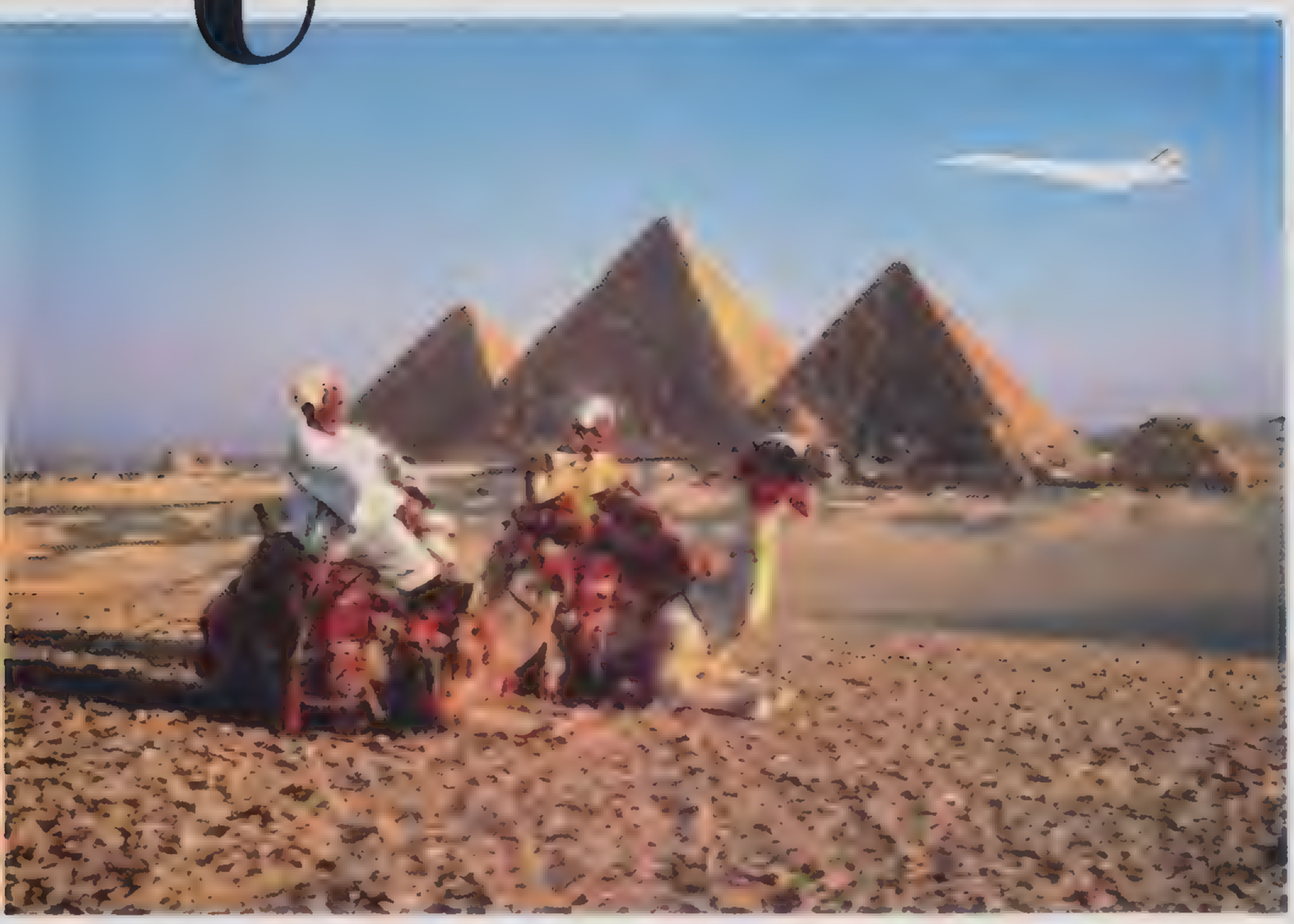
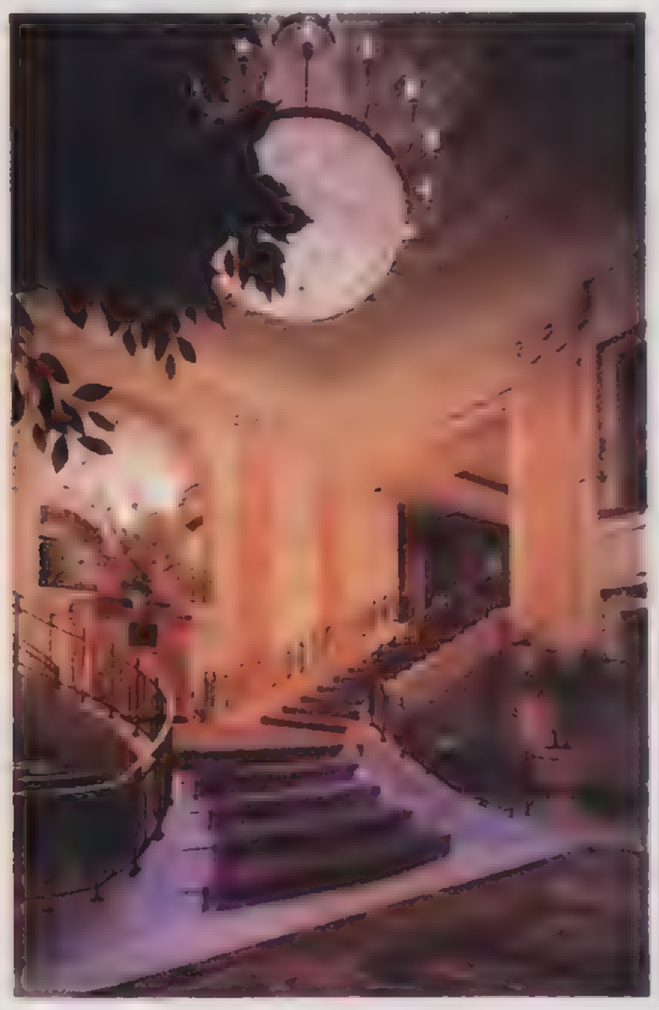


If you're up for something really extraordinary and can swing about $1300 a day, Jet Vacations has quite a trip planned for September 10–21: a supersonic odyssey that flashes from New York to Egypt and then on to Kenya aboard a chartered Air France Concorde. In Egypt, travelers spend three days in Luxor and two in Aswan (based Nile-side at the Luxor Sheraton and New Cataract, respectively) and are treated to felucca cruises, temple tours, gala evenings, and a special excursion to Abu Simbel. In Kenya, the itinerary offers two nights in Nairobi at the luxurious Nairobi Safari Club, two more at the romantic Mount Kenya Safari Club, and two at Governor's Camp in the spectacular Masai Mara. Private game-viewing—by four-wheel-drive vehicles and hot-air balloon—is a further highlight of the East Africa interlude. The price—a whopping $12,999 per person—includes Concorde flights, meals, hotels, transfers, tours, and safaris. For further facts, call travel agent or Jet Vacations (212/830-4483).



IN NYC, IT'S BACK TO THE BELLE EPOQUE WITH THE DEBUT OF HOTEL MAXIM'S, *LEFT*. A LAVISH REDO OF THE 1905 GOTHAM, MAXIM'S HAS NEO-ART-NOUVEAU GUEST ROOMS WITH VAST MARBLE BATHS; A POSH RESTAURANT THAT DOES SOPHISTICATED MEDITERRANEAN CUISINE; AND, COMING SOON, A ROOFTOP SPA. WEEKEND PACKAGES—ROOM, BREAKFAST, CHAMPAGNE—COST $215 A NIGHT, DOUBLE. CALL: 212/247-2200.

Next time in Turkey, don't miss dining at Körfez. Edging the Bosporus, this delightful spot—reached via the restaurant's private launch—has innovative *meze*, superb fish baked in sea salt, and one of the top wine lists in Istanbul. Phone: 332-0108.

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For exchange-rate-weary Americans, Pullman International Hotels guarantees prices of $89 a night—single or double—at twenty-one of its four-star hotels in major European cities, $69 a night at three-star establishments. Prices—valid to September 15—include tax, service charges, breakfast. Ask travel agent or call: 212/757-6500.

Update *We are disturbed by reports from recent visitors to Mexico's posh Costa Carayes. Seems things are fine if you rent a villa here—but some guests at the resort's Hotel Plaza Carayes complain of poor service, food, accommodations—especially over holidays.*

pleasure domes

Now on track between Anchorage/Fairbanks: the Midnight Sun Express—with new "Ultra Dome" cars for wraparound views of dramatic Alaskan scenery and wildlife. Tour Alaska's special train also has elegant dining salons, original art, and an open-air observation deck. It operates daily through September 10. See travel agent or page 122.

("Travel Now" continued on page 120)

Top: SUPERSTOCK; center: JAIME ARDILES-ARCE

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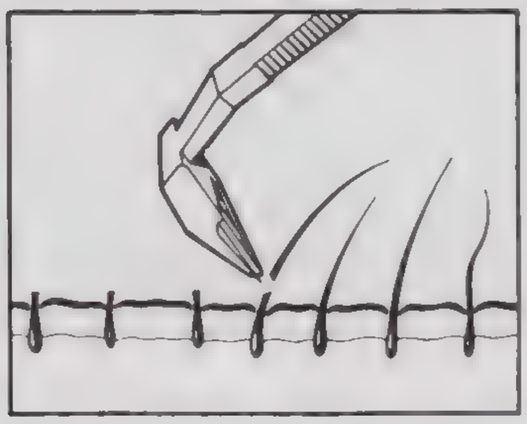
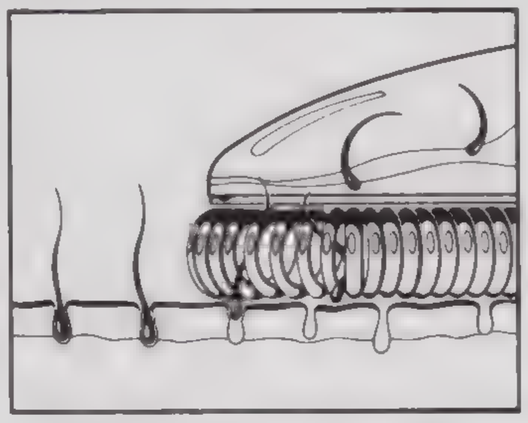


The old way, shaving, does not remove hair from the root. It is chopped off, and surfaces as stubble.



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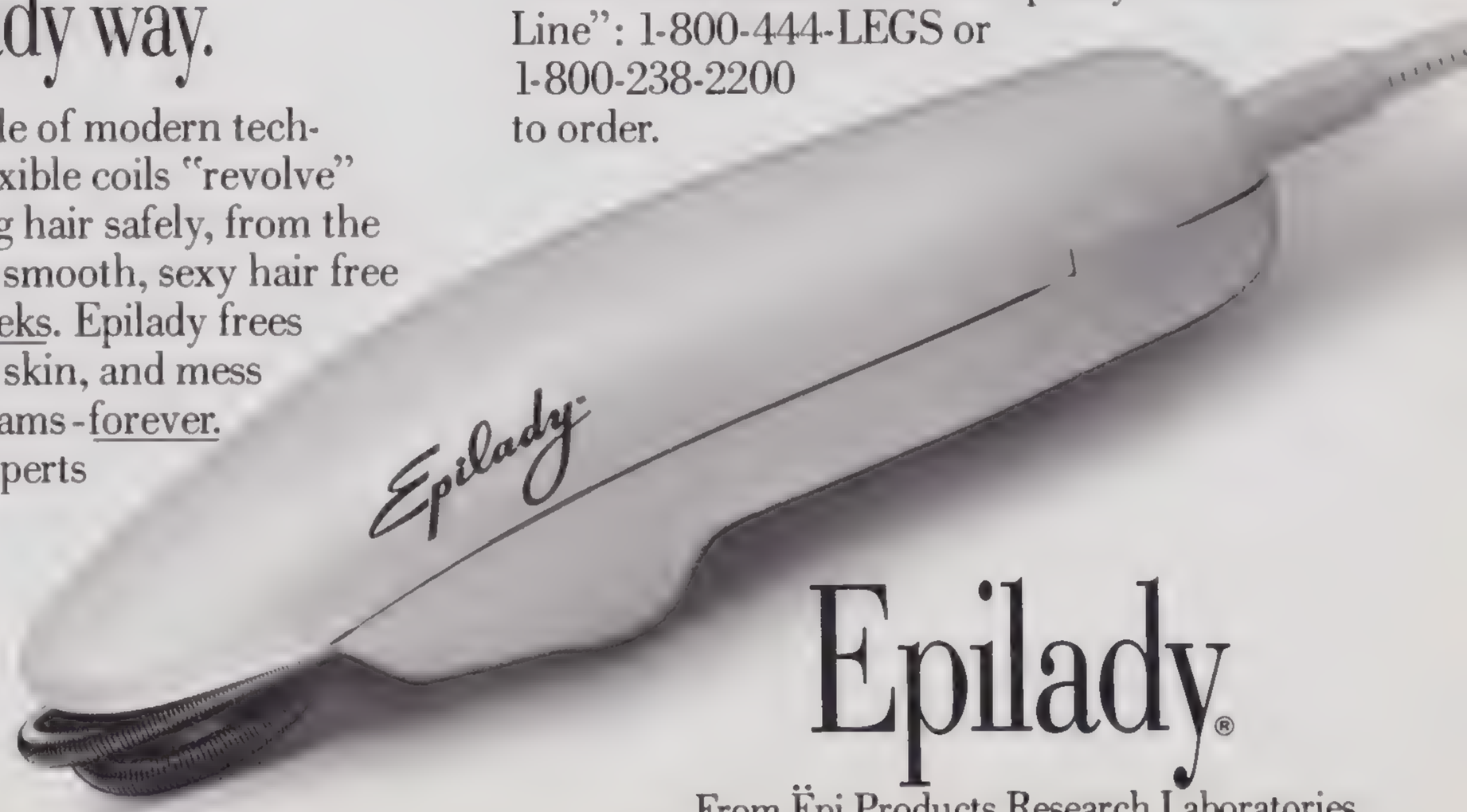

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(Continued from page 116)

Window views of Amsterdam: a cheese-filled shop reflecting canal houses, above; a café couple, right

Amsterdam: an insider's guide

Although Amsterdam, with its concentric canals and carnival-lit bridges, is constantly referred to as "The Venice of the North," a surprising fact is that its waterways largely have been ignored as means of getting to and fro. Now, however, a new fleet of speedy "gondolas" (really water taxis) will pick you up on call (telephone: 75-09-09) and deposit you (and up to seven friends) at almost any waterside spot in the city for approximately $12.50 per fifteen minutes. Here, for travelers bound for Amsterdam this summer, an insider's guide to the current top stops on the canal circuit.

RESTAURANTS **De Kersentuin** (Dijsselhofplantsoen 7; 64-21-21) at the posh Garden Hotel has a Michelin star, beautiful food—truffled medallions of lobster, giant scampi, baby squab; luscious desserts . . . . **Tout Court** (Runstraat 13; 25-86-37) for French country fare with nouvelle overtones. Nearby, on the same street, is **Cilubang** (#10), a small, fun Indonesian place offering a $15 per person *rijsttafel* . . . . **De Trechter** (Hobbemakade 63; 71-22-63). Unprepossessing exterior, but many rate its classic/nouvelle food the best in town . . . . **De Gouden Reael** (Zandhoek 14; 23-38-83). A drawbridge leads to this idyllic spot; dine on veal with morels or shrimp-sauced sole—and watch the sun set over the harbor . . . . **Brasserie** (Van Baerlestraat 158; 79-15-32). One of the few restaurants open on Sunday and, better yet, serving brunch . . . . **Tempo Doeloe** (Utrechtsestraat 75; 25-67-18). Sophisticated setting for outstanding Indonesian food . . . . **Pier Ten** (De Ruyterkade Steiger 10; 24-82-76) is at the end of a dock right on the shipping lanes. Specialties: sliced breast of duck with berry sauce; grilled tuna . . . . **La Cocina** (Weteringstraat 43; 25-30-86). A tiny cookery with a chef who creates rich bouillabaisse, spinach tarts with Roquefort sauce; lunch only.

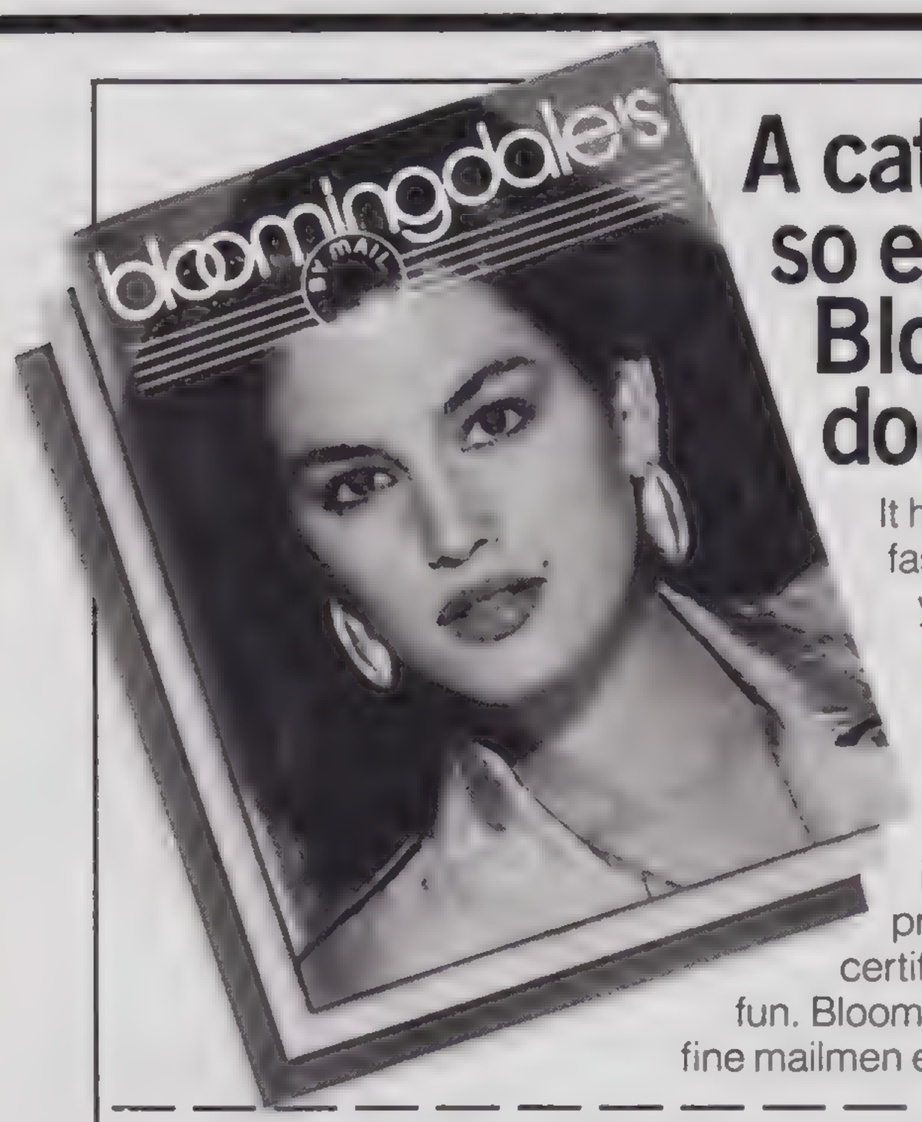
CAFES Amsterdam's pubs—called Brown Cafés after their wood-paneled walls—are friendly places for a fast beer, mineral water, Dutch gin (*genever*), coffee, or the ubiquitous *belegde broodjes* (sandwiches on tiny soft rolls). Favorite haunts: **Hoppe** (Spui 18), bustling since 1670 . . . **De Pieper** (Prinsengracht 424)—interesting crowd, peculiar charm . . . burgundy-walled **Frascate** (Nes 59) where art/theater folk hang out . . . **Van Puffelen** (Prinsengracht 377)—young, noisy, with outdoor tables atop a barge anchored in front . . . and **Taste Vin** (Nieuwe Herengracht 18 sous), a whitewashed wine cellar with a summer terrace overlooking a quiet, pretty canal.

SHOPPING The Rodeo Drive of Amsterdam is a three-block stretch of the P.C. Hooftstraat: At **Reflections** (#66), designer chic; glorious shoes at **Dr. Adam's** (#90); **Heijenbrock's** (#88) for a quick bite—try a curried chicken salad *broodje*; and **J.P. Boots** (#84) for pastries best described as sweet blessings.

HOTELS **Hôtel de l'Europe** (Nieuwe Doelenstraat 2; 23-48-36). Gabled and grand, this recently refurbished landmark has a star-class restaurant and the only indoor hotel swimming pool in town . . . . **Dikker & Thijs** (Prinsengracht 444; 26-77-21), with its twenty-five freshly redone rooms, is part of a delicious seventeenth-century building that also houses Amsterdam's best gourmet shop; an art-filled Brasserie, serving Zeeland oysters and Champagne; a Delft-tiled dining cellar (De Prinsenkelder); a serious restaurant (also called Dikker & Thijs).—LYS MARIGOLD

(More on Amsterdam, see page 182.)

DOMINIQUE NABOKOV



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TRAVEL
PRIVILEGED PEAKS
Discovering a secret world of mountain beauty, cloud splendor—via helicopter
BY TESS GALLAGHER

The belay is secured by ice hooks near the edge of the crevasse and the rope tied across my chest. I'm two feet from the crevasse, staring down into the aqua-blue chasm of Vowell Glacier. Our guide, Willie Trinker, is beside me. The feeling is safe, yet we've taken enough precautions that my stomach lifts into the flutter zone. I brace my feet and lean toward the gap, letting the fear-shadow bend with me, then fall away into a ripple of odd pleasure. Willie tells me that the glacier hasn't moved much since 1927.

It is July, 1987, and my companions are nine people I met two hours ago as we climbed into a helicopter in a pasture near Spillimacheen, British Columbia, 125 miles west of Banff, Alberta. I've left behind my home, near the Olympic Mountain Range of Washington State, to explore a region entirely new to me and more spectacular than any I could have imagined.

This isn't the first time that the Bugaboos—an English word meaning "imaginary fears"—have been the place to be. In the late 1950s and early '60s, this group of young mountains just west of the Canadian Rockies was famous among rock climbers for its reputedly unclimbable granite spires.

Since 1968, when Hans Gmoser and Leo Grillmair, two Austrian mountaineers, built the first of three lodges, the area has become famous for heli-skiing on powder snow, a sport they invented, then pioneered into a prosperous livelihood. Heli-hiking began about ten years ago as a natural outgrowth of wanting to make use of the lodge facilities during the summer.

After briefly gearing up at Bugaboo Lodge, where we'll be staying during three days of heli-hiking in the Purcell Range, we have been flown to the glacier and set down. These people, like myself, are not thrill-seekers. I know this from the way they crouch without looking up, the helicopter blades slicing above us, during the two "lifts" and "drops" we've had that day.

"Don't go toward the rear of the chopper," the blond young pilot with the permanent snow-squint has warned us. "That's my Cuisinart department." A few remarks like this are enough to meld us into a respectful stoop from here on out.

Compared with heli-skiing and rock climbing, heli-hiking requires only modest zeal; still, those (*Continued on page 125*)

Tess Gallagher's *most recent books are "Amplitude, New and Selected Poems" and "The Lover of Horses."*

TESS GALLAGHER

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PRIVILEGED PEAKS

(*Continued from page 122*)

who've chosen this kind of vacation are decidedly not in the couch-potato crowd. The eight miles of ridge- and valley-traversing we'll do each day will earn us the tour category "active hikers" in the Canadian Mountain Holidays' brochure. Groupings of less "fit" visitors often spend more time in the alpine meadows and basins than on the ridges—as long as they can step up the twenty inches from ground to helicopter.

Back at the glacier a second guide, Wendy Edge, whose name suddenly takes on an ominous ring, has joined up with us. She's leading a group of retired Japanese bank personnel who had dismounted the helicopter earlier, at the lodge, with the added musicality of bear-bells, which, in the spirit of preparedness, they must have donned that morning in Banff. Someone has convinced them that they aren't likely to encounter bears on the glacier, so they've left the bells behind, and with the bells perhaps some of their merriment.

While the Japanese take turns with Willie attending them at the crevasse, Wendy leads our group toward the terminus of the glacier. "Step where I step," she says, and a few moments later shows us why. We have just passed a mill hole, a small round opening where snow melt has swirled a vertical core deep into the ice. Just how deep it is we discover by dropping a stone down the hole and counting the seconds until it hits. Three hundred feet, we gauge, and we notice that under the thin top ledge of ice the hole is shoulder-wide. From here on out everything else we do will be mild.

There is some risk that inevitably goes with leaving behind the symbolic aspect of mountains so emphasized by the Romantic poets. Mountains, contrary to the flatlander's view, do not stay put. Boulders cut loose, avalanches roar down, glaciers yawn open. To put your own hands and feet on ice and rock is to gain another kind of knowledge.

We spend an hour watching a mountain goat and her two kids on the far cliff wall, then skirt boulders, cross a snowbridge over another crevasse to explore behind the moraine where fireweed, wild chives, alpine campion, and white heather have taken hold. There's plenty of opportunity to stare back toward the bunched ice-fins at the neck of the glacier, to the pink "watermelon snow" that algae have smeared with life, and above that to Bugaboo Spire, a granite pillar to one side of the glacier.

In all our forays there will be the sense of mind giving way instinctively to feet, hands, breath, muscle, and the wedge of unconscious decision between movements. Our progress will seem both imagined and real, as if we could gaze briefly and bodily into the land's memory of itself by passing our own presences across it.

Copter poised by a Bugaboo lake

The next day, set down on the apex of a ridge, we clatter against loose grey-green shale that was once clay on the ocean bottom, the sound like walking down a tile roof. Descending, we lean over small streams, or crouch near a patch of flowers to identify saxifrage, yellow paintbrush, or black-eyed Susan—Willie's favorite—whom he says he keeps trying to meet. At every moment, the mind must occupy itself with placing each footstep carefully to avoid crushing these alpine flowers. The twenty to thirty years minimum it takes them to regenerate is enough to make us respectfully alert.

The idea of heli-hiking seems predicated on a new democracy of access to places that formerly only mountaineers, rock climbers, and veteran backpackers were likely to enjoy. Somewhere in the thinking of Hans Gmoser (who is as close to a walking legend in these parts as one is likely to find), the puritan exclusivity of suffering for the view dropped away to admit those who have sometimes known mountains only from a distance or those who would be unlikely to walk into them on foot.

Coming in by helicopter—the genie of CMH's operation—certainly cheats the mystique of hardship as a prerequisite to getting into the mountains but hasn't lessened the vitality that flows there in the weather, plants, and wildlife. The helicopter can easily land on a mountain knoll or settle into a meadow inside a basin. Yet the whole idea of its roaring above the wilderness is somehow esthetically and environmentally repulsive. Even so, some of the helicopter's against-nature stigma is strangely mollified through its being violently just what it is—a noisy, human concoction with a dexterity that usually belongs to acts of imagination. Once it has lifted (*Continued on page 127*)

WHAT KIND OF PAYDAYS DO WORKING WOMEN ENJOY?

MARK KITAIGORODSKY

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PRIVILEGED PEAKS

(*Continued from page 125*)

off the mountaintop and disappeared over the far ridge, it is as if one had simply beamed onto the spot.

Mountain-top conversation during hikes is light and ebullient. It doesn't have much truck with glum inner terrain. Willie, in his bouyant Austrian accent, tells another of his harmless, slightly naughty jokes, which serves as a rest break.

By the time we arrive at the lunch stop the weather has changed from brilliant sun to blasting graupel—small icy hailstones. We zip into our rain gear and eat standing up from a lunch of cheese and beef sandwiches, fruit and nuts, carrot sticks, and, for dessert, the ever-present Cadbury bars.

It strikes me that from a distance we must look like moonwalkers in our gear. We're dressed in windproof, rainproof zip-on pants, parkas, gloves, and head-hugging toques. We need it all. At nearly seven thousand feet the air doesn't hold warmth long; and when the wind comes up, as it often does, the temperature can drop suddenly. Since our guide can use his radio to call for a helicopter, we aren't "committed," as he puts it, to sticking it out in rough weather.

Pioneer macho, the mind-set that got the West settled in North America, has given way to a full admission of one's visitor status in mountain territory. The old ambition of being at one with nature by living in her element has been modified to the perhaps more realistic recognition that in these changeable mountains urban people are as alien and as likely to survive unattended as a flock of flamingos.

Zelma, celebrating her forty-fifth wedding anniversary with Bob in the mountains, says her knees are "like Jell-O" from all the downhill climbing. It isn't a complaint, just a bodily inventory sent out to see if others feel the same. The graupel rattles against us but doesn't soak our clothing as rain might. We're not miserable, just sharing some of the mountain's rough honesty.

The ambition of the Scottish historian and novelist W.H. Murray "to understand, a little less darkly, what it may mean to inherit the earth" took on a fresh urgency for me in those bare, wide places above timberline. A few weeks later, I would remember cloud splendor above the peaks with a bittersweet insistency as the news circuits buzzed with oil tankers and naval vessels converging in the Persian Gulf.

In the daily return to comfort at the lodge, the benefits of civilization are thrown into high relief against the rigors of mountains and valleys. There are trays of sushi prepared by Lynne Grillmair, the cook, whose amazing meals keep us from losing so much as an ounce. As we eat, the rain is falling in slashes across the trees. The granite peak of Marmolatta Spire lifts out of Bugaboo Glacier. Hound's Tooth is its neighbor, and in the rain mists of the crags near it, the hound is alive. After dinner there is the possibility of a sauna, Jacuzzi, or massage for our sore muscles, or a film on heli-skiers that leaves us in no doubt that they are an aggressive breed. The names of the runs are small poems and perhaps a clue to the temperaments and intensities of the skiers: Misery Hill, Sauce Alley, Gunsight, Ballroom, Powder Pig Basin, French Tickler, and Grandpa's Orgasm. The skiers plunge down the powdery slopes like gladiators of their own wills. We're silent in the dark room when the reel finishes, properly chastened and ready for bed.

It is still light outside at 11 P.M., so when the wake-up bell rings at 7:30 A.M. we seem to have moved from light to light with no darkness in between.

This morning, the helicopter lets us out on High Groovey, a peak named for one of the ski runs. By the time we've finished the day's even-paced walking and climbing, a contemplative mood has settled on our group. Various members will be stepping aside to gaze across the ranges, or they will fall purposefully behind to have some moments to themselves with the landscape. Of course, the word "fit" has fresh currency for us, too. We've all got some aches, some soreness here and there.

Still the appetite for discovery is strong. Two philosophy professors from Edmonton have reported seeing violet finches, rabbits, and deer close to the lodge before breakfast. We approach timberline where the silver ghost-trunks of a hillside burn are still standing to tell us about it.

The find of the day is a ptarmigan, a plump bird of the grouse family, so mottled we don't see it until we're nearly on top of it. It walks to the other side of a stone heap but doesn't seem concerned about us. "Endearingly dumb," the guidebook unfairly interprets its lack of fear. When we move on, there's a general feeling that we've been favored just to see this most stalwart survivor of the alpine tundra.

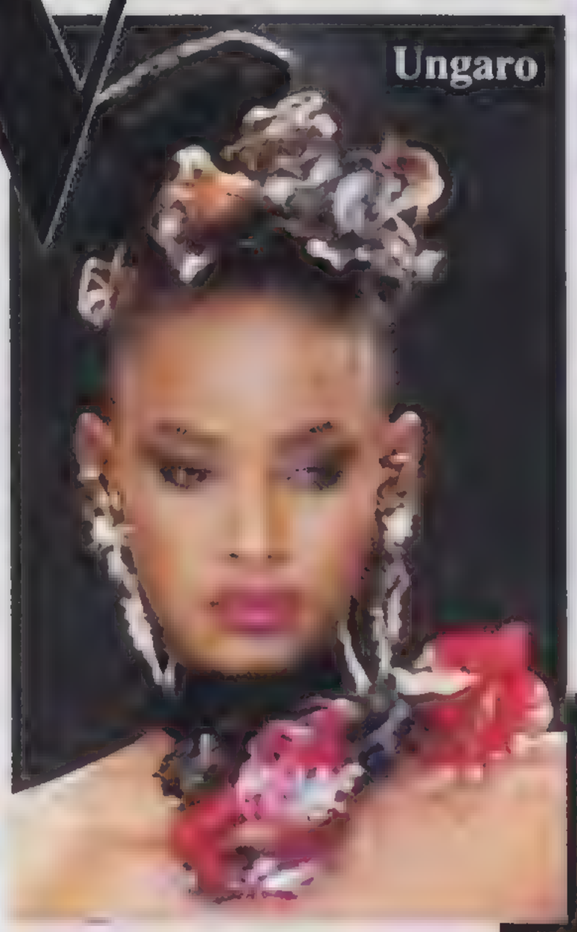
Later, waiting for our lift out, a silence falls over the group, the silence of contentment without speech. We are all sitting on a level with the summits of mountains. A glower of clouds across the ranges makes them seem more wholly present as they are touched and shadowed, then released to sun. We, too, seem released by our wordless communal attention.

Back home, in that important period of considering what the trip has meant, I will come across a Robert Hass poem, "Spring Rain," and understand part of it—romantic individualism exchanged for the claimless actions and presences of the natural world that affect us all:

> the unstated theme was the blessedness
> of gathering and the
> blessing of dispersal—
> it made you glad for beauty like that,
> casual and intense,
> lasting as long as the poppies last. ▽

VIEW

Ferre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Callaghan

Fendi

Mario Valentino

Saint Laurent

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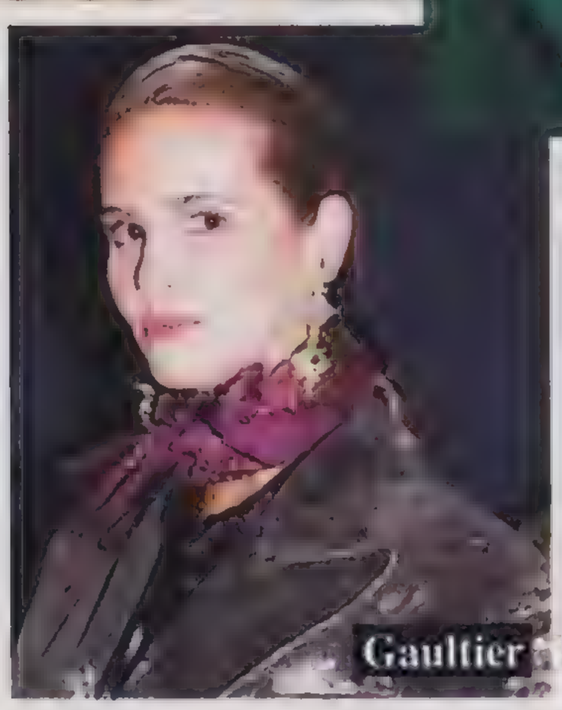
Chanel

Lagerfeld


Gaultier

Montana

Saint Laurent

NECK & NECK

This season, the start-off: taking it from the top, effecting new ways with a wonderfully high collar. What does it: everything from knotted mufflers and sky-high white collars held with a pin . . . to plissé pleats . . . to new turtleneck layering.

White shirts, often, act as the anchors: with turned-up collars, visible cuffs, a crisp presence at Ferre, Bill Blass, or Karl Lagerfeld; in softer versions, with a neck-framing ruff or fluting at Valentino, Carolina Herrera, or Callaghan. Scarves tuck in shirt necks, knot over jackets, layer on to great textural effect. Ropes of beads, "significant" pins are the attractive fall/winter add-ons.

("View" continued on page 130)

GUY MARINEAU, ROXANNE LOWIT, JEAN PHILIPPE DECROS

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VIEW

Sure shoe-ins

The news of the season? Suedes, rich colors, shaped heels, shoes with subtle punch

The biggest news in shoes: the rich, **matte texture of suede,** suede that takes on new depths of color; suede in updated dense/dark shades—deep plums, chocolate browns, dark slate greys. Green turns up as fall's new neutral: deep, foresty, "blackened." New suedes may come stitched or printed for added texture effects; smooth leathers take ribbing or pin-dotting. Even reptiles, this season, are less than high gloss: a matte surface, not shine, is the prevailing message.

Adding to the texture effect: **stockings and socks—equally deep-and-darkly colored,** with matte finishes, at times a slight shine. Black stockings that are almost opaque, put with black shoes, are the runway messages. Lightweight wools, cotton lisles in darkened jewel colors match or play off other shades of dark suede; patterns are subtle, a function of weaving.

Heels, often, are where real changes take place; the newest are noticeably "shaped," architectural. Sculpted "Louis" heels serve as the new base (at Joan & David) for day-to-dinner pumps: heels that are low, graceful, a setup for pants and a wide range of skirt lengths. Heels might be stacked, a bit higher, barely angled (at Robert Clergerie); others are curved or carved—at Charles *(Continued on page 132)*

GEOFF SPEAR Illustrations by ISABELLE DERVAUX Details, last pages

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VIEW

Sure shoe-ins

Heels, often, are where real changes take place. The newest are noticeably "shaped," sometimes stacked, curvy, architectural

(Continued) Jourdan, in "gold" metal, never stiletto, a few inches high at most. When heels go flatter (they often do), classics get a new twist. Mary Janes turn up in ice-blue suede; tuxedo flats take a red grosgrain heel and ribbon bow.

Boots on runways, in top shoemakers' collections, are noteworthy, newsy, turning up in abundance. Soft suede over-the-knee versions get put with shorter, swingy skirts or pulled up over the narrowest trousers. Ankle boots (at Diego Della Valle or Mario Valentino) come as sleek and fitted as pumps, paired up with pants or long skirts to offer a clear daytime alternative.

The decorative edge, throughout, stays understated: the curvy side of a black suede pump, a red grosgrain bow on Saint Laurent evening heels, an ankle boot with stitching, a streamlined heeled-shoe of pink satin. Other seasons' gilding might be translated, this fall, simply as black-patent gloss: in flat tuxedo pumps, "smoking" shoes (like Fratelli Rossetti's) cut much like a man's oxford. The real news remains color and shape . . . not evening glitter. *("View" continued on page 134)*

GEOFF SPEAR Illustrations by ISABELLE DERVAUX. Details, last pages

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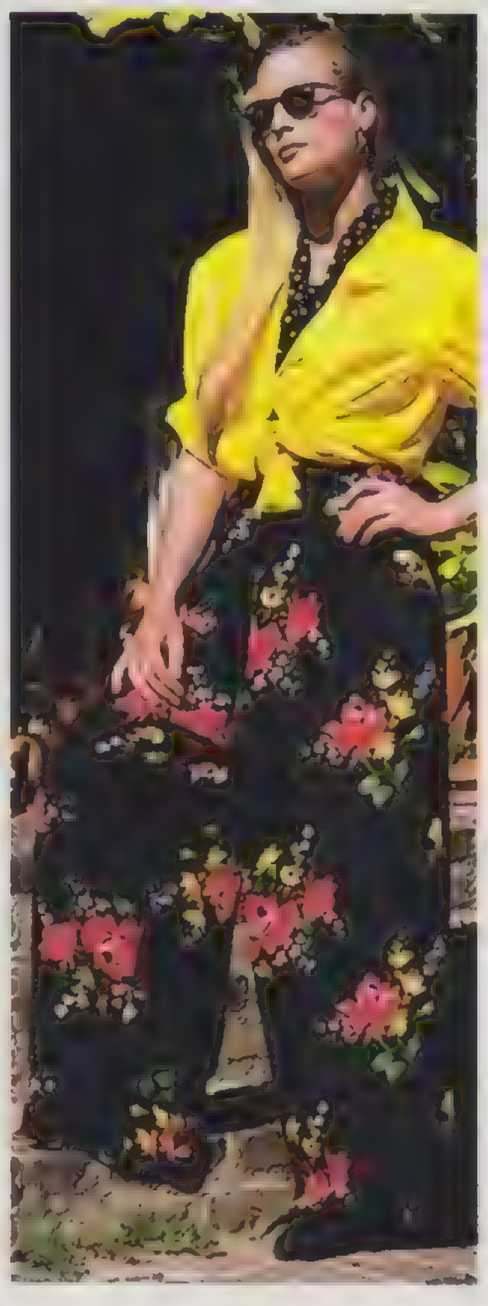
The Wright Stuff

Actress Robin Wright, star of "The Princess Bride," takes on summer's big-and-easy: new pyjama dressing

Robin Wright: Far left, in soft Go Silk top, pants. Go Cashmere sweater. Left, Paul Smith man's top, Calhaghan pants. Below, Samantha Jones bright top, Forties floral pants.

Below and center: Comme des Garçons shirt, Hermès robe. Pants from Repeat Performance.



I rarely dress up unless I absolutely have to," says Robin Wright. "I like more casual clothes for everyday. I just live in jeans and pyjama bottoms." On the set, at home, at dinner, Texas-born Wright takes an easygoing, eclectic approach: "a nice silk" pyjama top, "non-matching" pants, a scarf wrapped around the waist as a belt; she always opts for flat shoes. It's the best of off-hand L.A. style: exactly the easygoing message sent by designers such as Romeo Gigli, Fernando Sanchez, and Matsuda this summer, who favor wide-ranging ways with pyjamas, wide and comfortable pants, easy tops. Some are as crisp as man's shirting, others have the soft slouch of silk. Florals, dots, stripes are the "decoration."

This fall, Wright shows up on-screen in *Loon*, a love story. "When I was growing up, I was Loon, completely. I was always one step ahead."—"View" contributed by PAUL SINCLAIRE, LESLEY JANE NONKIN.

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VIEW people in fashion are talking about what's coming...

What's news: fall's top sellers...runway view: new furs ...finds: the best stockings, shades, big-evening dresses

People are talking about ...what's selling this season. And what's getting snatched up, say U.S. designers, are new "classics": An above-knee camel coat at Michael Kors; a jewel-neck, waisted black dress at Donna Karan. Charcoal cashmere short jackets and pants—both wide and narrow—are standouts at Ralph Lauren; a taupe cavalry twill dress stars at Anne Klein. Cashmeres—fall's investment items—are big; so, too, are colorful pieces—bright crepe suits, pea jackets, hooded cashmere sweaters/pants at Calvin Klein; jewel-color Ralph Lauren satin bustiers. The message? Women want quality, color, pieces that work as an accessory base. Pieces, too, that will last from season to season....The short/long discussion seems to have come...and quickly gone. And what made the front page of *The New York Times* in March—i.e., hemlines—seems to have settled down to a matter of individual style and choice. Most designers and women are choosing—as ever—something that stops around the knee...or a couple of inches above that. In the end, what's interesting is the nightly news'—and major papers'—notion of a hot "women's story": hemlines, once again. In fashion, in news, it seems, little really changes.

Antique watches—'twenties, 'thirties, and 'forties classics—have been hot collectibles for some time...but "hot" hardly explains what happened in Geneva last April. At a Habsburg, Feldman auction there, one 1923 Patek Philippe chronograph watch went for $147,000. The world-record price, of course, included a 10 percent commission.... Designer Stephen Sprouse's new jewelry collection (crafted by Gregg Wolf) is somewhat less upbeat: crystal and skull drop earrings, black leather belts "decorated" with metal crosses, skulls, and stars—for a kind of ghoulish glamour....The newly fashionable luggage to go with them? Boldex black leather totes and backpacks—with plenty of hardware: steel corners and nameplates.

SWISH OF A FISHTAIL: IN A FALL FILLED WITH LOW-KEY DRESS BY NIGHT, DESIGNERS ARE LETTING LOOSE, TOO, WITH ALL-OUT GLAMOUR. THE LOOK: LONG, LEAN; A SKIRT MAY BRUSH ("FISHTAIL") THE FLOOR. LEADERS OF THE SCHOOL: CAROLINA HERRERA, CALVIN KLEIN, OSCAR DE LA RENTA. BLASS DOES VELOURS OR SPILLS OF SEQUINS. SEA WORLD HAS NEVER SEEN BETTER.

The view from the runway: Stoles are the new/old notion in this winter's furs—big fox stoles, sheared minks, some surprising pales—all with a new big scale and shape—a simple long strip or a real cocoon around shoulders. Other stoppers? Calvin Klein's spare coats—minks, fishers, sables—pared even of shoulder padding. Geoffrey Beene works black Russian broadtail into brief zippered jackets, plays off fur and fabrics, turns up shearlings in cheery bright colors. Unexpected color, in fact, makes for some of the season's best surprises: inky blues, foresty greens, flannel greys.

"Most designers—and women—now opt for hems at the knee or a couple of inches above. The headlines were the real excitement"

If women are investing in clothes in cashmere, in NYC they haven't far to look. On Madison Ave., Cashmere, Cashmere reigns (other shops are in Chicago and, this fall, in Short Hills, N. J.); the Brits have invaded with Berks cashmere classics. Fans who voyage to London's Burlington Arcade N. Peal shop only need trek this fall to East Fifty-seventh Street. What's there? The best men's socks—of every length and cashmere color....What's hot? In the world of dark shades, sunglasses by Oliver Peoples. Looks are retro; chic-est shades are clip-ons. L.A. types love them. Who knows better?

It may still be mid-summer...but designers have already eyed fabrics for spring '89. By all reports, it's a colorful season. Upbeat pinks, yellows, oranges, greens mix and match; flower prints bloom in abundance. Soft textures, drape fabrics, delicate "baby skin" finishes are all clues to an easy prettiness....For this fall, there's plenty of talk about stockings: deep/darks, opaques, blacks. Early winners: Hot Sox cotton tights with a Lycra-close fit ...Dior or Givenchy for Round the Clock opaques in under-trouser brights. Donna Karan, as always, has a strong sense of what works. Her opaques have a bit of sheen, in greens, bronze, wines, malachite: all darks of fall.

For anyone truly tied to fashion, it's the year, it seems, of balls and chains: bracelets, earrings, chokers. Pompons hang off the hems of Sitbon dresses; Ferre drops gold balls from handbags. Londoner Tom Binns strings gold balls on chain bracelets and earrings; Ben-Amun sprinkles fragile, barely there neck chains with gold—for the effect of beads and baubles against bare skin....New, too: Karl Lagerfeld, fan of whimsical accessory-plays on runways, is coming to the U.S. this fall with Lagerfeld jewelry and bags. "Bijoux" range from leather cuffs and "caviar" pearls to charm bracelets.—KATHLEEN MADDEN

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Calvin Klein Sport

vogue's point of view
july 1988

Straight talk on fall

discussion & debate

What's happening this fall? To put any answer in perspective, think back to last year. Think back to a season where day clothes were aggressively short and exaggerated in shape. And evening went as far as it could go; the birthday-cake school of decoration was it.

What happened to all of that? For one thing, many women passed it right by. They preferred to sit out the season—in a fashion sense—rather than go for a mid-thigh black stretch skirt. And some seemed to prefer staying home at night—or relying on old standbys—rather than falling for the ruffle-pouf-bow syndrome.

The good news: this fall things look a lot different ...feel a lot different. Glitz hasn't won out. Women have won. Excessive design hasn't carried the day—or night. And the best of what's new has another beat to it.

Changes in fashion, one suspects, are as much in reaction to past excesses (and mistakes) as they are a desire for something new. The reason doesn't really matter. What does: the fact that fashion has taken a turn in another direction. Dressing doesn't rely on tricks and gimmicks. They're not "doing it with mirrors." They—designers who are on the right wavelength—are doing it with changes in design, coloring, accessories. And a definite change in attitude.

It's not the kind of news that's going to make morning talk shows or banner headlines. The essence of the season—subtle attractions, not obvious exaggerations. But it is the kind of news—and attractions—that appeals to women who put a certain demand on fashion. They can find workable—attractive—answers this fall. Answers that are grounded in reality and not the world of playful fantasy. It makes all the difference.

news & previews

Changes to watch—key signals in fashion for fall...

Still on top—still first—jackets. Look for new shapes. And a different ease that comes right from the (softer) shoulder. Look for interesting textures, colors. Often, the more colorful a jacket, the more versatile.

Color...changes the character of the season. It's everywhere as a break from black. What it's not—too bright or too overdone. The idea: subtle jewel tones used selectively.

The jumpsuit emerges as a perfect base of dressing, day and night. Sleek, tailored, it does what any good dress or suit does...sometimes better.

Pants take center stage ...for all degrees of dressing. Jumpsuits are only one aspect. Others: Pyjama dressing at night. Pants with a jacket as the daytime standard. No wonder everything seems to move a little faster this season.

Big difference—in the look of necklines. What does it? Romantic white collars pulled up high (on romantic white shirts—the evolution of last fall's classics). Brilliant beads—all sizes, shapes, colors worn in multiple. Contrasting color in a small wrapped scarf.

Biggest difference—in the look of hair. It's shorter (not extreme in any way), generally neater, controlled. And it changes everything.

Shoe guidelines—key changes that move from the ground up...

• The best day shoes for fall: pumps in deep colors—forest green, wine, purple. In suede. On new high heels—stacked and shaped....• The best shoes at night—a more decorative pump in bright color, in satin, with a flower, bow, something charming....• The best flat shoe—a new ankle-boot, the perfect complement for the season's pants.

What replaces glitz-and-glitter at night? Low-key options. The new pyjama. A new separate skirt—long, shapely, simple—worn with something covered on top. A leather-and-lace bolero over a jersey jumpsuit—that's how easy it gets when it's good. Even big-time evenings have a new subtlety...a soft, ankle-length skirt being the perfect example.

Quick delights...giving up the excesses doesn't mean giving up the charm. Effects to keep your eye on:

• Unexpected little beaded vests to slip over a shirt, under a jacket—day and night.

• Dramatic gloves—suede gauntlets stitched and cuffed in gold...leather-with-lace... witty plaids.

• Jewel-like evening bags in brilliant colors of satin, intriguing new shapes. Most intriguing: the new hands-free bracelet-bag at night.

• And things that wrap—charming gesture of the season—scarves, shawls, even coats.

Departure points...ideas that signal changes

The idea of sportswear ease as a key component of "real" dressing. Mention "sportswear" and everyone thinks of casual/weekend/leisure type dressing. No longer true—the essence of that informality and easy attitude has been incorporated into dressing on every level—day into evening. Clothes that are relaxed in mood, unexcessive in design, unmistakable in their appeal. Usually in separate—and very movable—pieces that work for you any number of ways.

The idea that accessories are key fashion players. The whole question of wearing clothes—how a look comes together, gets its style—is a question of finding the right accessories.

The idea that real change comes from a difference in feeling, not only a difference in the way things look on the surface. Whatever does it—a new haircut, a pair of shapely wine suede pumps, strands of bold-colored beads—whatever makes you feel different is what you want first—most—this fall.

fall signals

changes to watch

What you're looking for first: the things that give fashion a different beat. What does that best (fastest): the right haircut—shorter rather than longer, "neat" rather than tousled. And the right accessories. The clothes you're looking for first this fall—pieces that make you *feel* a change has taken place. as well as make a difference in the way things look. What does that: new kinds of coloring. Along with a certain underlying sense of ease. They set up new possibilities, set a new standard, day to night. On these twelve pages, the changes to watch in fashion and beauty, things that give the season a whole new feeling...

Symbols of change: The haircut—shorter, controlled but easy. The subtle mix of color. The more interesting neckline—wrapped in lilac silk, "dressed" with decorative beads. Scarf, Debra Moises Accessories. Beads, Eric Beamon.... *Beauty Specifics:* Giving hair a gentle lift of color—and highlighting its shape—L'Oréal's Honey Dawn Preference. Equally subtle: the look of makeup. Here, a barely there blush of Cameo; soft Heather lip color. Both, L'Oréal. Hair cut and styled by Suga/Suga salon, NYC; makeup, François Nars. Details, last pages.

Wayne Maser

fall signals

Different approach to dinner/easy evening, *left*: Isaac Mizrahi's "shawl-coat" of velvet/flannel, about $865. Over his silk gazar blouse (about $695), velvet trousers (about $300). Late July at Bloomingdale's; Hirshleifer's Etc., Manhasset NY; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.... Another beat to day—and suit—dressing, *right*, from Ronaldus Shamask The shorter jacket in Harris tweed (about $630), a different white cotton blouse (about $265), wool pants (about $375). Turnout, August at Charivari, NYC; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle. Shirt and pants at Saks Jandel; Neiman-Marcus. Hair, Oribe/Oribe at Parachute; makeup, Andrea Paoletti. Details, last pages.

a racier "suit"

Wayne Maser

fall signals

separate story at night

The skirt that changes a look at night, *right*. Striking example from Calvin Klein—watermelon double-faced wool, gently flared at the hem. Skirt, about $615; turtleneck, about $155. Late August at Bloomingdale's. Earrings, Elsa Peretti for Tiffany & Co. Hair, Oribe/Oribe at Parachute; makeup, Andrea Paoletti....
A change for hair, *left*—sleek without being overslick, controlled without being uptight. And short enough—always—to clear the neckline. Hair cut, styled by Didier Malige for Jean Louis David; makeup, François Nars....
Beauty Specifics: Keeping hair under control, *left*, Revlon's Clean & Clear styling gel. Striking makeup: Scorcher Color Shine lipstick; on eyes, "The Bronzes" from Revlon. Details, last pages.

Wayne Maser

fall signals

color for a change

What gives a new shape its impact this fall? New coloring. The best of both, *left*: Calvin Klein's soft, gently fitting jacket in mint double-faced wool over black. About $770. August at Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall Field's; Calvin Klein Boutique, Dallas; Holt Renfrew of Canada.... What gives a suit its new appeal—the coloring and the way it's mixed; the easier attitude and the way everything feels. *Right*: Isaac Mizrahi's longer soft-shouldered jacket, soft-pleated trousers, turtleneck, and cummerbund, all in harmonious colors. Wool jacket, about $610; wool trousers, about $385; wool top, about $210. Late July at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hirshleifer's Etc., Manhasset NY; Jacobson's; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, Los Angeles; I. Magnin. Earrings, Elsa Peretti for Tiffany & Co. Hair, Oribe/Oribe at Parachute; makeup, Andrea Paoletti. Details, last pages.

Wayne Maser

fall signals

the modern edge to hair... to evening—

Defining the perfect cut, *left*: shorter hair with shape, fullness, movement. Added appeal in the fringe of bangs, healthy shine, rich coloring. Sweater, Giorgio Sant'Angelo Knits....Signal of an "easier" turn to evening, *right*: Geoffrey Beene's brilliant bolero of leather and lace over a sleek jumpsuit. Turnout, September at Bergdorf Goodman; Charles Sumner, Boston; Kaufmann's; Martha, Palm Beach FL; Dayton's; I. Magnin.

...*Beauty Specifics:* Adding color and shine to hair, *left*—Clairol's Ultress Gel Colourant in Mahogany. With makeup color at a minimum — Christian Dior's "Naturel" lipliner pencil #216. Hair cut, styled by Oribe/Oribe at Parachute; makeup, *left*, François Nars; *right*, Andrea Paoletti. Details, last pages.

Wayne Maser

hair: easy, shorter shape

One of the easiest—effective—changes a woman can make for fall: A somewhat shorter haircut, moving away from the below-shoulder styles of the last few seasons to looks with a visible neatness and ease of movement. The new length sets up a season more dependent on style than "fashion messages"; it's never a question of "this length" hair with "that length" skirt. "A woman doesn't have her hair cut as easily as that," says NYC stylist Didier Malige of Jean Louis David. What does make sense: "Taking a few inches off the long hair that's been around."

A "few" inches make a noticeable difference. Quality—not quantity—of hair counts. Mannish crops and aggressively short looks are not the news . . . a sense of movement is: a loose sweep of bangs, the clean line of a straight, thick bob. That means, says NYC's John Sahag, hair that's chin-length at its shortest; hitting the shoulders at most. Far from pinpointing a cut-off line, a stylist should work toward the best length for each woman.

The point of distinction: control—achieved through a cut, a light mousse or gel, sometimes even a roller set. Fall '88 tones down the tousling, tames the waves of recent seasons; "carefree" and "natural" are secondary to a "groomed" image.

Alexandre, who regularly styles many of Paris's top runway shows, calls it a "more sophisticated sensibility." In London, stylist Trevor Sorbie talks about "maneuvering" hair into real style rather than something "washed-and-worn." "We're abandoning wildness," says Sergio Valente, with flagship salons in Rome and Manhattan's Bergdorf Goodman.

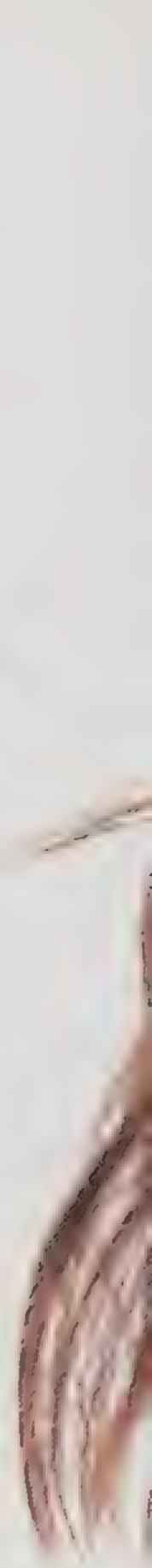
Perhaps the biggest change shows up after five. Says Alexandre, "More women will be going to the salon to have their hair done for big-time galas, even for intimate dinner parties." Others, without the time—or, frankly, way of life—will pull up hair sides with combs, reposition a part, blow-dry curls straight for sleekness.

The base is a blunt cut . . . modified, modernized. The updaters: John Sahag tapers the nape for softness; Trevor Sorbie uses thinning shears to create "lightness, transparency." Movement is toward the face—with fringes, bangs, and cheek-length layers. "I like the look of as much hair on the face as possible, as long as it's not annoying," says New York City's Suga.

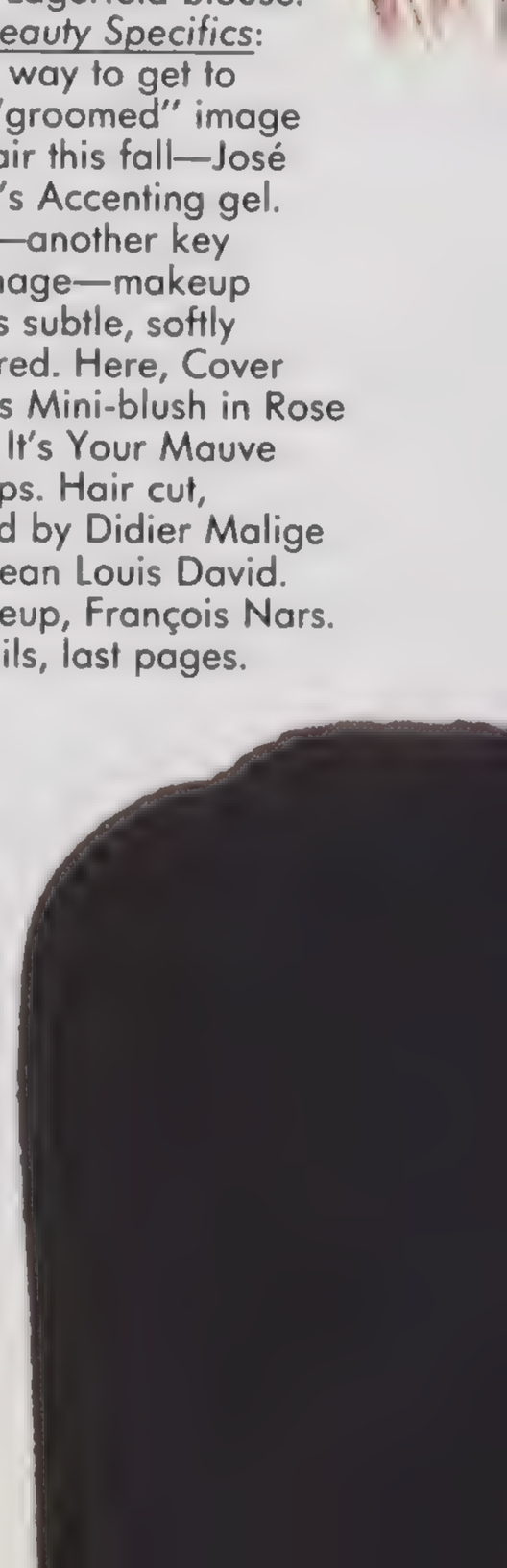
Hair color impact: With more hair framing the face, the new color direction is deliberate and noticeable. True-to-nature shades are applied in grand splashes on big chunks of hair. State-of-the-art formulations move away from complexion-draining bleach or peroxide—"terms of the past," says New York City/London colorist Daniel Galvin—into nonbleaching, permanent color that lifts a woman's own hair, skin, eye tone. Louis Licari paints on "stripes" of warm gold or rich brown, radiating from temples or just off-center. Galvin, now at La Coupe, NYC, shades pieces in berry hues "strong in contrast but not in actual tone." Pat Jaeger at Suga salon chooses deeper and brighter, rather than traditionally lighter, colors for ends. Between salon visits, colorists like NYC's Beth Minardi offer at-home refreshers.

Raising a woman's conditioning consciousness figures strongly into the equation. Hair must be in its shiniest, most manageable condition to carry these looks. Does achieving that shine mean relying on a salon? Yes. Is that unrealistic? Not necessarily. In a sense, the premise that "shorter is better" accomplishes half the battle. "Women will be cutting hair more often, automatically improving its state," says NYC stylist Oribe.

Additionally, hair "treatments" take a greater part in routine salon visits, according to Alexandre. Expanding on the wash-and-blow-dry: booking a scalp treatment with a cut; getting a regular hair "checkup" during which shampoo, conditioner, color are reassessed according to needs; perming, coloring, and "glossing" services that liven and protect strands. In a season of subtle yet important changes: a new kind of accessory, a revised hair length, a hair-conditioning treatment can be the solid basis of style.



Another look—close up—at things that give the season a different feeling. Shorter hair. The romantic white collar and cuffs. Colored beads and stones. Jewelry, Fred Leighton. Karl Lagerfeld blouse. . . . *Beauty Specifics:* One way to get to the "groomed" image of hair this fall—José Eber's Accenting gel. And—another key to image—makeup that's subtle, softly colored. Here, Cover Girl's Mini-blush in Rose Silk; It's Your Mauve on lips. Hair cut, styled by Didier Malige for Jean Louis David. Makeup, François Nars. Details, last pages.



Wayne Maser

Reflected in everything Paloma Picasso does—from best-selling Tiffany jewelry to the one-right-shade-of-red lipstick, from the design of her New York apartment to the way she dresses for a dinner party in Paris—is a strong, recognizable sense of personal style. That style is now the impetus for, and very apparent in, a wonderful new collection of Picasso accessories. And the timing couldn't be better. At a moment in fashion when *how* something is worn is everything...when what counts is what makes the most difference in the way something feels, these accessories are perfect answers. On these six pages, brilliant examples... starting, *right*, with her signature-red quilted muffler—a glorious (highly effective) hit of color. Gold-and-diamond earrings, Paloma Picasso for Tiffany & Co. Hair, Garren, NY; makeup, Bobbi Brown for Oribe at Parachute. Details, last pages of this issue.

the newest **picassos**

Sheila Metzner

a matter of style

On display:
a Paloma Picasso
still life—the
ornamental quality
of accessories
on another level—
her pink satin
cylinder bag, lined
in gold leather;
stacks of irresistible
satin cases. Details,
stores, last pages.

Sheila Metzner

... the art of accessories

paloma picasso: a matter of style

Out of a unique sense of personal style—a different thinking on accessories. . . ideas that have new relevance in a season where accessories have first priority. . . By Lynn Snowden

Paloma Picasso's face seems oddly familiar to the museum-goer. The slightly asymmetrical beauty, with her wide dark eyes, jet-black hair, and the strong, oversized Picasso nose, can be found staring out of many of her father's paintings, even those finished years before her birth. Add to this dramatic physical presence Paloma Picasso's reputation as a woman of great personal style—and it seems only right that she should now design accessories: that part of fashion most unmistakably based on personal style, often in the most dramatic way.

She is married to Argentinian playwright and director Rafael Lopez-Sanchez; the two have collaborated on her career in all of its phases. "Rafael said, 'All you've been talking about for the last fifteen years is accessories; it's the next thing you should do,'" says Paloma, in a room at New York City's Mayfair Regent surrounded by her newest creations—everything from bags and belts to scarves, gloves, and umbrellas.

"I believe in accessories. I dress in black a great deal because it's very convenient. I'm always traveling, packing and unpacking. If you have a black base, it's easier; then, with the right accessories, you can create a number of looks. I've always thought that the color in fashion should come from accessories." This thinking, along with the fact that her accessories were designed to stand on their own and not as a complement to a clothing line, give them their strength. "With other designers, accessories are a sideline or a highlight for their runway shows."

While Paloma has no plans to enter the world of ready-to-wear, there is a question of why she feels the need to venture into yet another field. "We wanted a place where we could really do things our way," she says, referring to herself and Rafael. "When you work with big companies, it's not always easy to convince them that what you're thinking is right. We thought we should have our own playground."

The business end of Paloma's "playground" is handled by Sonja Caproni, former vice president of I. Magnin, who remarks, "We're entering into an age of specialists. This is Paloma's specialty." Says Paloma of Caproni, "It's important to have the right partner. We wanted someone who understands the importance of accessories."

Paloma Picasso has understood their importance since the age of twelve. "The little details were always the thing that excited me. I'd wear orange shoes, for example, and I'd string little orange beads to wear around my neck, and maybe wear them under my sweater. But I knew I was coordinated in the most unbelievable way—even if no one else did. It gave me real pleasure."

It's this pleasure—this feeling of having made a difference—that's the key to the best accessories and their role in fashion. "Fashion," says Paloma, "should be playful. But I've always felt that it's only as good as you make it. To create your own style. We need fashion to get a new impetus from the outside. But you have to make *(Continued on page 247)*

Dramatic points of emphasis: Paloma Picasso's gold leather bracelet bag and black suede gauntlets stitched in gold. Details, stores, last pages.

Sheila Metzner

A strong stand

Fastest way to change the look, mood, character of clothes—old and new—fall's knockout shoes: classics with a kick; in luxurious suede, new vibrant color

Even in a strong accessory season, shoes are the most significant. Symbol of their impact, Lacroix's sophisticated moccasin: purple suede, passementerie, flat-as-flat heels. Other hit colors: forest greens, wines, fuchsia. More exuberant color: in legs—keyed to shoes or clothes and semi-opaque, sometimes lightly patterned. Shoes, Christian Lacroix for Diego Della Valle. About $405. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC, Beverly Hills. Panty stockings, Christian Dior Legwear. More about shoes, boots, legs throughout this issue and on page 172. Details, last pages.

What's key: Uncommon heels—curved,

architectural, stacked. A new neutral—green.

A rich texture—luxurious suede

Fast curves, *far left*: Joan & David's pump on a shapely mid-heel. Joan & David Couture. About $275. Joan & David, NYC, Los Angeles, San Francisco....New Age pump—on a stacked heel that's high, sculptured; e.g., Robert Clergerie's, *center*. About $225. Barneys New York; Bob Ellis Shoes, Charleston SC; Joseph, Chicago; Stanley Korshak, Dallas....And from Shoe Biz, *right*, a more classic pump on stacked high heels. About $220. Shoe Biz at Henri Bendel. The panty stockings: *left*, Ralph Lauren Hosiery; *right*, Donna Karan Hosiery. Details, last pages.

Sheila Metzner

The evening shoe: a pump in silk, satin, suede, color, with a new decorative edge. *This page*, Yves Saint Laurent's low-throated satin shoe with a taffeta rose. Yves Saint Laurent Footwear. About $170. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Marshall Field's; I. Magnin....More flowers, *center*, on Andrea Pfister's red faille shoe with straps to bow around the ankle. About $340. Saks Fifth Avenue; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. August at Neiman-Marcus, Los Angeles....Discreetly bowed, *far right*: a curvy pump in two tones of green satin, from Escada by Pancaldi. Stockings at night are slightly opaque, lightly shined, in patterns, lace. The panty stockings here, Givenchy. Details, last pages.

The difference at night: roses,

ribbons, bows, color...an irresistible charm...

an unmistakable sense of ornamentation

Sheila Metzner

Pivotal, *left*: Isaac Mizrahi's super-scale "greatcoat" (about $870)—softer, rounder, fuller at the hem—with his mustard shirt jacket (about $570) and pleated shorts. Bergdorf Goodman; Hirshleifer's Etc., Manhasset NY; Linda Dresner, Birmingham MI; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.... Stroke of color, *right*. Gianfranco Ferre's stark red wool jacket against a romantic white silk blouse. Turnout at Barneys New York; Romanoff Boutiques, Bal Harbour and Coconut Grove FL. Jacket at Hirshleifer's, Manhasset and Forest Hills NY. Hair, Edward Tricomi for Pipino-Buccheri salon; makeup, Mary Greenwell. Details, see last pages.

clean, striking silhouettes—fall's strongest—punched out in all-out red

taking shape

Penn

taking shape

More changes in shape —in red! The charming essence of a vest, *left*. From Comme des Garçons by Rei Kawakubo, a spark of red wool wrapping her crisp white shirt. Collar vest, about $225; cotton shirt, about $225. Late August at Comme des Garçons Boutiques, NYC, San Francisco; Romanoff Boutiques, Coconut Grove and Bal Harbour FL; Linda Dresner, Birmingham MI; Dayton's.... Modern evolution of a "warm-up," *right*: Gianni Versace's hooded jacket in wool crepe. The contrast: white cotton piqué at collar, cuffs. Jacket, about $1250. Late August at Gianni Versace Boutiques, NYC, Beverly Hills; Neiman-Marcus, Houston. Shirt, Ferre Studio 0001, about $325. Charivari, NYC.

...*Beauty Note:* Striking eyes, *left*— YSL Beauté's lilac/iris duo (No. 57). Hair, Garren, NY; makeup, Mary Greenwell. Details, last pages.

Penn

Pure delight? Fanciful charm? Inventive style? All of the above and more—in the Callaghan collection by Romeo Gigli. Kicking off a four-page look, its essence: the glorious slippers, *opposite*. Atologia for Callaghan.
This page: Callaghan's unique take on dinner dressing—a beaded bolero and necklaces. Bolero at Barneys New York; Coco, Coconut Grove FL; Maxfield, Los Angeles; Bacci's, Canada. These pages: hair, Franco Della Casa for Harlow; makeup, Marie-Laure Gryson for Laurence Boué and Corinna Schack. Details, last pages.

Neil Kirk

the unique charm of Callaghan

unique charm

Inventive pattern on pattern, color on color at Callaghan by Romeo Gigli, *opposite*: fur-collared cotton overcoat, about $1005; "brocade" jacket, about $805; lace overshirt, about $630; white cotton shirt, about $215; plaid cotton pants, about $255. Turnout at Charivari, NYC; Alan Bilzerian, Boston and Worcester MA; Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Maxfield, Los Angeles; Bacci's, Canada. Lace shirt and pants at Coco, Coconut Grove FL.... *This page*, the decorative charm of a shawl-collared striped silk blouse under a stretch velours dress in singular spare Gigli style. Blouse, about $295; dress, about $750. Alan Bilzerian, Boston and Worcester MA; Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Maxfield, Los Angeles; Bacci's, Canada. To order at Barneys New York. Details, see last pages.

After all the fashion shows in Europe and America, what stands out? Romeo Gigli's imaginative collection for Callaghan, with a unique decorative style that's not just something "more," but something different.

Instead of flamboyant colors, ruffles, and bows, there are rich tones, exquisite beading, fine pleats, and inventive layering. And then—the signature Gigli shapes, which are decorative without being overdone. The inspiration? "Fortuny, the Orient, and the Victorians," Gigli explains. Styles marked as much by restraint as by decoration. "Victorian fabrics were reinterpreted in Italy, and details are reminiscent of each style."

What's key: beads, beads, and more beads. Also, the small, ornamental bolero or vest—one of the season's star look-changers and pivotal to the Callaghan layering—sometimes slipping over cotton shirts, sometimes under suit jackets. With the "Peter Pan slippers," there's something almost boyish about it; but it's feminine, thoroughly modern.

Neil Kirk

a real

kick

...to boot

Another fast way to turn a look: terrific boots.

From barely more than a shoe to over-the-knee.

In rich textured suede, jewel colors.

Patterned, padded, shirred. Perfect bottom

line for skirts, pants, everything!

This season's best flat shoe: an ankle boot. Best of the pack: Andrea Pfister's black animal spots on purple suede. With the jazziest ribbed orange legs when the mood's casual. Boots, about $550. Barneys New York; Marshall Field's; Bob Ellis Shoes, Charleston SC; Neiman-Marcus, Beverly Hills. Panty stockings, Fogal of Switzerland. Details, last pages.

Neil Kirk

a real kick ...to boot

In a landmark boot season—charming "details." *Left to right*: Padded at the knee, contrast-stitched, Joan & David Couture's suede boot to wear pulled up or cuffed down. About $650. Joan & David, NYC, Los Angeles, San Francisco.
...A new crinkle! All-over shirring on Pupi D'Angieri's soft suede ankle boot. About $435. Barneys New York; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; Posh, Chicago....
And from Geoffrey Beene for Diego Della Valle, a perforated red shoe-boot with giddy black bow. About $245. Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; Posh, Chicago. Argyll panty stockings, Gamine for Easton International. Details, last pages.

Neil Kirk

FALLING IN LOVE,

Romance is back—bloodied, maybe, but unbowed. Even if scholars don't agree on what it is, they're all for it

By Barbara Ehrenreich and Deirdre English

Love is in the air—not just "romance," which comes back every couple of years in the form of lacy lingerie or floral prints, but glorious, heart-stopping, romantic love. Casual sex, the recent alternative to love, is out, and most of us would rather risk our hearts than our lives anyway.

The signs that love is back are everywhere: from booming matchmaking services for people who are "seriously looking" to a renewed interest in weddings and babies. There is fresh hope that love can be the glue that holds independent lives together, the purpose that gives life meaning. People are once again hoping, albeit with trepidation, that love will transform their lives.

And this time, love is coming to us with the highest recommendations. An impressive multidisciplinary group of scholars has just finished studying it; and the word is that love can *work*. Romantic love, that rogue emotion responsible for so much wild anxiety and heartbreak, can be rehabilitated, or so the new love experts claim. It can last, it can grow, it can even make us better people—if only we are willing to revise our notion of what love really is.

With the new, affirmative approach to love, we are on one of those great cultural pendulum swings that periodically smash the prevailing clichés. A couple of decades ago, love went out of style—or at least retreated into the realm of greeting cards and top-forty tunes. In fact, one of the first things the love experts—philosopher Robert C. Solomon, Ph.D., sociologist Francesca M. Cancian, Ph.D., and psychoanalyst Ethel Person, M.D.—force us to confront is how far we have drifted from the cultural ideal of romantic love with which most of us grew up.

The sexual revolution made love unnecessary. If preliminaries were superfluous, and if no one was monogamous anyway, there was hardly a place for the rituals and trials of romantic love. As one celebrant of the sexual revolution declared at an early 'seventies conference on sexuality, "Love was a mystification; now we have the real thing."

If sex made love seem unnecessary, expert opinion has often made it seem unwise. The dogma of 'seventies pop psychology was that the self was a hard little kernel of autonomy, traveling on a lonely trajectory toward ever-higher plateaus of "growth." Two such kernels could not expect very much from each other. As the Gestalt prayer put it, "I do my thing, and you do your thing...and if by chance we find each other, it's beautiful. If not, it can't be helped." Love was redefined as "dependency," a "toxic" condition that would sap autonomy and stifle growth. Full-blown romantic love was out of the picture—or, like some dangerous nineteenth-century wraith, locked away in the attic.

No wonder, then, that the 'eighties have been such a loveless decade. As *The New York Times Magazine* reported a few months ago, affluent, college-educated young people—who are, in many ways, society's trendsetters—have had little use for romantic love. As children, many of them saw their parents' love wither or get blown apart by a new love. Today, they are too careful, too economically anxious, to gamble on such a flighty passion themselves. "Crushes" no longer dominate college dorm life; handholding is out of fashion; and few are reckless enough to plan their lives around a romantic love object. "I've got a terrific job offer in Boston," a Smith senior told us. "I just hope my boyfriend can find

AGAIN

something there too.'' If not, as the Gestalt prayer said and this pragmatic young woman agrees, ''It can't be helped.''

One reason for the recent retreat from love—at least on the part of women—is disappointment. Though many critics dismissed Shere Hite's 1987 report *Women and Love* (Knopf) as statistically unsound, the provocative message of the book did not depend on sophisticated number-crunching. Very simply, Hite found that a majority of the women who responded to her survey were unhappy with their love relationships—and for painfully familiar reasons. Hite's respondents are still doing all the ''work'' in their relationships—struggling to open up communication, trying to work through problems, initiating intimate discussions. Relationships, as Robert Solomon points out, are not the same as love; but they are, for most of us, the houses in which love must dwell. Hite's study suggests that, in this as well as in more mundane ways, women are still not getting much help with the housekeeping.

But women turned against romantic love out of fear as well as disappointment. Love can be an exhilarating tonic—or, as we all know, a debilitating poison. Consider former Miss America and New York City Cultural Affairs Commissioner Bess Myerson, who destroyed her career by allegedly bribing a judge in order to help her lover, a convicted felon. And we all know women like a friend of ours, a media executive in her mid-forties. To her colleagues, her life has been a series of solid accomplishments. To her friends, it has been a series of catastrophic affairs, each ending with desperate midnight calls, wild sobbing, and suicide threats. The last breakup was so emotionally destructive that it cost her her job and much of her self-esteem. Now in therapy, this woman says she's ''off love—for good.''

By 1985, disillusioned women were ready to redefine romantic love as a disease, a pathological addiction. Books like Robin Norwood's *Women Who Love Too Much* (Tarcher) were best sellers: what woman doesn't, by some hypothetical standard, love ''too much''? Today, women are still flocking to ''women who love too much'' support groups with the zeal of reformed alcoholics—though they are not necessarily seeking abstinence. The implicit promise of this new emotional detox program is that if we could just love a little less, we might *be* loved a little more.

Romantic love has not, of course, been a universal human experience; the new scholarship reminds us that it is a fairly recent innovation. Most people, in most societies, have not expected to ''fall in love'' but to marry someone approved and often selected by their parents and, with luck, to learn to love that person in a quiet, settled sort of way. Romantic love, when it occurred at all, was usually a disruptive force, invented, as Solomon argues, as a ''rebellion *against* marriage.'' The great lovers of legend—Lancelot and Guinevere, Tristan and Isolde, Abelard and Hélöise—never married, and pursued their passion in defiance of conventional loyalties.

Romantic love remained a rare and exotic experience, an aristocratic indulgence, until—as we learn from Irving Singer's recent three-volume history, *The Nature of Love* (University of Chicago Press)—the rise of modern industrial societies. Love is premised on the notion of individuality, which became part of the general outlook only as the bonds of family, church, and tradition loosened. In a negative sense, romantic love can be seen as a compensation for the loss of community and shared identity offered by traditional societies. Close-knit, agrarian communities provided people with a collective sense of belonging and approval; and religious rituals provided the transcendent ''highs'' we now associate with romantic love. But traditional societies also discouraged individuality—particularly in women. Seen more positively, our modern emphasis on romantic love is an assertion of the value of the individual, including the long-devalued individual woman.

The rise of romantic love as an option for women went hand in hand with the rise of feminism. Both were forms of rebellion against the conventional female destiny: an arranged, or at least financially motivated, marriage, followed by a life of domesticity. Some of the pioneers of feminism were also lovers on a grand and tragic scale. Mary Wollstonecraft, the eighteenth-century author of *A Vindication of the Rights of Woman*, carried on a passionate adulterous affair that led to a child born out of wedlock and two suicide attempts. Margaret Fuller, a nineteenth-century American feminist, broke all the rules by running off to Italy and marrying a man much younger than herself. (Both died in a shipwreck on the voyage home.) Frances Wright, the abolitionist and feminist friend of Thomas Jefferson, preached and practiced ''free love.'' When pregnancy finally forced her into an unwanted marriage, she fell into a paralyzing depression.

Mainstream society was, of course, much quicker to embrace romantic love than it was to accept feminism. But American culture accepted even romantic love conditionally: it had to be reconciled with its ancient enemy, marriage. By the twentieth century, ''falling in love'' had come to be seen as a routine stage of human development: ''they grew up, fell in love, got married, and settled down.''

But the sorry denouement of the last three decades is that romantic love does not fit so neatly into the confines of marriage. Either it does not lead us to the ''right'' person, or it leads us into marriage and then, slowly and inexorably, fades away. Or else it strikes again—usually some time around that second adolescence we call ''mid-life''—destroying the marriage and devastating at least one partner. Hence, our recent cultural rejection of love: in the confident 'sixties, we felt we didn't need it; in the more anxious years that followed, we felt we couldn't trust it.

If we are to risk our hearts again, how can we be sure that, this time around, it will be worth the angst? The good news is that the contemporary experts all offer strong reasons to affirm love: they see it as both a healing force and a transcendent experience—perhaps the most powerful experience of transcendence available to us in a largely secular culture. The somewhat disquieting news is that they do not agree on what love is exactly, nor do they leave us feeling that such an agreement is entirely possible.

Sociologist Francesca M. Cancian, author of *Love in America* (Cambridge) and perhaps the most feminist of the three experts, offers ''. . . a new image of love that combines enduring love with self-development.'' The key

(Continued on page 246)

Barbara Ehrenreich *is the author of ''Hearts of Men.''* **Deirdre English** *is writing a series for public television called ''America's Women.''*

Patrick Swayze, the star of *Dirty Dancing*, brought to the tarnished screen a romantic hero with the feline grace of Brando, the vulnerability of Dean, and a touch of pure 'eighties irony. Here, a revealing look...

SWAYZE DOES IT

"Lisa and I are in this together. She's as much the reason for my success as *Dirty Dancing*. This is a partnership. I just got noticed first."

By HAL RUBENSTEIN

If all it took to become a star was a black T-shirt and black jeans, half the bartenders in America would be negotiating with agents right now. But Patrick Swayze's success in *Dirty Dancing* can't be pinned on wardrobe, his deep baritone, or even a face that synthesizes the best features of every woman's ex-high-school sweetheart.

What Swayze did as Johnny Castle was revive one of Hollywood's favorite myths: the misunderstood good guy from the wrong side of the tracks who triumphs because of the love of a good woman. This was the underlying conceit in *Somebody Up There Likes Me*, *Magnificent Obsession*, and *Saturday Night Fever*. The first film made a star of Paul Newman; the second did the same for Rock Hudson; the third, John Travolta.

Dirty Dancing piled the elements on thick, yet it was not the script's stock manipulation that vindicated Castle and made Swayze a star. It was his air of ruffian nobility—more proud than macho, sensitive instead of surly—propelled by hope, not anger. In the end, he reminded us that heart, not bulk, makes a big man.

It's not easy being mythic. Swayze is lithe, not too tall (co-star Jennifer Grey is very short), and moves like a dancer. He swings around his kitchen, hoists a bowl of popcorn, jumps up to answer the door with grace. He's been dancing "from the time I could stand"; he started at his mother's Houston dancing school, and went on to perform in NYC with the Harkness and Joffrey Ballets and as a principal with the Eliot Feld Company. "Hell, before I was anything, I danced, and I loved it. I'm not going to reinvent myself every time I have a successful film."

Swayze affects a shucks-pardner shuffle as he scuffs his cowboy boots across Rancho Bizarro, the five-acre spread in the foothills of the San Gabriel Mountains

Herb Ritts

that he shares with Lisa Niemi, to whom he has been married for eleven years. Niemi, who has a tense elegance about her that counters Swayze's languid charm, met him at his mother's dancing school and shares his zest for riding, carpentry, and exercise.

"Lisa and I," he says, "are in this together. She's as much the reason for my success as *Dirty Dancing*. This is a partnership. I just got noticed first." "Noticed" is a polite word for a man who recently waited behind a palm tree for a rescheduled flight to avoid fans.

Our conversation is a series of where-were-we's caused by the constant ringing of the telephone. "Deals, deals, deals. The business beast wants to take us into his arms!" says Swayze with a mock growl as he grabs Lisa, protecting her in a sizable bear hug. "I could plan out the next five years of our lives this afternoon by picking up that receiver." He doesn't, but admits "it's hard to resist. But they don't want to give us time to listen to our instincts. And one of the first things you learn in dance is to trust instincts."

Swayze did not fall from the sky into *Dirty Dancing*. *Dancing* was, in fact, Swayze's ninth film; he had previously starred in *The Outsiders*, *Red Dawn*, and *Grandview U.S.A.*, but his first romantic success was as Orry Main in the miniseries *North and South*. "The best way to build a career is to constantly come out of left field. Exercise all your passions."

He and Niemi co-starred in *Steel Dawn*, which, unfortunately, went like the wind. A dance/theater piece, *Without a Word*, which they created several years ago, may soon be revived. "When I move with Lisa, something electric happens," he says, riveting his eyes on his wife, just as he did with Grey during their first solo. "I've had so much knee surgery—I think I have only one major dance film left in me. Lisa and I will do it together."

Tiger Warsaw, a story of family reconciliation co-starring Piper Laurie, is Swayze's current film; he has resisted pressure to sign for more than two others, *Roadhouse* and *Next of Kin*, because "there is more to being an artist than making movies." As evidence, he offers a speed tour of their home. "This isn't just a ranch. We have a dance studio, an exercise studio, a recording studio. I want offices for full-time writers."

With that, Swayze heads outside to show me where they will build the riding arena for their Arabians and Tennessee Walking Horses, the barn, the stable, the gazebo, the ski lift. He gestures widely, spinning on his bootheels, absorbed in his plans. He is wearing a black T-shirt.

GOING DUTCH

In the 'sixties, Amsterdam was a hotbed of international hip. Now, for writers, actors, and artists, it's another kind of mecca—a close-knit cultural capital of Old Masterish landscapes and all-night café life. By Jed Perl

Novelist Harry Mulisch—a savvy observer of local politics

Artist Gerti Bierenbroodspot with influential dealer Nico Delaive

The Cafe American—for eating, drinking ... and reading

Actress Renée Soutendijk—moving beyond regional typecasting

Amsterdam by night

Amsterdam is like some giant university town that you might dream of living on in forever. Even a movie-world hangout like the Wildschut bar, with its faintly Deco decor, has a comfortably disheveled air. Here, friends sink into overstuffed old chairs and stay until two or three in the morning, as the smoke swirls through the pinkish light. It's not that the city is insulated, isolated—certainly Amsterdamers in the arts are propelled outward to make contacts in France, Germany, England. But they also need to return to this liveable capital of culture, where the bicycles gliding at the edges of the canals set the lovely, relaxed rhythm. As painter Gerti Bierenbroodspot says, "I can come back to Amsterdam after a month or a year, and walk into the corner café, and the same wonderful friends are here; it's as if I never went away."

With cities across Europe drowning in American-style glitz, Amsterdam is emerging as a place to catch one's breath and reflect and grow. It's small enough to be walked from end to end in an hour, but it holds as clearly in the imagination as London or Paris or Rome. The Old-Masterish tones of the buildings along the city's canals—browns, deep reds, greys—provide a calming backdrop for the upheavals of modern life. And while the canals of Venice express the danger of water, its mysterious downward pull, the canals of Amsterdam convey water's buoyancy, its orderly flow.

Twenty years after Amsterdam leapt into the international consciousness as a center of the floating nation of youth, the city's tradition of tolerance and liberality is tugging at us again. A generation of artistic Amsterdamers who spent the 'seventies and early 'eighties traveling, consolidating their

careers, is back home, focusing on urban problems—bringing the canals back to life with a water-taxi service; organizing on the neighborhood level to combat the drug problem. In the window of a bookshop on a side street off of the Singel canal, I see a wonderful sign: "natural," with the "na" crossed out and replaced by "cul"—to make "cultural." In that Godardian pun lies a clue to Amsterdam—a city where culture is natural and, after centuries of landscape painting, nature itself has become an aspect of culture.

Coming in from the airport early in the morning, one sees the stick-like trees and fresh green sward of early Van Gogh; the sun gets stronger, and the sky is suddenly high, deep, spacious, as lemony-blue as in a painting by the seventeenth-century painter Albert Cuyp. The cab driver is talking. "Every Dutchman gives a third of his salary to taxes," he says. "But, you know, we're happy so long as we're complaining." This is the refrain of a country where the government believes in social welfare and is all-embracing but benign. The government offers some great early retirement programs—in their fifties, teachers turn to painting, bureaucrats to homeopathic medicine. And painters, movie people—creative people everywhere in Holland—speak of the subsidies that have kept a generation of artists alive and given many a filmmaker his first chance. They also speak of the dwindling of those subsidies in recent years, and of a questionable future in which only the fittest may survive.

I have tea with the sixty-year-old Harry Mulisch, Holland's best-known writer, whose recent novel *Last Call* will be published here by Viking next year. We are in the Art Nouveau Café American of the American Hotel, a room in which the tall, blue-eyed Mulisch spent many hours in his youth at the tables full of magazines and newspapers—a fixture of cafés all over Holland. Outside the windows of the dark, elegant dining room is the Leidseplein, with its theaters and famous Oyster Bar and crush of life, high and low. It was here in the Leidseplein that the student Provo movement of the late 'sixties had its meetings and made its challenge to the Dutch establishment. Mulisch wrote a book about the Provos—which could be translated *Message to the Rat King*—and of all the people I met in Amsterdam, he could explain best what the long-term effects of that protest movement have been. Mulisch sees the shake-ups of the late 'sixties as an extension of the cracks in Holland's rigid social life that first appeared in the chaotic years of World War II. After the war, there was a return to prewar conventions—fixed family structures, old sexual mores—until, in the late 'sixties, the baby-boomers moved to the fore. "They made all kinds of things possible," Mulisch quietly explains.

Mulisch himself is the product of an extraordinary childhood. His parents were from outside of Holland—his mother, a Belgian Jew, ultimately fled to America; his father, an Austrian banker, lived in the Hague, collaborated with the Nazis, and spent time in prison after the war. And Mulisch, an elegant yet plain-talking man, has written novels in which this tumultuous past is knit into the fabric of the ordinary, the everyday. *The Assault* (Pantheon)—which was made into a movie that won the Academy Award for Best Foreign Film in 1986—is the story of Anton Steenwijk, a Dutch boy whose entire family is destroyed in a Nazi reprisal at the end of the war, and who spends his adult life struggling at first to evade, and *(Continued on page 245)*

The Barbara Farber Gallery, which features fledgling American artists

Artist Pieter Laurens Mol

International film star Jeroen Krabbe

SOCIETY'S CHILD

Fourteen years after she was kidnapped by the SLA, Patricia Hearst Shaw does charity work with Yasmin Aga Khan, visits the couture collections—and sleeps with a handgun ("a little more substantial than a Magnum," she says) next to her bed. Paul Schrader's new film, *Patty Hearst*, tells one version of what happened. MAUREEN ORTH tracked down Patty's old gang, talked to Patty and, here, pieces together the story of America's first media hostage.

Details, page 96

PATRICIA HEARST SHAW

See the USA with the SLA: Patty Hearst (*left*) as "Tania," debutante with a vengeance; and (*above*) in Ralph Lauren today.

Penn

SOCIETY'S CHILD

Randolph and Catherine Hearst divorced in 1982. He is married for the third time; she lives in L.A. and, according to family friends, "is squired around by 'walkers' and priests."

"For a few weeks, you still don't believe you're really free to think and be yourself. You're still in shock, acting out what you had to perform all those months. When that wears off, there is emotional loss, almost like a death. The other person—who was you—is kind of lost. You have been somebody, and now you have to decide who you are all over again—rebuild from scratch."

—Patricia Hearst Shaw, 1988

"Nobody has ever participated like Patty. We don't have anyone else who was kidnapped, converted, captured, and deconverted. She's it."

—Brian M. Jenkins, terrorism expert; Chairman of the Political Science Department, The RAND Corporation

Patricia Hearst Shaw. That is how her ivory calling cards are engraved, along with a proper Westport, Connecticut, address. At thirty-four, she is the mother of two daughters, ages seven and three. Her husband of nine years, Bernard Shaw, had been a San Francisco policeman and then her bodyguard; now, he is more substantially ensconced—as head of security for the Hearst Corporation.

"I have a wonderful life,"

Jack Scott (right), who drove Patty across the country to a hideout in Pennsylvania, runs a sports clinic in Berkeley.

Bill and Emily Harris (*left*), the two surviving SLA members, are now divorced. Bill is the receptionist for a liberal San Francisco law firm; Emily lives in Los Angeles under an assumed name.

Patricia Shaw says happily of days spent at home writing "trashy" fiction and supervising the construction of a backyard swimming pool. Other days, she dashes into New York City to mingle with the ladies who lunch, to view the fashion collections, and to run charity balls. Last spring, for instance, through her friend Yasmin Aga Khan, Shaw was one of the six chairs of the Rita Hayworth Gala for Alzheimer's Disease and Related Disorders. Not two weeks later, her new best friends on the New York social scene, Kimberly Farkas and Kimberly Rockefeller, enlisted her to cochair a restaging of the musical *Hair*, of all things, to benefit children in families afflicted with AIDS. That evening, the woman known for wearing a Symbionese Liberation Army beret was in Mary McFadden.

Several times a year, Shaw and her family fly home to San Francisco for the opening night of the opera or to vacation at San Simeon on the part of the Hearst ranch reserved for the family. Of course, she is a Republican—George Herbert Walker Bush can count on the vote of Patricia Campbell Hearst Shaw. Indeed, she refuses to read *The New York Times*, because, she says, "it's too liberal"; instead, she subscribes to Archie Bunker's favorite newspaper, the scrappy New York *Daily News*.

But the strong-willed Shaw has not forgotten how to use a weapon. "There are guns all over the house," she explains. She and her husband love to shoot, and she sleeps with a handgun "a little more substantial than a Magnum" next to her bed.

On February 4, 1974, the Symbionese Liberation Army (SLA) broke into the house Patricia Hearst, nineteen, shared with her boyfriend, and kidnapped her at gunpoint. A month later, she embraced her captors, renounced her family as "fascist pigs," and took the name "Tania," a female guerrilla who died in Bolivia fighting with Che Guevara. That seminal media event of the 'seventies is about to bob up in the national consciousness again, this time in the movie *Patty Hearst*, directed by Paul Schrader and starring Natasha Richardson as Patty. The film, out next month, is based on Hearst's 1982 book, *Every Secret Thing*. But rather than being the final word on this extraordinary tale, the film is bound to unleash a whole new debate because, at crucial moments, it begs the key questions: Was Patty Hearst's conversion for real, or did she feign allegiance to the SLA to insure her survival? And why didn't she ever try to escape?

The film already has provoked anger and controversy from major players in the real-life drama, people who have remained silent for a decade. "She could have gone home; she could have killed us in our sleep if she wanted to," says one of her former SLA captors. "She wasn't imprisoned for the nineteen or twenty months she was with us. The point is she started out a victim and then a process took place. You can't say it was psychological coercion, and you can't say it was 100 percent free will. We ourselves were fooled by a lot of the dynamic of the conversion."

Was it, in fact, a conversion experience? How else to explain a kidnapping victim who, within two months, emerged with a gun and a new identity to rob a bank with the SLA, and then shoot up a Los Angeles store with a submachine gun in a second SLA holdup? Hearst watched on TV as the Los Angeles police fired nine thousand rounds of ammunition into the SLA hideout, killing everyone inside including her lover, "Cujo" (William

Wolfe). Hearst herself would have been in the house that day, but she was hiding out in a Disneyland motel with Bill and Emily Harris, the two surviving members of the SLA, who each served five years for her kidnapping. One of the country's most-wanted women, Hearst used a dozen disguises as she crisscrossed the country on the lam, and took part in another bank robbery during which a mother of four was killed—all before the FBI finally caught up with her, nineteen months after her kidnapping. When Hearst was arrested she gave her profession as "urban guerilla." The star of a sensational trial, she took the Fifth forty-two times. Her lawyers offered brainwashing (referred to as "duress") as her defense; the jury did not buy it, and the heiress was convicted and sentenced to seven years in jail. During her two years of incarceration, Hearst and her family launched a major media campaign to influence public opinion in her favor. President Carter finally commuted her sentence on January 29, 1979, nearly five years to the day after her kidnapping.

At her arrest, Patty gave a clenched-fist salute and stated her profession as "urban guerrilla."

The film, told strictly from Patty Hearst's point of view, tries to persuade the audience of what director Schrader calls the horrendous "psychological reality" with which she had to cope, and the living hell she writes of in her book: a numbing isolation; the belief that her parents had abandoned her ("There was no one out there who could help me," she writes); her firm convictions that the SLA was "suicidal"; and that the FBI would shoot her on sight.

Schrader shot much of the first half hour of *Patty Hearst* in near darkness, a stylistic simulation of the terror of being kidnapped, blindfolded, locked in a closet for much of the time, and subjected to regular propaganda sessions for more than a month before Hearst told Cinque, the ex-convict leading the SLA, that she chose to join them.

Wendy Yoshimura, convicted of harboring Patty, is now part of Berkeley's "Juice Bar Collective."

For a good part of the film, Natasha Richardson plays the forceful Patty like a scared doe: the film doesn't take into account the rage that actually may have fueled Hearst's decision. After all, although her parents, Randolph and Catherine Hearst, paid two million dollars for the abortive food giveaway program the SLA had demanded, they turned down a second set of ransom demands, claiming, according to a source close to the family, it was "throwing good money after bad." Then, at a delicate moment in the negotiations, Catherine Hearst not only defied the SLA demand that she resign as a Regent of the University of California but renewed her term for another ten years—without telling even her husband. "My father was furious and insisted she shouldn't do it. And she just insisted it was the right thing to do," says Shaw today.

In 1979, Patty married her bodyguard, Bernard Shaw, "a very traditional male who wants to take care of her," says Patty's cousin Will Hearst. "She's as happy as anyone in the family."

The effect on Patty then, says someone who knew her, was that "she started to see her mother as the enemy."

According to terrorism expert Brian Jenkins, "Victims quickly realize they have a certain communality of interests with their captors. They *both* want to see the demands met. So, if her folks on the outside are not getting with the program, they become the adversaries."

During her confinement, various members of the SLA would "rap" to Hearst for hours and read her news clippings. Although she has written that what they told her went "against my grain," nevertheless a lot of it sunk in. "Some of their stories were indisputable," she writes, "sometimes I did not know what to believe. It was all very confusing. I realized that my life prior to my kidnapping had indeed been very sheltered." When she finally was able to get out of the closet—off "death row," as she puts it—and to convince the SLA that she was sincere in wanting to join them, she felt tremendous relief, and something else as well. Hearst writes in her book: "In trying to convince them, I convinced myself. I felt that I had truly joined them; my past life seemed to have slipped away. . . .Somewhere in the jumble of my reasoning was the hope, reborn, that the essential thing was that I would survive. I would stay with this horrible group for a while and the day would come when I would be rescued or perhaps be able to escape."

But the day never came. Instead, Hearst participated in escalating acts of violence and never once tried to escape. Why?

"There is no clear picture about what really happened because I'm not sure everyone is telling all the facts," says William Coblentz, a prominent San Francisco attorney who advised the Hearst family during the kidnapping. "The odds are we will never know," says terrorism expert Jenkins. "We have lie-detector machines, but no machine to deal with memory—the way people remember things as they happened." Shaw herself, however, is adamant. She was a victim, pure and simple, and all of her actions flowed from a flawed state of mind brought on by *(Continued on page 188)*

SOCIETY'S CHILD

(*Continued from page 187*) coercion. "When you are sitting at home and people burst in with guns and kidnap you—there are no two sides!"

Her SLA captors were convinced that Hearst was a genuine convert when she joined them in robbing the Hibernia Bank in San Francisco. "She never would have been taken to do such a thing if she was not felt to be 100 percent with us," says one of them. "You do not give a person who's a captive a loaded weapon, an automatic weapon." Shaw protests; she says that the bolt on the weapon was turned. But could she have turned the bolt? Today, she is evasive. "I don't know," she says. One of her kidnappers contends that, due to Hearst's inexperience, she jammed the gun and could not get it unjammed while she was in the bank. "She wasn't coerced. She was freely involved in it—I don't know how else to put it."

Shaw argues that she was controlled by other people the whole time, and in her mind was unable to distinguish right from wrong. "At Mel's Sporting Goods Store, I really began to notice I was no longer in control

began to notice I was no longer in control when, without a *thought*, I just did what I had been trained to do—fire the machine gun...," Patty Hearst says.

when, without a *thought*, I just did what I had been trained to do—fire the machine gun and the other guns in sequence." Given her overall fear—and her fear of the Harrises in particular (she calls them "evil")—she says she never believed she could escape. Not even months later when she and another radical boyfriend, a house painter named Steven Soliah, were mistakenly thought to be stranded on some rocks near San Francisco Bay and some friendly sheriff's deputies rescued them. Shaw didn't give herself up, she says, because she genuinely believed she was without options—still in terror of the police because of the way they had decimated the SLA hideout. "Everybody asked me, why didn't I go to the police?" says Shaw. "Why *would* I? A police station! That's about the last place I would have thought would be safe to walk into."

Certainly, the climate of opinion regarding the psychology of the political terrorism victim is more enlightened today than in 1974. We have lived through terrorist activities such as the Iran hostage-taking and, in the past few years, inured ourselves to regular airline hijackings. We have become aware of the "Stockholm" or "survivor syndrome," a term used to describe a captive's positive feelings toward his or her captors (though not to the extent that he or she necessarily joins them). Women especially are familiar with the concept of "blaming the victim," a tendency to think that a person somehow asks for her misfortune or deserves what she gets, such as in the case of rape. But, according to some of the country's leading terrorism experts, brainwashing—deliberate coercive persuasion—cannot account for the depth of Hearst's conversion. Not even the Stockholm syndrome can explain nineteen months of sustained rage at the system. A conversion process like hers is complex, they claim, and had a great deal to do with her age, sex, and personality development at the time of the kidnapping.

In prep school, Hearst's IQ was measured at 130. Among Randolph and Catherine Hearst's five daughters, "she was the iconoclast, the individualist," says lawyer Coblentz. "Patty was known to be rebellious." Her first cousin, William Randolph Hearst III, publisher of *The San Francisco Examiner*, agrees: "She was certainly someone capable of expressing her own mind. She tended to challenge people and ideas." At the time of her kidnapping, Patty Hearst was nineteen, living with and engaged to be married to someone her family didn't like: Steven Weed, her former math tutor and a philosophy graduate student at Berkeley where she was a student. (In her book, Hearst contends she had doubts about going through with the wedding.)

One of her SLA captors says that, ironically, it was Hearst's large engagement picture in *The San Francisco Chronicle* that triggered the kidnapping plan: "You rarely see that much information about someone in the ruling class." At first, the captor says, the SLA viewed her merely as a "rich bitch"; but as time and the propaganda sessions wore on, they began to view her as "exceptional, a diamond in the rough. She had spunk." The SLA seemed almost flattered when she decided to join.

Other ties began to develop as well. At her trial, Hearst testified that she was forced to have sex in the closet with both Cinque and William Wolfe, the son of a doctor, a National Merit Scholar finalist, and a prep school graduate like Hearst. One of her captors vehemently disputes this, saying that the women in the group, radical feminists, would never have condoned rape. Although it was considered "comradely" to have sex with everyone within the group, Hearst spurned the four female SLA members in favor of Wolfe. After he died in the SLA shootout, Hearst issued an emotional communiqué (she later said she was forced to write it) that eulogized him as "the gentlest, most beautiful man I've ever known. . . Neither Cujo or I had ever loved an individual the way we loved each other."

"In the Stockholm syndrome, the victim—on a level far deeper than his or her conscious control—experiences a primitive gratitude toward captors, like that of an infant toward parents who are life-giving," says Dr. Frank M. Ochberg, M.D., a Michigan psychiatrist who has debriefed dozens of terrorist victims and founded a center for post-trauma therapy. "Patty Hearst could have interpreted her dependency and gratitude for the gift of life as romantic love."

Shaw admits that Wolfe was a haven of sorts. "But, after being blindfolded several weeks and left in a closet, you're just not thinking the way you normally would. I think what your mind does is look for anything to make you feel better about what is happening."

According to Jenkins, it is plausible that a young woman like Hearst (*Continued on page 239)*

"If people believe me as Patty Hearst in the film, maybe I won't be typecast as British," says Natasha Richardson, twenty-five and, like Patty, a member of a famous dynasty. Her mother is vocal left-wing actress Vanessa Redgrave. Richardson knew "only the vaguest details" of the Hearst kidnapping before she took the role; to capture Patty's boarding-school accent, she listened to her taped SLA communiqués. Hearst and Richardson met only once, over lunch, and both were "very nervous," says the actress. "I expected to see a much more scarred person, but she even made jokes about being kept in the closet. I was shaken." Richardson describes herself as apolitical: her mother's activism, she says, "has put me off for life." —MAUREEN ORTH

Penn

NATASHA RICHARDSON

an adventure
in style...

incognito!

what happens when classic–luxurious–choices in clothes and accessories find themselves together in intriguing new ways...

Steven Meisel

Arriving in style: Oscar de la Renta's cashmere. Details, page 202. These fourteen pa

at The Beverly Hills Hotel; hair, Oribe/Oribe at Parachute; makeup, Laura Me

The
Beverly
Hills

incognito:
an adventure in style

Who is she? What is she after? Business. Pleasure. A little of both.

Shapely Ungaro suit dressing. *opposite. This page*, relaxed style: British Khaki pants, Calvin Klein parka. Perfect accessories. Details, page 202.

Steven Meisel

Steven Meisel

incognito:
an adventure in style

A different waiting game. Sizing up the situation. The possibilities. Is she out to make a killing...or a conquest? Either way, the outcome is never in doubt.

Checking it out, *far left:* dress by Carolyne Roehm. Evening's long slink of black, *this page,* from Carolina Herrera. Details, see page 202.

Inc.

best...and
makes it even

better. The
proof is in the
wearing.

Steven Meisel

On the go...or at rest...the wheels keep turning. Plotting the next move....all part of the attraction.

Chanel...with a casual slant, *opposite page*. The sun-struck teddy, *this page*, from Mimosa. For details, see page 202.

incognito:
an adventure in style

Los Angeles today. New York tomorrow. Paris the next day. Life at Concorde speed. The image is constant. High-profile. In a low-key way. Style wins out. And success brings its own—obvious—rewards.

In character: Gianni Versace's black-on-black suit, *this page*. Fast-lane dressing, *opposite:* Oscar de la Renta's glamour top; with grey flannels. Details, see page 202.

Steven Meisel

The real secret to these pages... the best clothes and accessories, with a freer attitude.

Cashmere dress-and-scarf, Oscar de la Renta, about $1725. Late Aug. at Lord & Taylor; Sara Fredericks, Boston, Palm Beach FL; L.S. Ayres, Indianapolis IN. Bracelets, Anne Klein for Swank.

Jacket (about $1500) and skirt (about $570) from Emanuel Ungaro Parallèle. Sept. at Emanuel Ungaro Boutiques, NYC, Dallas, Beverly Hills; Marshall Field's. Bracelets by Marla Buck and by Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun.

British Khaki by Robert Lighton trousers, about $65. Montaldo's; British Khaki Store, Costa Mesa CA. Parka, Calvin Klein Sport, about $120. Bloomingdale's; Calvin Klein Boutique, Dallas; Robinson's. Chanel jewelry, bag.

Carolyne Roehm plaid dress, about $1240. Aug. at Hirshleifer's, Manhasset, Forest Hills NY; Charles Sumner, Boston; Marshall Field's. To order at Bergdorf Goodman. Sable coat, Basile for Goldin-Feldman. Chanel flats.

Silk crepe evening dress from Carolina Herrera, about $1820. Late Sept. at Lord & Taylor; Hirshleifer's, Forest Hills and Manhasset NY; Montaldo's; Marshall Field's. Earrings, Kenneth Jay Lane.

Valentino's checked suit. Valentino Boutiques, NYC, Washington DC, Beverly Hills; Saks Jandel, Chevy Chase MD. Muffler, Amicale Industries. Louis Vuitton cases. Boots, Sam & Libby California.

Valentino coat. Aug. at Valentino Boutiques, NYC, Washington DC; Saks Jandel, Chevy Chase MD; I. Magnin. Pullover, Calvin Klein Sport for Men. British Khaki by Robert Lighton trousers. Hermès tote. Oxfords, J.M. Weston.

Chanel cardigan (about $1155), pullover (about $1105). Chanel Boutiques, NYC, Dallas, Chicago; Saks Jandel, Chevy Chase MD. British Khaki by Robert Lighton trousers. Chanel jewelry. Ralph Lauren Leathergoods belt.

Teddy, Mimosa by Mimi Trujillo, about $54. Aug. at Saks Fifth Avenue; Teddy, Indianapolis IN; The Lingerie Store, Nashville TN; Susan, Burlingame CA. Rolex watch. Sable, Basile for Goldin-Feldman. Thongs, Jacques-St. Tropez.

Gianni Versace jacket (about $1200) and skirt (about $1590). Gianni Versace Boutiques, NYC, Bal Harbour FL. Skirt at Gianni Versace Boutiques, Chicago, San Francisco; Neiman-Marcus, Houston. Pumps, Calvin Klein Footwear.

Oscar de la Renta T-shirt striped in sequins, velvet. About $1600. Sept. at Elizabeth Arden Salons; Martha, Palm Beach FL; Kaufmann's. Pants, Ralph Lauren Classics. Kenneth Jay Lane choker. Ruza Creations belt. Scarf, Bottega Veneta.

Throwaway chic: lambswool turtleneck from The Gap, about $38. At The Gap. British Khaki by Robert Lighton trousers. Belt by Hermès. And the ubiquitous (on these pages) sable. Coat, *right*, from Fendi. Dotted silk scarf, Chanel. Bath sheet, Descamps. These fourteen pages: hair, Oribe/Oribe at Parachute; makeup, Laura Mercier for Trish McEvoy. More details, stores, last pages.

easy style

go (a little) West

Neil Kirk

What happens when you add a single great Western classic...

The silver factor, opposite: Decorative details that make all the difference. Multi-loop earrings from Patricia Locke, about $118. Large ring, about $80; small ring, about $30. Both from Craft Caravan, Fiorucci shirt. . . .A small, shapely jacket packed with presence, this page: Ralph Lauren Roughwear's bold "Chimayo" blanket-pattern wool jacket over washed denim and stacks of beads. Jacket, about $464. Bonwit Teller; Wanderwood & Lathrop; Robinson's; Polo/Ralph Lauren, La Jolla CA. . . . Beauty Note: Soft touch, opposite—Estée Lauder's Copper Rose Polished Performance lipstick. These pages: hair and makeup, Daniel Philpot. Details, last page.

go (a little) west

Appealing elements—ornamental, offbeat—high-spirited enough to give any look a different turn

Opposite: Ralph Lauren Roughwear's highly decorative floral tapestry vest. About $178. Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Short Hills NJ, Beverly Hills; Marshall Field's. . . . *This page:* From Nocona, a modern alternative to the tried-and-true cowboy boot. About $150. Billy Martin's, NYC. Details, last pages.

Neil Kirk

Strong points

Symbols of the season in shape

and coloring, in the sophisticated

way a look "comes together"

...symbols of style in their low-key

tailoring, individual attitude

The jacket as look-turner, *left*, from Saint Laurent Rive Gauche: standout asymmetric-front turquoise wool, punctuated by big silver buttons (about $1780). Wool pants, about $590. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique, Washington DC; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour FL; Lou Lattimore, Dallas.

. . . *This page:* Geoffrey Beene's curved-back jacket in orange-red wool fleece (about $1995) over the perfect "base" —his black wool jersey jumpsuit. Turnout, September at Bergdorf Goodman; Kaufmann's; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; Dayton's; I. Magnin.

These four pages: hair, Oribe/Oribe at Parachute; makeup, Laura Mercier for Trish McEvoy.

Details, last pages.

Steven Meisel

strong points

Jean-Paul Gaultier's olive jumpsuit, *left*, has unmistakable presence, controlled softness. Giving it another turn: his grey jacket; brilliant scarf and beads, ethnic cuffs. Jumpsuit, in washed silk, about $1940; wool crepe jacket, about $1080. Mid-July at Barneys New York; Dayton's; Torie Steele, Beverly Hills; Ralph Davies, San Francisco.... From Giorgio Armani Boutique, *right*, the modern definition of a suit: charcoal wool poodle-cloth jacket (about $1225) over navy silk blouse (about $830) and pleated silk culottes in cobalt (about $1030). Other key pieces: suede boots, a man-style hat. Turnout at Giorgio Armani Boutiques, NYC and Manhasset NY, Los Angeles. Jacket at I. Magnin. Details, last pages of this issue.

Steven Meisel

on top of it!

Real jackets (real dressing!) in soft knitting and creamy shades set off a different—everything—approach to a "suit." From Krizia, left: Morrocco Mandelli's strong textured cardigan (about $780) and Peter Fox-collared sweater (about $550) in wool/angora. With kilter pants (about $767). Turnout at Krizia Boutiques, NYC, Palm Beach FL, Dallas, Los Angeles. Cardigan and pants at Contrabando. From Sonia Rykiel, an easy, tuned wrist/ankle knit coat sweater (about $775), matching pullover (about $310), soft wool pants (about $495). Sonia Rykiel Boutique, New York; Miami, Marshall Field's, Fenoni, Phoenix AZ. Cardigan and pants at Hunie, Washington MI. Boot-style Fred Leighton Fur Muenstone Collection Ltd. Brown [illegible]

Andrea Blanch

kelly lynch

Transplanted New Yorker and about-to-be highly visible actress (this month, with Tom Cruise in *Cocktail*), Kelly Lynch readily suits California active style. Her vibrant good looks and defined body reflect a commitment to fitness—at twenty-nine, she eats well, dances for two hours each day: "You have to find what works for you and stick with it," says Lynch. She's now filming with *Dirty Dancing* heartthrob Patrick Swayze.

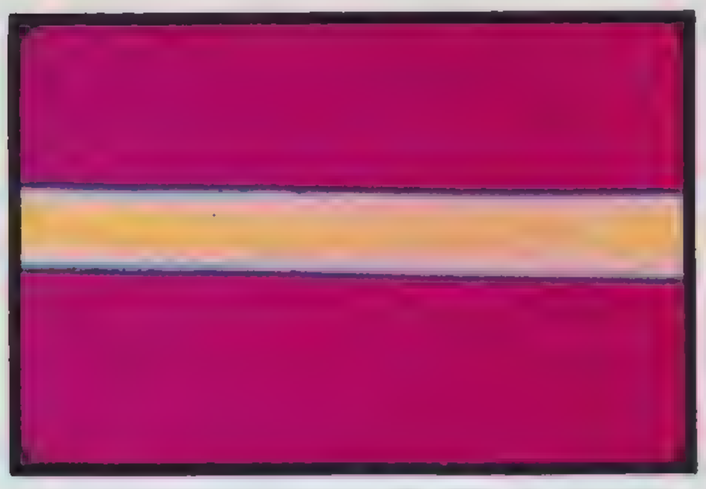
Details, last pages

beauty/body:

getting in shape

Whether the goal is healthier hair or a better body, expert solutions are here: what women want to know about diet, exercise, hair care...

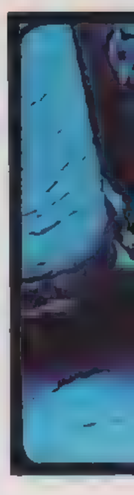
Steven Meisel



Baby's hair

Child's hair

Teens to thirty



THE AGES OF HAIR

This is the year when researchers, scientists, dermatologists—hair experts—are finding new answers to old problems for every kind of hair.

By SHIRLEY LORD

Hair isn't called a crop for nothing. Hair *is* a crop, as dependent upon the state of follicles (from which hairs emanate) as sugarcane is on the earth in which it's planted.

At birth, each person starts out with about one hundred thousand follicles—slightly more for blonds, fewer for brunettes and redheads. Each follicle has its own blood supply and muscle that causes hair to "stand on end" or skin to "goosepimple"—a primitive defense mechanism inherited from our hairy ancestors. A follicle produces one hair that grows upward from an area called the papilla, where hair bulb and root are located.

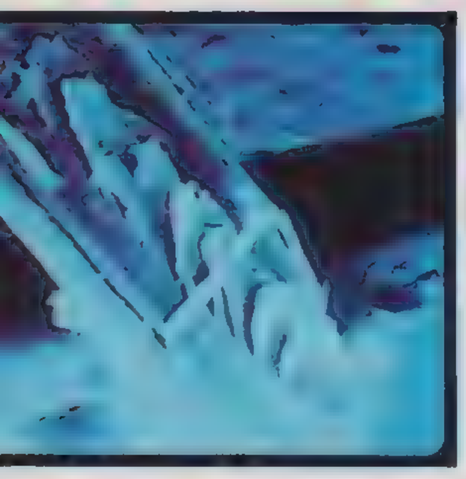
Organic chemist David Cannell, Ph.D., group vice president of research and development for Redken, has spent his professional life studying what he calls "the seven ages of hair," the changes that occur during those "ages"—natural and unnatural—and what, if anything, can be done about them.

The first "age" includes hair from birth to about nine or ten years, known technically as "lanugo hair," very fine and fragile, though fully keratinized. The luckiest baby? "One born with a medium-size hair shaft and a slight wave pattern," says Dr. Cannell, "which gives more natural body and control throughout life."

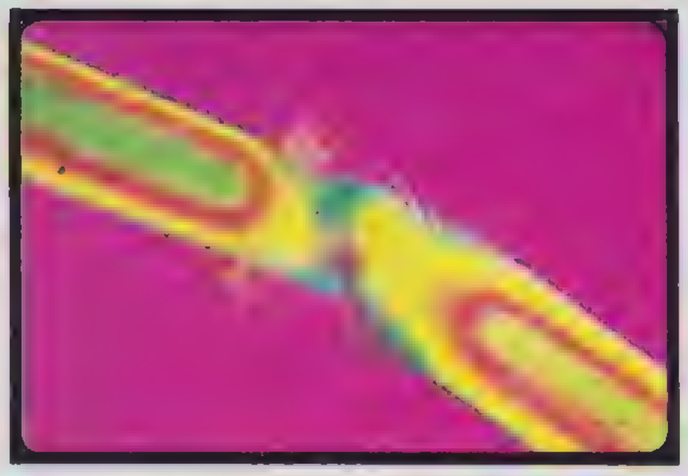
From eight to twelve years is the age of self-grooming—when children begin to wash and dry their own hair, experimenting with curlers, ponytails, braids, aided by their mothers' concept of "pretty." Each hair follicle follows its own independent growth cycle. While some hairs are growing, others are falling out. It's not abnormal for a young girl to lose up to a hundred hairs each day. Whether hair grows quickly or not depends on heredity; heredity has a long reach. While parents may have had great heads of hair, their parents may have not or vice-versa. The inheritance of hair genes often skips a generation.

A hair's life-span, three to four years, divides into three stages. The anagen—growing—stage takes about three years for hair to reach full growth; then, the catagen—regression—period lasts about two weeks. During the telogen stage, the follicle becomes dormant for about three months before the hair falls out, to be immediately replaced by another anagen—growing—hair. Growth averages about a half-inch each month. On the scalp, the growing stage is long, the resting stage short; 85 percent of hair is growing, while 15 percent is resting or shedding. On the body, the reverse is true.

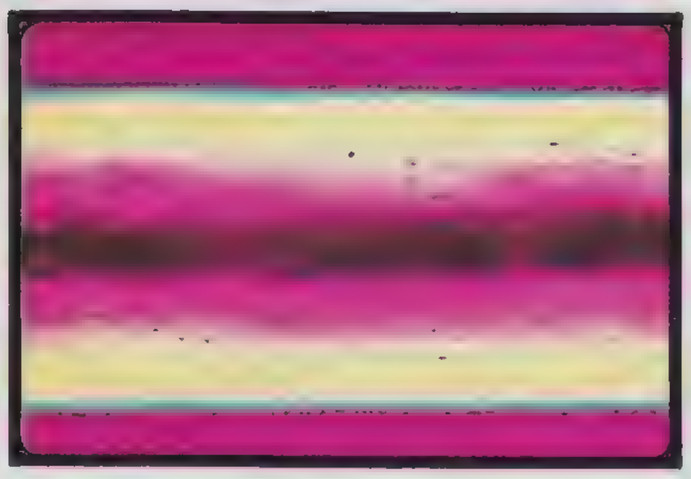
The age of peer pressure (teens to age thirty) is when hair is the best it's going to be—when, with puberty, fine hair is replaced by coarser, more manageable, adult hair. Unfortunately, this time is also the beginning of self-inflicted damage, particularly "mechanical" damage caused by any prolonged pulling back of hair into one posi-



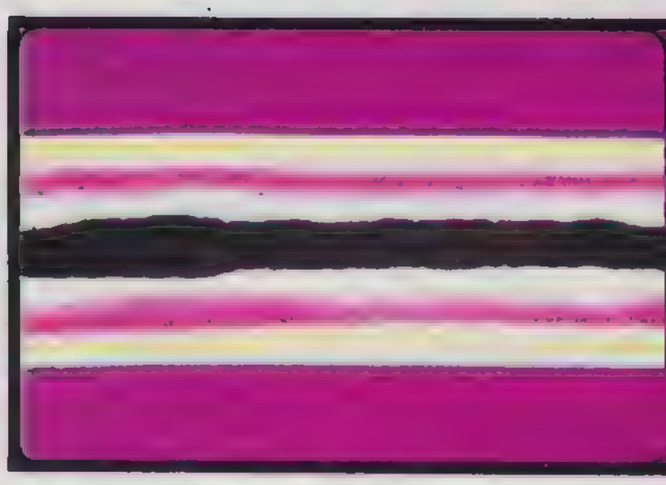
Physically damaged hair



Chemically damaged hair



Greying hair



Fifty-plus hair

hair rx

Less-than-healthy hair can be a clue: not to your stylist, but your doctor. By JUDITH SCHMID

Does a glossy, thick head of hair reflect good health? Not necessarily. Hair quality depends largely on heredity: a woman at the peak of health can have dull, wispy hair; a woman with a serious medical condition may have a shiny mane.

When hair becomes brittle or dull, it's most often because of overexposure to harsh chemicals or dyes, not poor health; but changes in general health can alter hair quality if the condition affects roots and the blood vessels that nourish hair. "A marked *slowing* in growth rate or a noticeable change in texture may be a warning sign of certain diseases," says Richard S. Rivlin, M.D., chief, nutrition service, Memorial-Sloan Kettering Cancer Center and professor of medicine and chief, nutrition division, the New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, NYC. Here, a rundown of conditions and medical treatments that can affect hair.

ENDOCRINE DISORDERS Any illness that disturbs hormonal balance can change hair thickness and quality. If the thyroid is overactive, hair becomes fine and silky and may lose its ability to hold curl. An *underactive* thyroid, on the other hand, makes hair coarse, unmanageable; hair also may become sparse, not only on the scalp but in eyebrows.

Other endocrine conditions can cause increased production of androgens (male hormones), leading to increased body hair and loss of scalp hair. This tendency can be reversed, either with surgery or hormonal therapies, depending on the cause of endocrine imbalance.

POOR NUTRITION For women eating a normal number of calories daily—even those who pay scant attention to a balanced diet—poor nutrition alone is rarely, if ever, a cause of poor hair volume or quality; and contrary to popular belief, *nutritional supplements will not improve hair health*. "Severe caloric restriction *can* slow the rate of hair growth and change hair quality," Dr. Rivlin says. Severe deficiency of vitamin A or D—usually because of an illness—also can cause hair loss; as can *overdosing* these vitamins. Women with anorexia nervosa may lose hair and develop an excess of fine body hair because of severe malnutrition and reduced levels of estrogen (which normally protect the scalp against the hair-thinning effects of androgens). Extreme overweight also can create a hormonal imbalance, leading to hair loss.

DRUGS Any drug that disturbs hormonal balance can affect hair growth. "Birth control pills, for example, slow shedding of hair and increase thickness if the pills contain relatively high doses of estrogen and/or progestins (synthetic progesterone-like hormones) with anti-androgenic properties. On the other hand, some oral contraceptives contain *androgenic* progestins, which could tend to increase hair shedding," says Norman Orentreich, M.D., clinical professor of dermatology, New York University School of Medicine. The *(Continued on page 248)*

tion—with a brush while blow-drying, by a ponytail—which can cause inflammation below the surface of the scalp, hindering normal hair growth. Better solutions, says NYC hairstylist Suga, are "easy, livable styles...and a program of hair care." Good to try: L'Oréal's Mermade Shampoo and Conditioner.

The age of motherhood can be hard on hair. Norman Orentreich, M.D., professor of dermatology at NYU College of Medicine, has noted parallels between women who are on, then off, the Pill and women who experience sudden hair loss after having a baby. As pregnancy naturally increases a body's production of estrogen—the hormone responsible for a woman's finer skin and high resistance to hair loss—so does the Pill also keep that hormone level high. When pregnancy is over or birth-control pills are abandoned, a body's estrogen level lowers and the hair cycle sometimes reacts by rapidly progressing to the last telogen phase, when hair is shed. In most cases, hair cycles then return to normal. (At Imo's New York City Regency Hotel Salon, one favorite "reviver": Nexxus Ensure Conditioner.)

The age of authority—when women may be reaching the top rung of the career ladder, around thirty or forty—"can also *(Continued on page 251)*

Details, last pages.

the new fit/fat exercise equation

The woman behind sports women: Julie Anthony, Ph.D. *(right,* with a client), who's helped to shape the bodies of tennis greats Martina Navratilova, Chris Evert, and Virginia Wade; here, at her Fitness & Sports Medicine Institute in Aspen, Colorado.

Women start "new" fitness programs, expecting thinner bodies—fast. Their error? Too much, too fast. Here, one expert's secret: small changes that add up—and last. By JULIE ANTHONY, Ph.D.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Top fitness expert Julie Anthony, Ph.D.—ex-tennis pro, owner of The Aspen Club and founder of the Fitness & Sports Medicine Institute, one of the first medical/fitness spas in America—gave Vogue an exclusive: the diet/exercise plan she uses to get women in shape. The surprise: its wholly simple approach. The news: to lose weight, a woman doesn't need to push her body or deny her appetite as much as she may think.*

WHY DIETS FAIL

In order to lose weight, the body must burn more calories than it consumes. Women, traditionally, focus on dieting, the "consumption" half of the formula, and all but forget about the "expenditure," exercise. But the single most important factor in achieving and maintaining ideal weight is aerobic exercise: an activity that can elevate heart rate to a specific level and keep it there for a sustained time period. Dancing, swimming, brisk walking, jogging, and cycling, if done properly, can all be aerobic.

Studies indicate that more fat and less muscle and water are lost in weight-loss programs that incorporate exercise. The body's response to a drastic caloric decrease and loss of lean tissue is a slower metabolism, making continued weight loss difficult if not impossible. The ultimate insult: when weight is regained (which is usually the case), it is more likely to be water and fat than muscle tissue resulting in an ever slower metabolism and a "fatter" body. Without exercise, dieting can produce a slimmer silhouette, but the failure of dieting is that it leaves a woman with the metabolism of a "fat" woman—a metabolism that will burn fewer calories.

The ideal weight-loss program combines judicious eating (*not* a starvation diet) with moderate aerobic exercise. Exercise burns body fat, speeds metabolism, and increases muscle tissue—which, in turn, burns more calories than fat burns.

EXERCISE BASICS

In designing a personal aerobic-exercise program, three essentials must be considered: exercise intensity, duration, and frequency.

Intensity refers to heart rate during exercise. Knowing correct exercise heart rate is the key to getting a proper aerobic workout. Research has shown that a heart rate representing 60 to 80 percent of maximum heart rate is aerobic and can increase cardiovascular capacity. Exercising below aerobic heart rate will not lead to a significant increase in stamina, and exercising above your rate can be needlessly exhausting. Use the formula below to establish your target (training) heart rate (THR).

Now that exercise intensity has been established, duration of workout sessions must be determined. Again, research has suggested that heart rate should be within its aerobic range for *at least twenty minutes* in order to benefit the cardiovascular system. The safe approach to this goal: taking five minutes both before and after an aerobic workout for a warm-up and a cool-down period. Warm up for five minutes by slowly jogging in place or walking at a moderate pace to get heart rate into THR range; perform aerobic exercise for twenty minutes; afterwards slow down for five minutes to bring down heart rate. The total workout session should take approximately thirty minutes.

A few words about duration: a woman who starts a new program may not be able to exercise for twenty minutes. She should do what she can without exhausting herself, and build up to a twenty-minute minimum. Don't rush to get in shape. Take it gradually, slowly, and keep it pleasant. The body will inevitably adapt to the stresses put on it, and a woman will be able to do more—more painlessly, too.

For women who would like to exercise longer than twenty minutes, that's O.K. In fact, the longer one exercises, the more the body relies on its fat stores for fuel. Over time, the body becomes more and more efficient at burning fat for fuel (instead of storing it on the hips). A poor reason to extend the length of an exercise session: to punish oneself for years of physical neglect. Positive reasons: genuine enjoyment and feelings of invigoration.

The frequency of aerobic

(Continued on page 248)

target heart rate

- **Estimated Maximum Heart Rate (HR max)** = 220 – your age (beats per minute)
- **Lower THR limit** = .60 × HR max (bpm)
- **Upper THR limit** = .80 × HR max (bpm)

E.g.: If you are 35 years old, training heart range is:

- **HR max** = 220 – 35 (=185 bpm)
- **Appropriate aerobic training heart range:** between 111 (.60 × 185) bpm and 148 (.80 × 185) bpm.

weekly exercise program

DAY	ACTIVITY	INTENSITY	DURATION
Monday	Brisk walk	125 bpm	45 min.
Tuesday	Stationary bike	140 bpm	30 min.
Wednesday	Rest		
Thursday	Aerobic dance	135 bpm	30 min.
Friday	Brisk walk	115 bpm	40 min.
Saturday	Rest		
Sunday	Walk/jog	140 bpm	30 min.

1

Thighs A. Stand with legs a little more than shoulder-width apart, arms extended, feet turned out. B. Bend knees as shown and lower to a point that is comfortable. Never allow buttocks to drop below knee level. Return to start; repeat.

2

Thighs, buttocks Begin with back straight, right hand holding chair for support. A. With left arm extended, step forward with left leg, and (B.) bend knee until heel of right foot comes off the ground. Left knee should be directly over toes. Repeat, both legs.

the top 10

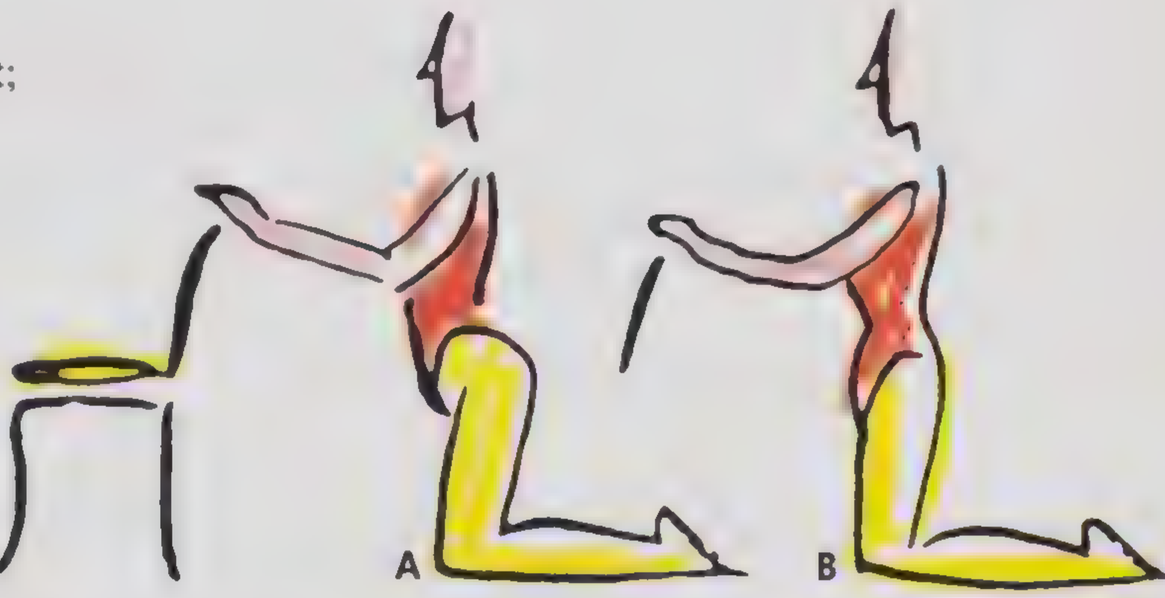
MOVES

What every woman wants for summer, for life:

10 exercises—in 10 minutes—that *really* make

a difference in body shape and muscle tone

At last! The ideal aerobic supplement—developed for Vogue by L.A. fitness consultant Dan Isaacson, to firm common trouble spots: thighs, buttocks, abdominals, upper arms. Begin by doing one set (ten repetitions) of each exercise or as many sets as you can complete—comfortably *and* correctly. Increase reps to fifteen or twenty before adding sets. Keep the muscle being worked "flexed" through the range of movement; exhale on exertion. More advanced: add one- to five-pound weights, depending on exercise level. Get a doctor's O.K. first.

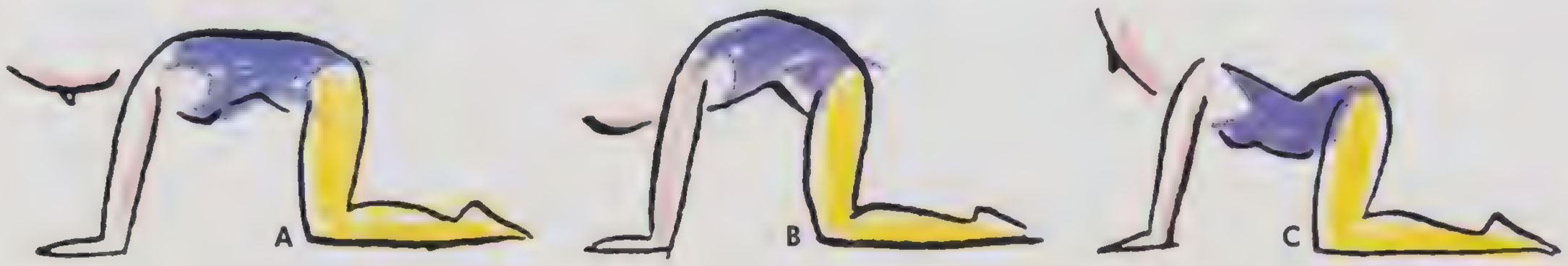


7

Back stretch A. Get into position, as shown *below*, with arms straight, hands shoulder-width apart. B. Round back upward. C. Slowly lower back until it begins to arch; repeat.

8

Buttocks A. Kneel, using a chair, as *above*; knees about six inches apart. B. Tighten buttocks and "tuck" under the pelvic area as you straighten the back. Release and arch back *slightly* (as in A) before repeating exercise.



Isabelle Dervaux

3

Inner thigh Lie on floor (as *below*) with buttocks against a wall, arms extended, legs against wall in a parallel position. Slide heels along wall until legs are extended to a comfortable position; return to start; repeat.

4

Hamstring, back of thighs Lie on stomach, arms folded with head resting on arms. Place one ankle under the opposite ankle, pressing hips against the floor. Curl legs up toward buttocks; lower; repeat, both legs.

5

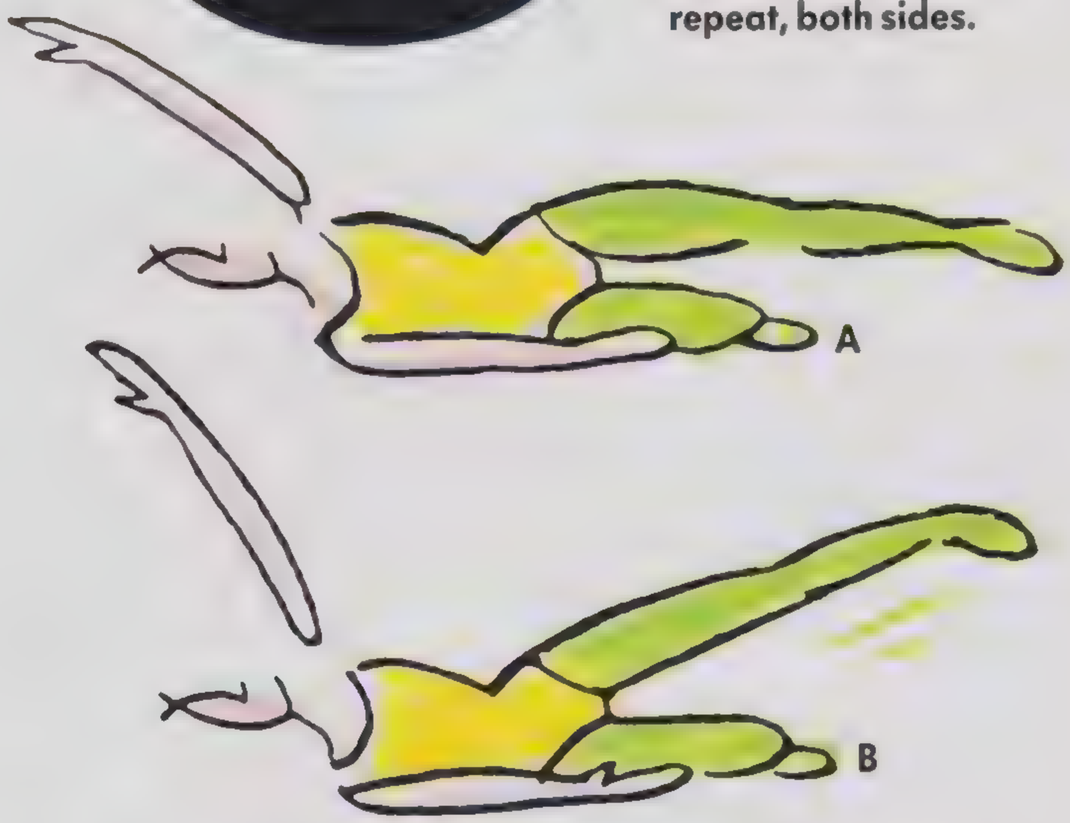
Abdominals A. Lie on back and bend knees in a splayed position, as *below*. B. Extend arms between legs; exhale and raise shoulders off the floor. Lower; repeat.

A

B

6

Obliques A. Lie on your side with bottom leg slightly bent, lower arm extended for support, top arm extended as *below*. B. Raise top leg and upper body slightly off the floor; lower; repeat, both sides.

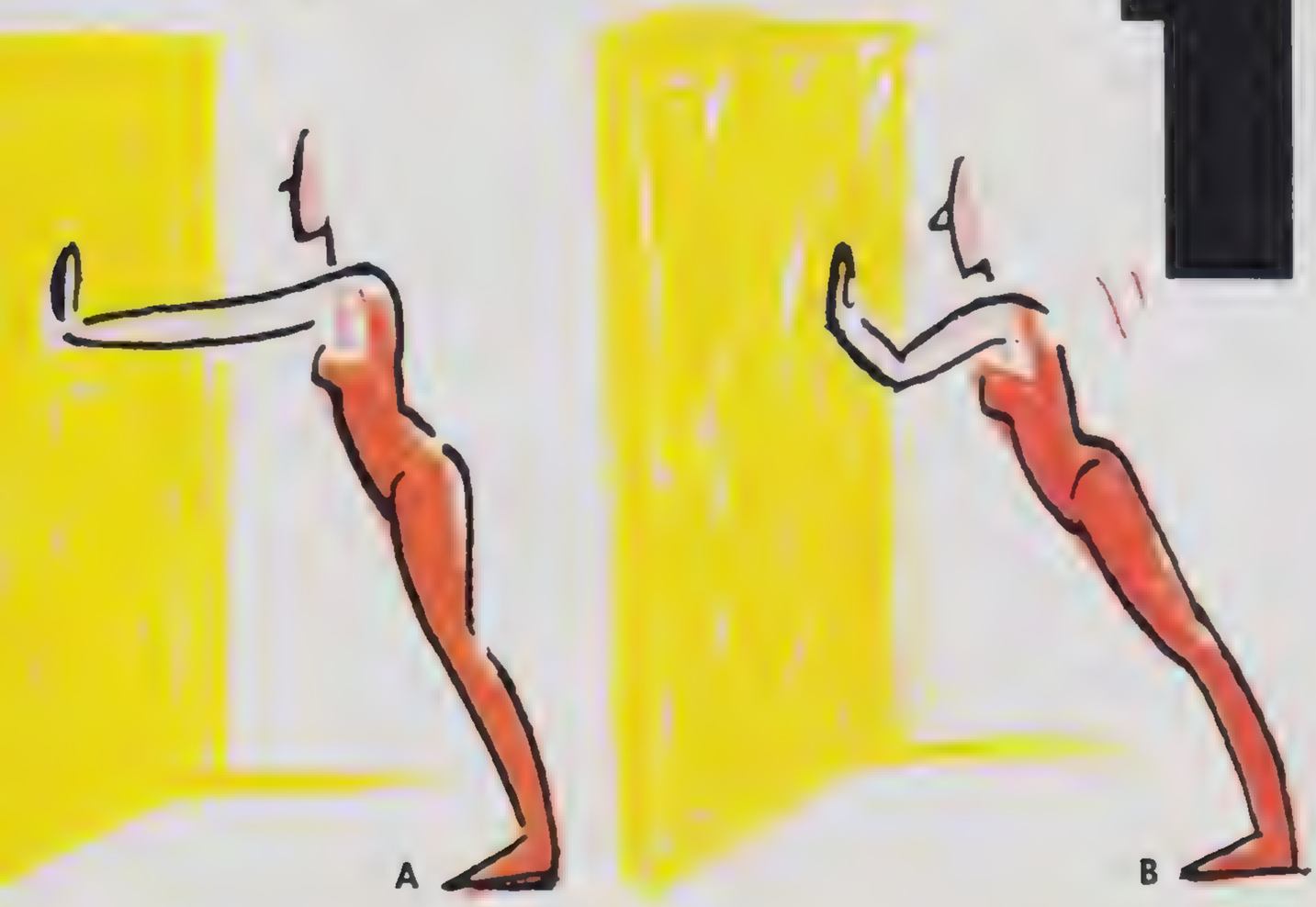


A

B

9

Shoulders, chest A. Stand, as *below*, with back straight, feet shoulder-width apart, hands at chest level against a wall. B. Bend elbows and lower to a point where your nose almost touches the wall. Return to start; repeat.



A

B

10

Biceps, triceps Sit in a chair with back straight, elbows at sides, as *below*. A. With palms facing the ceiling, rotate them out to the sides as you raise lower arms. B. Turn palms toward floor, rotate hands out to the sides as you lower arms. Keep tension on upper arms during movement. Repeat.

A

B

fitness crazy

Women who are always in search of a new diet or exercise program are looking—and hoping—to change more than their bodies. By JANICE KAPLAN

10 hot trends

A look at what the active are doing, talking about, spending their money on now: the growing "business" of fitness. By DOROTHY SCHEFER

The only constant in many women's lives is a desire for change. Women regularly look in the mirror, hoping to find their bodies transformed. Fashion, which evolves with each season, answers some of that need. Bored with their appearance, many women now go a step further: trying to remake themselves through diet, exercise, even surgery; switching sports, nutrition gurus, personal trainers.

Twenty years into the women's movement, many women still remain chronically dissatisfied with themselves, believing their lives would be better if they could only find the secret to greater attractiveness. "Throughout history, women have been valued for youth and beauty," says Estelle Ramey, M.D., Ph.D., professor emeritus, Georgetown University School of Medicine. "It's hard to overturn thousands of years of conditioning in two decades. There are women who still believe that if their abdomens are flat, if they have perfect haircuts, their lives will change and they'll be happy. Unfortunately, it never works that way." Instead, a woman undermines her sense of self; believing that if her body doesn't meet the "ideal," she is fundamentally undesirable.

Media images readily create—and celebrate— a "look" of the moment. Princess Di popularized short hair; Jane Fonda, a muscled body and flat abdomen. A much-publicized back view of Raquel Welch a few years ago spawned "women coming into exercise wanting big shoulders, strong lats and a thin waist," says Michael O'Shea, Ph.D., director of Sports Training Institute in Manhattan. But with months of hard work to accomplish that shape, "by the time you've made that change in your body, everyone is on to the new trend." At this moment, women interpret their bodies literally: with exercise, they come to feel their new strength is psychological as well as physical.

"Women have discovered their bodies are the one part of their lives over which they have some real control," says psychologist Rita Freedman, Ph.D., author of *Beauty Bound* (Lexington Books). The plus side: the accompanying sense of empowerment. Clearly, it's less threatening to change body shape or haircolor than husband or career, saner to calm restless urgings with a spa vacation than a broken marriage: to apply Band-Aids to life's problems rather than confront deeper discomforts. Regular exercise—and increased fitness—lead to feelings of strength, agility, energy. At its most extreme, need for body-control leads women to anorexia, bulimia, to remaking their shapes through liposuction and other surgery. One of the most sought-after "cosmetic" procedures in the past *(Continued on page 248)*

1. CROSS TRAINING

Fitness experts now believe that the best way to achieve and promote fitness is "cross training"—participating in a variety of activities rather than a single activity or sport. In addition to promoting *motivation* and *interest*—because it reduces monotony and boredom—cross-training also cuts down on exercise-injury rate. The new all-around sports shoe and the fastest growing shoe category now: cross-trainers—manufactured by Nike, Avia, Puma, and Reebok—which can be worn for several activities: jogging, walking, court and racquet sports.

2. FITNESS WALKING

The growing sport because it's low-impact, low-injury, appeals to an older group of exercisers and to couples who want to work out together. Fitness walking can be done year round, anywhere, and requires a low investment in equipment. One measure of its success, according to the National Sporting Goods Association: In 1985, an estimated $263.2 million was spent on walking shoes. In 1986, Americans spent $368.4 million on walking shoes.

3. HOME GYMS

Although experts suggest that the downside to owning exercise equipment is a lack of follow-through, Americans continue to believe that home gyms are the answer to achieving fitness goals. For the highly motivated, that is true. The pluses of home equipment include convenience and privacy. Latest figures prove that at-home gyms are today's booming "fitness centers." The evidence:

- Stationary bikes. Although experts say most eventually end up in the closet, Americans spent an estimated $221.4 million in 1983 and $424.3 million on bikes in 1986.
- Rowing machines. Sales of rowing machines, which are one of the newest forms of machine aerobics, went from $64.2 million in '83 to $217.2 million in 1986.
- Treadmills. Sales of treadmills—which, along with walking-for-exercise, are growing in popularity—went from an estimated $42.3 million in '83 to $85.3 million in 1986.

4. FITNESS VACATIONS

More and more people are heading to spas and hotels with health clubs, taking adventure vacations. Even people traveling on business request hotels that have exercise facilities.

There are currently about one hundred and fifty spas in America. Last year, approximately twenty new spas opened—among them the Doral Saturnia in Miami; the *(Continued on page 250)*

For the executive exerciser who's disciplined, highly motivated, but has neither the time nor space for a thorough workout: Enter, the urban gym—coed, costly, with "high-powered" amenities —including circuit training...that add up to fast-track fitness.

Estate of mind

Once at Cortachy, you forget the outside world — and succumb to a life that the Ogilvy family has been cultivating in the Scottish Highlands for nearly five centuries BY DAVID OGILVY

With a Victorian pram as her carriage and a turreted castle as her domain, six-year-old Augusta Ogilvy sees Gorbachev from her own enchanted perspective.

Patricia Beckett

Each child creates his own world. Few are lucky enough to grow up and find that world still intact. So long as Cortachy exists, my childhood is safe, safe as this castle, an extraordinary white elephant in the Scottish baronial style, lacking any real architectural merit or cohesion. But then, children do not dream of Palladian villas.

In Gaelic, Cortachy means "secluded place." It must have been a common name for a house in fourteenth-century Scotland, when the first hunting lodge was built on this land. But the name has survived for six hundred years, and Cortachy remains a secluded place, a castle surrounded by parkland, gardens, a village, and a kirk, surrounded again by five miles of high wall and a river.

Once at Cortachy you forget the wall. There are eight hundred acres between you and the outside world, which is not all that frightening anyway in the Scottish Highlands. As inside a cathedral, you are aware of space, not confinement. But the freedom and security are to some extent an illusion. Castles in the air cost nothing to keep up, but castles in Scotland cost real money, not to be found on this estate.

Farming in the Highlands hardly pays for itself, let *(Continued on page 229)*

Most Scottish castles were built to keep out people; Cortachy has a more modern view of comfort and hospitality thanks to its Victorian benefactress, Blanche Ogilvy. She was responsible for the ambitious landscaping of the park, above; and for such dalliances as the drawing room's stucco ceiling and the minstrel's balcony, right—too small to accommodate much of a show.

estate of mind

"Cortachy is like a slow-moving Hollywood drama: each year the actors arrive to film a new series, play out their scenes, and leave"

estate of mind

"We were brought up to feel extremely privileged but not rich"

(Continued from page 226) alone the upkeep of a semi-feudal demesne and Victorian pleasure dome combined. Most of the estate is hillside, covered in heather or spruce forest. The soil is poor, the wind bitter, the streams clear and peaty. We have a large deer population and a good crop of paying stalkers, many Belgian or Scandinavian, who come each season to shoot them. There must be a hundred sheep per human being. There are also grouse; nobody knows what keeps grouse happy and healthy.

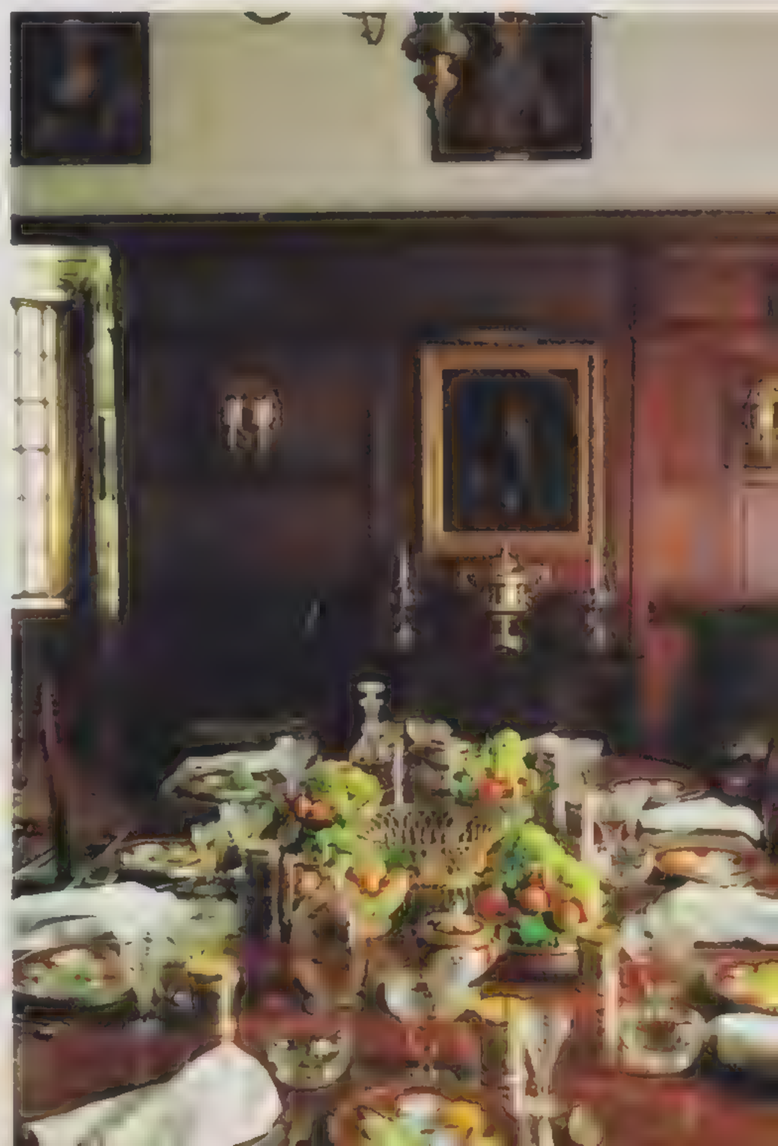
My grandfather was the last head of the family to live full-time at Cortachy. In so doing, he built up large debts, paid off by my father working as a merchant banker in London. My father retired three years ago as chairman of the Schroder Group and is now Lord Chamberlain to the Queen; my mother is a lady-in-waiting, which also requires them to live in London. So, for the past thirty years, Cortachy has been a holiday home that offers shooting, fishing, stalking, walking, clean air, and the life of a Scottish laird for three months a year. For the remaining months, the gamekeepers, ghillies, and foresters keep the estate functioning smoothly. Their children leave to find more profitable work in the cities; the continuity of son taking over from father has already been broken.

But nothing has changed dramatically, yet. Cortachy is like a slow-moving Hollywood drama: each year the principal actors arrive to film a new series, play out their scenes, and leave. The heavy work is all done backstage. When my parents are at home with some of their family and guests, it is difficult to imagine the castle deserted. We are twenty at dinner for weeks at a time, everything working perfectly under my mother's careful eye. Every guest falls in love with Cortachy.

Life here is a delicate compromise: Cortachy has an *(Continued on page 230)*

Cortachy, an eight-hundred-acre cloister: opposite above, shepherds' crooks stand ready in the hall; opposite below, an allée of Irish yew with a glorious border of purple catmint; above, the author's parents, the Earl and Countess of Airlie. Even Charles II once took refuge here, in 1650, spending a night in the dining room, right, to this day called The King's Room.

Karen Radki



(Continued from page 229) insatiable appetite for people and money. Most Scottish castles were built to keep out people. They are compact, sturdy, perhaps a little dark, but easy to run, not at all like Cortachy. As it now stands, the castle was designed to keep a large Victorian family and its numerous guests in substantial comfort.

The Industrial Revolution took time to percolate into Scotland, as did the new fashions and styles of Victorian England. Our revolution came in 1860 when Blanche Stanley married my great-great-grandfather. Blanche was the daughter of Lord Stanley of Alderley, the first Englishwoman to marry into the family. She found Cortachy the most barbaric place she had ever seen and set about rebuilding and laying out the grounds. Next door, at Balmoral, Queen Victoria was engaged in a similar task. Suddenly, Scotland was fashionable.

Blanche built staterooms, a squash court, a chapel, and a gallery; and gave the exterior of the castle the necessary Scottish baronial face lift. Selling land to pay for the improvements, Blanche plowed on, no detail too small to escape her attention. Far-flung outposts of the drainage system are stamped with her initials, BA, and the Airlie crest. She laid out the river walk: a spectacular meandering route of trees, azaleas, wild hydrangeas, and rhododendrons, where my father proposed to my mother; also the kitchen garden, which, to *(Continued on page 247)*

There are no great pictures or pieces of furniture at Cortachy, but the estate and its furnishings are inextricably bound—by history, by sentiment. In Lady Airlie's bedroom, right, the four-poster has stood unmoved since the nineteenth century; the Queen Anne rug—a penance rug—was hand-sewn by nuns. Cortachy is a world held in trust—for David Ogilvy, above, and his daughter Augusta.

So long as Cortachy exists,
my childhood is safe, safe as this castle,
an extraordinary white elephant..."

VOGUE'S LAST WORD

ON FASHION IN THIS ISSUE

What works? Polished day-to-night dressing with the ease of sportswear: the difference color makes . . . update on a perfect shirt . . . vests, jackets: look-changers

What works? At this moment, some of the most familiar sportswear pieces—**turtleneck sweaters, proper jackets, classic pants. What's different about them, often, is an off-beat, subtle color; they may be worked in a surprisingly "dressed" way**. . . for an unsuspected time of day. In a season that's less about "fashion" jolts than real style in a woman's dress, how these pieces get pulled together, you'll find, quickly becomes the significant difference.

What works? Dusty mauve, off-blue, something that just misses mint green: The new (slightly off) colors of the season aren't bright, but they're tones that are rich in hue. How to make the most of them? For the most part, by limiting that color to a single item—a jacket like Calvin Klein's in garden green (1), a fuchsia coat, or bolt-of-blue vest—then playing it against all black. What holds the look here: new, softer, wider

1

2

3

4

5

black pants; a black turtleneck. Another woman might go instead for a black crew-neck sweater, skirt, and black opaque stockings . . . or, by night, a black jersey jumpsuit and big, bold bracelets. **Against a solid base, an off-beat color jacket works by day, by night, becomes the focus for any number of looks this season.**

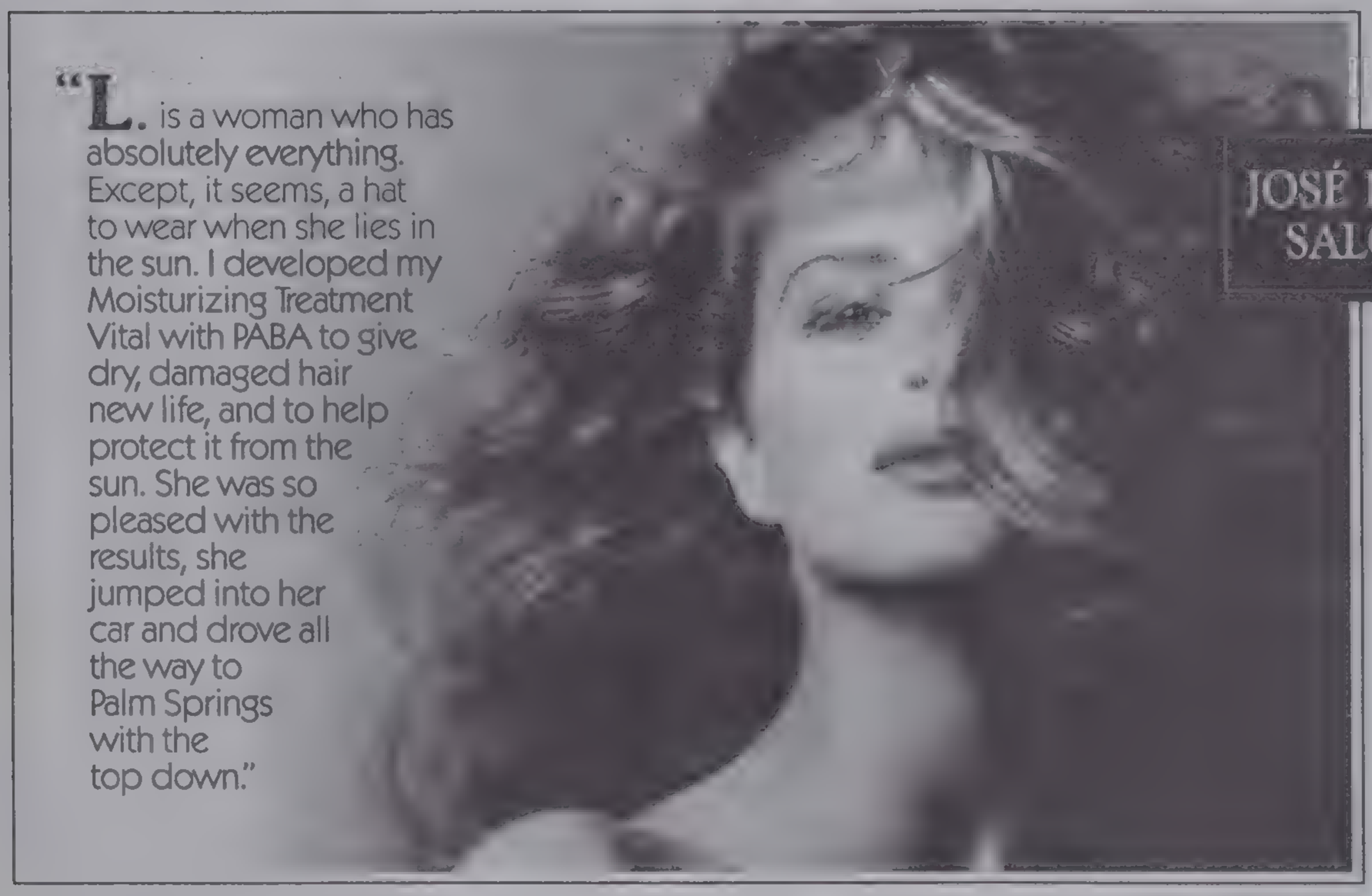
For a big evening—or the most-dressed sort of dinner—one obvious answer is a dress: long or short, clearly "special." For someone whose way of dressing is a bit easier-going, there's another way to go at this moment—and it's, in essence, sportswear. Look at Isaac Mizrahi's turn-out (2): a white shirt, shawl coat, pull-on pants—all, familiar pieces. **What takes sportswear to something special are nighttime fabrics—velvet, organza—and subtle plays of standout colors:** orange-red pants, a peony pink jacket, salmon-y jacket lining—all geared to a more dressed time of day. With more makeup at the eyes, long colorful ropes of crystals, the perfect pumps in pink satin: **What you'll add on are elements equally geared to night, equally "dressed," other ornamental tones and textures.**

An evening skirt, in the same way this fall, may be no more "glitzy" than a wool-skirt separate in a charming color. Calvin Klein's strawberry wool (4) has the extra edge of a long length and body-curving shape. With a simple turtleneck, suede pumps, Elsa Peretti's sculptured black belt, it's totally pared-down dinner dressing—skirt and sweater dressing, of a highly effective sort. Coral earrings and Tina Chow's bracelet made on a noticeably big scale are equally standout—and spare, equally far from day dressing.

At times, one effect can set up the sense of a new season. One look-turner, now, is a new vest. Comme des Garçon's red wool vest (5) is barely more than an extended collar; but put over a crisp white shirt and black trousers, it in itself adds finish and creates a "look." In other guises, this fall, you'll find colorful cropped jackets, curvy vests of brushed velvet, sleeveless boleros with beads: all serve the same purpose, add color, a decorative edge.

The edge on this new season may come, simply, from a new haircut (3): shorter, clearing the shoulders, with a swingy shape and softer sense. **Or a way of working a higher neckline:** turning up a crisp white shirt collar like a dandy, layering the neck with beads for rich effect. A colorful neck scarf wrapped and tied, held with a stickpin works to the same purpose: a personal style, a way of wearing clothes that's a bit different, a bit newer, what the coming season is all about.

Share the best-kept secrets of the best-kept women in Beverly Hills.



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Secrets from the Salon of José Eber.

health style

Toss-away lenses... "bad" eggs... sensation-seeking... ice-cream fat facts... meat rethink: a healthful option?

DENTAL HYGIENE OR DENTAL HAZARD

Is your toothbrush making you sick? The germs it harbors may be to blame for a lingering cold, recurring sore throat, or scores of other infections, says Richard T. Glass, D.D.S., Ph.D., professor and chairman of oral pathology at the University of Oklahoma's Colleges of Dentistry and Medicine.

When Glass examined used toothbrushes, he found potentially harmful bacteria on about half of the ones belonging to healthy people, on about three-quarters of those used by people with oral inflammatory diseases. (Four of ten *new* brushes were bacteria-laden, as well.) Glass also discovered that viruses, which usually depend on living cells for sustenance, can survive on a toothbrush for as long as a week in a humid bathroom.

The American Dental Association (ADA) recommends brushes be changed every three to four months, whenever bristles get worn or frayed. Glass, on the other hand, recommends that they be changed more often—every *four* weeks, if you're healthy; more often if you have a cold, flu, or other illness, are recuperating from major surgery or receiving chemotherapy.

Experts say more research is needed. "We always have healthy *and* pathogenic bacteria present in our mouths," says Clifford Whall, Ph.D., an ADA spokesman. "These are usually kept in check by the autoimmune system. What has to be proved is that pathogenic bacteria and viruses are present on toothbrushes in sufficient quantities to transmit disease, and that changing brushes more often has a positive effect on health."

GOODBYE TO CAESAR SALAD? **Scientists at the Centers for Disease Control (CDC) are warning consumers to avoid eating raw or undercooked eggs, saying that even inspected, uncracked Grade A eggs have led to an increase in salmonella food poisoning in the northeast U.S. "The risk of any one egg containing salmonella is very low," concedes Michael E. St. Louis, M.D., medical epidemiologist at the CDC. "The problem is that people very commonly eat eggs that are raw or undercooked." Fresh-made Caesar salad dressing, hollandaise sauce, and mayonnaise all contain raw egg and are potential sources of salmonella infection (symptoms: nausea, fever, diarrhea, and cramps).**

Another taboo: "sunny-side up" eggs, which aren't cooked long enough to kill the bacteria. According to Dr. St. Louis: eggs should be fried for three minutes on each side; boiled for seven minutes; poached for five.

disposable contacts?

Contact lens-wearers in Florida and California may now say goodbye to time-consuming contacts cleansing—by switching to throw-away lenses. They can be picked up by the "six-pack" from eye doctors, worn continuously for a week, then tossed out. The new "AcuVue" lenses are almost like preventive medicine, claims Dennis McCarthy, vice president, international division, Vistakon, Inc., the subsidiary of Johnson & Johnson that developed them. Disposable lenses eliminate the cleaning rituals required to keep soft and extended-wear contact lenses free of bacteria and debris—and eyes free from infection.

Unfortunately, much of the convenience of the single-use contacts is negated by the need for wearers to return to eye-care specialists about every three months for new packs and by the hefty price: anywhere from $300 to $600 for a year's supply, plus the cost of office visits.

What's next? Johnson & Johnson is looking into "instant" contacts: a drop of prescription liquid that would harden immediately into a contact lens—in a patient's eye!

ARTHUR ELGORT

WOMAN ESCAPES STRAIGHTJACKET

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Our thanks to Sherry Treacy, Taylors, SC for telling us what that means to her.

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(Excerpted from original letter.)

health style

Your diet: the "new" meat

BY JUDITH S. STERN, Sc.D.

For years now, nutritional advice from organizations such as the American Heart Association (AHA) has been to limit meat consumption (which includes red meat, turkey, and chicken) to no more than six ounces a day because meat is high in calories, saturated fat, and cholesterol. These warnings have been effective: beef consumption, in the last ten years, has dropped from 83 pounds per person per year to about 75 pounds.

This drop has prodded the meat industry—which has been steadily losing profits—to lobby the government to rethink its meat grading system, which the meat industry claims has encouraged the production of fattier meat. In response, the National Academy of Sciences (NAS) recently completed a study that some experts say could revolutionize meat production, making red meat not only acceptable to the American diet but nutritionally desirable, too. Among the NAS report's recommendations: economic incentives for meat producers to market leaner beef; changes in the meat grading system; and the use of biotechnology to produce meat lower in calories, fat, cholesterol, and relatively higher in other essential nutrients.

These changes should become effective in the next year or so. In the meantime, experts still suggest consuming red meat in moderation, limiting portion size to 3 oz. (cooked). Experts also caution women in their menstruating years that, because of their high iron requirements, they should never eliminate red meat totally from their diets. "Meat can be a relatively low-fat source of iron and other nutrients," says R. Gaurth Hansen, Ph.D., professor of nutrition at Utah State University. "A trimmed, roasted 3-ounce serving (4-oz. raw) of 'prime' beef contains about 190 calories and provides half of a woman's RDA for protein, plus a good percentage of B vitamins and minerals. Sixty-two percent of iron in beef is 'heme' iron, which is five times more readily absorbed than iron found in vegetables and grains."

The Grading Game

In addition to limiting the frequency of red meat consumption and portion size, choosing the leanest meat is also important. The NAS has proposed changes in the meat grading system, so that the leaner meat is, the higher the rating it would receive —exactly the opposite of what is done today. Current meat grading standards are based on the tenderness and palatability of meat; and since fat gives meat much of its flavor, the higher meat's fat content the better it tastes and the higher its grade. Unfortunately, this grading system has encouraged meat producers to overfatten cattle. Most consumers believe "prime" is the leanest meat; it is, in fact, the fattest. "Choice" meat has a moderate amount of fat; the leanest meat is rated "Good." Since consumers have misinterpreted the "Good" grade to be nutritionally inferior, USDA renamed it "Select." Research shows that the minimum amount of fat necessary for acceptable palatability is equivalent to Good/Select meat cuts.

The USDA currently requires certain products such as cold cuts and sausages to contain a *minimum* percentage of fat (the exact amount varies, depending on the product) in order not to be called "imitation." The report recommends that this standard be based on protein content rather than fat. Some manufacturers are coming out with "Lite" lines of such products, but comparison is difficult. Though the USDA has established guidelines for labeling beef—"lean" (no more than 10 percent fat), "extra lean" (no more than 5 percent fat), or "light," "lite," "leaner," and "lower-fat" (25 percent less fat than the "standard" product of the same type)—the guidelines are not universally enforced. Experts also point out that the terms apply to the percentage of fat on the animal, not to the individual cut of meat a consumer purchases in a store, which could still be high in fat. The NAS recommends these terms be standardized for consumers at point of purchase.

"Designer" Meat

Most experts feel that the most important issue related to meat is the raising of leaner animals. Some changes have already occurred. As a rule, today's cattle are fed grain for a shorter time period and slaughtered at a younger age so that they have about 6 percent less fat and 25 percent more lean than they had twenty or thirty years ago. Genetic selection also has produced leaner pigs.

But some experts feel that the real future in leaner meat may lie in the use of safer hormones and chemicals to regulate and modify animal growth. In the past, growth-promoting techniques have included using antibiotics and steroids, practices that raised concerns about the levels of drug residues remaining in animals and their safety in terms of human consumption. There is growing concern that the use of antibiotics in animal feed could lead to antibiotic-resistant organisms, such as salmonella, that could cause diseases in people. The FDA put forth a proposal in 1977 to ban the use of tetracycline and penicillin in animal feed, but according to the Natural Resources Defense Council, pressure from the pharmaceuticals companies has kept the proposal from being enacted.

The new focus on improving animal growth is in using natural hormones that are present in animals' bodies. Current studies involve the use of recombinant hormones injected daily into animals to speed growth and create leaner meat, or to stop natural growth inhibitors. Use of recombinant growth-hormone therapy has already been shown to produce leaner pigs. Another approach may be the use of chemicals known as beta-agonists, which when added to animal feed mimic the action of natural hormones and help to break down animal fat cells and inhibit fat storage.

Proponents of these methods contend that neither approach is risky to humans because both substances have short "half-lives"—i.e., they remain active in the animals' bodies for only a few hours; they add that the substances would most likely be destroyed in cooking, anyway.

Still, some consumer groups, including experts at the Center for Science in the Public Interest, have voiced concerns about use of these hormones and beta-agonists to stimulate animal growth, and say that more research is needed to ensure the safety of these methods.

Today's Best Meat Choices

As efforts to produce leaner meat continue, there are steps that women can take to maximize meat's nutrition while minimizing fat.

- Choose the leanest cut: As a rule, fat percentages in beef and pork cuts decrease as you move toward the back of the animal—from chuck and brisket (highest fat content), ribs and flank (moderate fat content), tenderloin and round (lowest in fat).
- Don't add fat or salt in preparation: Broil, braise, or roast meat on a rack, using herbs and spices for seasoning rather than frying in oil or adding heavy sauces.

Judith S. Stern, Sc. D., *is professor of nutrition, University of California, Davis.*

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from Whitehall Laboratories

hangover handicap

Everyone knows the dangers of driving while intoxicated; driving while hung over may not be a good idea, either. Recent research shows a hangover can impair driving as much as 20 percent—even hours after blood alcohol concentration has gone back to zero. Swedish researchers not only found that hangover-impaired subjects did significantly worse on complex driving maneuvers but also that subjects who felt fine in the morning (after drinking the night before) did just as poorly as those who were smitten with obvious hangovers.

"You can't depend on how you feel," says Von Otto Leirer, Ph.D., a researcher at the Stanford University School of Medicine who conducted a similar study with Navy pilots. "Anytime you have to perform at your peak—such as driving in bad weather or when someone suddenly pulls out in front of you—expect hangover effects to impair your performance."

Ice Cream Scoop

July is National Ice Cream Month—not surprising when you consider this summer pleasure is one of the first foods (over cake, pizza, even chocolate) people turn to when they want an indulgence. But just how fattening is ice cream?

By definition, ice cream must contain at least 10 percent butterfat (8 percent if it's chocolate or strawberry). Gourmet ice creams (Häagen-Dazs is one) contain nearly twice as much fat as regular ice creams. Here, how the top ice creams compare.

Ice cream (1/2 cup)		Calories	Fat (gm)
Frusen Glädjé	vanilla	250	18
	chocolate	260	18
Häagen-Dazs	vanilla	260	17
	chocolate	270	17
Ben & Jerry's	French vanilla	267	17
	chocolate	290	18
Breyers	vanilla	150	8
	chocolate	160	8
Dove Bar	dark chocolate/ vanilla, 4 oz.	304	16
Häagen-Dazs Bar	dark chocolate/ vanilla, 3.6 oz.	375	26

Note: To figure out the number of fat calories, multiply the number of grams of fat by 9.

Based on charts adapted from Tufts University Diet & Nutrition Letter (July 1987) and Consumer Reports (July 1986)

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(Continued from page 188)

could fall in with the SLA, many of whom were more educated than she (Bill Harris, who is portrayed in the film as not particularly bright, even a bit deranged, has a master's degree in urban education). "Patty was a clean slate. She took a baby step of rebellion with Steven Weed, someone her family didn't regard as an ideal candidate for their daughter. He was her math tutor; Cinque became her political tutor. After that, she married her bodyguard. There begins to be a pattern here."

Says Dr. Ochberg, "It's helpful to think of her at the time of the kidnapping as at a stage of life—late adolescence—where her identity was not yet formed and fully internalized."

Today, Shaw compares Cinque to Charles Manson, and the SLA to a cult. "You can hardly have a hold on reality when you're all living in one room and staying up all night having self-criticism sessions. It was mass hypnosis. By the end, they were chanting, 'We won't live to see the end of the revolution.' "

To those outside the SLA who knew "Tania," she was a person ready to "kill pigs" on sight. Her ravings and rhetoric represented "the spirit of my generation gone crazy," says Jack Scott, a onetime sports activist and radical writer who is not portrayed in the movie. Scott first met Hearst and the Harrises shortly after their return to Berkeley following the shoot-out in Los Angeles. Scott describes them as "cornered rats trying to act brave. Patty was armed to the teeth and the most militant in terms of revolutionary rhetoric."

On the condition that she give up her guns, Scott agreed to transport Hearst across the country to a farmhouse hideout in Pennsylvania, where he introduced her to another underground radical, Wendy Yoshimura, the woman living with her when she was captured. (Yoshimura, onetime girlfriend of a terrorist bomber, was once charged with "liberating bologna from a Safeway," says Scott.) Part of Scott's generosity came from his interest in seeing a book written about the SLA. (He later sued Hearst and won a $30,000 settlement for her falsely portraying him in her book as running an underground railroad for radicals, but he also signed a release allowing her to reprint the book as written.)

Scott decided the safest way to travel with Patty was in a car with his parents, managers of a Nevada motel. But he also realized that delivering Hearst to *her* parents would be an even bigger story. "Just before we were to get on the freeway to head east, my father stopped the car and said, 'Patty, you know we're not part of the SLA. We'll take you wherever you want to go.' " According to Scott, she replied, " 'Take me the fuck where you're supposed to, or you'll all be dead.' My parents got very scared and said, 'Okay, we'll just head north.' "

"Then," says Scott, "for five days we got to hear the saga of the Hearst family as Patty saw it then—how her mother was a heavy drinker and a pill popper, how Patty was raised by hired help and never really saw her parents, how she felt when she saw her mother renew her Regent's term for ten years, and her father imply [by his rejection of the SLA's second ransom demand] that Patty was worth a couple of million dollars and that was all."

Shaw denies the Scotts ever made such an offer. "They were totally afraid, just doing their son's bidding. It never came up."

Micki Scott, Jack's wife, had the same impression of Hearst as her husband. "When Patty stopped in New York City on her way to Pennsylvania, she would take the *Times*, sit in the corner with her Magic Marker and circle pictures and names of people for her death list—people like Jane Fonda and Angela Davis. If you weren't for the SLA, you were part of the establishment." Shaw responds: "I'm not going to get into a debate with Jack and Micki Scott. Honest to God, I don't care what they say. They don't know what I was like before."

Shaw describes her psychological state at the time as "a collapse of the mental capability to discern right from wrong, and reality from what I wanted the SLA to believe. It was critical to have them believe that I believed every word they said. But I got to a point where everything snapped, and I couldn't tell where I was pretending and where I was real. I was just going along, dutifully purging myself of bad thoughts, and not realizing that I didn't have control over anything I was doing or thinking."

> "Patty has kept the musical rights to her story"

Did she ever feel there was a time when she was crossing over into criminal behavior? Shaw laughs sardonically. "Of course, none of it was considered criminal because it was a revolution. Everything had different names."

She labels her mental state "traumatic neurosis with dissociative features." Dr. Ochberg, who recently edited a book called *Post-Traumatic Therapy and Victims of Violence*, says this state is not psychotic—which would probably exempt a person from culpability under the law—but, at its extreme, borders on psychosis. "In a dissociative state, you vaguely know what's real and what isn't. It's as if you're traveling in a daze." Is what Shaw describes plausible? "Yes," says Dr. Ochberg, reaffirming Shaw's statement that she even felt a state of loss during her first weeks in jail as the part of her that had become Tania, the revolutionary, receded, and Patricia Hearst, the California blueblood, began to reappear.

Did this make Hearst responsible for criminal acts? "This gets to a very controversial part of the law," says Dr. Ochberg. "My own feeling is that the law places a little too much emphasis on the legal concept of *mens rea*, the capacity for having a guilty mind as a result of knowing right from wrong. But she did have some responsibility, as I understand the facts." On the other hand, he says, "Patty sounds very intelligent in her self-analysis; if she now appears like a thoughtful and rational woman, she may be the best eyewitness."

After her arrest, F. Lee Bailey, the flamboyant attorney retained by the Hearsts who was widely criticized for his handling of the case, never tried to get Hearst out on bail or to plea-bargain her case. (To gain sympathy for the protagonist, the movie shows a fictional plea-bargaining sequence in which the government denies her this option.) Instead, Hearst spent months in jail "hiding out," she says, "a mistake." Meanwhile, she was mercilessly probed and tested by psychiatrists on both sides (one doctor even released her medical records), a process some viewed as deprogramming and others as "revictimization." Shortly after her arrest, there were clear signs of trauma: her IQ was measured at 112; there were huge gaps in her memory regarding her pre-Tania life; she was smoking heavily; she had nightmares; her weight went down to eighty-seven pounds. Then, at one point just after her conviction, when she began to implicate her former comrades in hopes of gaining a more lenient sentence, one of her lungs collapsed.

Today, Jack Scott says, "I feel sad for Patty that she's boxed herself in, perpetuating the nightmare by taking a course that isn't the truth." But Shaw herself, softer and rounder than in her Tania days, is serene. Although her parents have divorced—"undoubtedly because of my kidnapping," she says—the only lasting effect on her of the years in captivity, she says, is a contempt for psychiatrists and a hatred of drugs. "That was the reason 90 percent of the women in prison with me were there. Now, when I see a friend who wants to smoke a joint, I say, 'Don't you know that by doing that you are enslaving a black person in Harlem?' " That is as far as Shaw's politicization goes. "However ferocious she was in the SLA, there was still a part of her that was Patricia Hearst," says Nicholas Kazan, the film's screenwriter. "As her father once said, you simply can't deny the first nineteen years."

Lunching recently at the chic New York City restaurant Bellini, Patricia Hearst Shaw, who recently has not shunned the limelight, confides that upon being invited to accompany her film to the Cannes Film Festival, her first question was "Should I wear long or short?" (Once there, she received a standing ovation.)

"I've retained all the residual rights to my film," Shaw explains over a bowl of fish soup. "There will be no sit-coms from the movie, no Patty T-shirts, no Tania guns." She is particularly pleased about keeping the musical rights. "You just never know what might come up in life," she says several days later. "Who would have thought somebody would make a musical about Eva Peron?"

Shaw's older daughter has already come home from school and asked whether it's true that her mother was kidnapped and put in jail because she robbed a bank. As her daughters grow, the questions will invariably become more pointed. But in a society where Claus von Bülow and the Mayflower Madam are invited to the best parties, Patricia Hearst Shaw wears her notoriety like a badge of honor. ▽

DETAILS

STEPHANE SEDNAOUI

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1. How often do you get headaches? (please check)
6 -1☐ I rarely get them.
-2☐ I get them once in a while.
-3☐ I get them frequently, but not at regular intervals.
-4☐ I get them frequently at regular intervals.

2. How many days per year are you kept home by your headaches? (please check one)
7 -1☐ 1-3
-2☐ 4-7
-3☐ 8-12
-4☐ more than 12 (please specify) ____ 8-10

3. Rate the level of headache pain you feel most often: (please circle)
11 - 1 .....2 .....3 .....4 5
mild (annoying) — intense (can't focus attention) — incapacitating (seek medical help)

4. What kind of medication have you tried to alleviate the pain, and what quantity do you take weekly?

(please check all that apply)	*type*	*# per week* (please list)
12 -1☐ Over-the-counter aspirin.		____ 13 - 14
-2☐ Over-the-counter non-aspirin pain reliever.		____ 15 - 16
-3☐ Prescription pain reliever.		____ 17 - 18

5. Which professionals have you visited for headache relief? (check all those visited)
19 -1☐ GP or family doctor
-2☐ neurologist
-3☐ psychiatrist
-4☐ psychologist
-5☐ social worker
-6☐ obstetrician/gynecologist
-7☐ eye doctor
-8☐ temporo mandibular joint specialist (TMJ)
-9☐ chiropractor
20 -1☐ physical therapist
-2☐ acupuncturist
-3☐ hypnotist
-4☐ allergist
-5☐ behavioral medicine specialist (biofeedback)

6. How helpful has the treatment you've received been? (please circle)
21 - 1 .....2 .....3 .....4 5
not helpful — helpful — very helpful

7. Is there a particular time of day you find you are more likely to get headaches?
22 -1☐ morning
-2☐ afternoon
-3☐ evening
-4☐ night

Is there a particular time of week?
23 -1☐ weekdays
-2☐ weekends

Is there a particular time of year?
24 -1☐ spring
-2☐ summer
-3☐ fall
-4☐ winter
-5☐ holidays

8. About you: (please check)

Age:
25 -1☐ under 20
-2☐ 20-29
-3☐ 30-39
-4☐ 40-49
-5☐ 50-59
-6☐ 60-69
-7☐ over 70

Sex:
26 -1☐ M
-2☐ F

Occupation:
27 -1☐ managerial
-2☐ professional
-3☐ clerical
-4☐ skilled labor
-5☐ unskilled labor
-6☐ homemaker
-7☐ other

Marital status:
28 -1☐ single
-2☐ married
-3☐ separated or divorced
-4☐ widowed

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AMSTERDAM

(Continued from page 183)

later to dispel, the long shadow of the terrible event.

In Mulisch's new novel, *Last Call*, an old actor, eclipsed for years by his Nazi connections, is thrust into the midst of a young theater group in the Amsterdam of the mid-1980s. As he watches the roundelay of contemporary Amsterdam, with its alien sexual mores and its anxieties and excitements, he is drawn to a last bid for recognition and a sure destruction. In Mulisch's fiction there are fantasies and nightmares, and yet all is encompassed by an imagination that's unclouded, precise. One imagines that Mulisch has *his* obsessions, but he's also one of those rare artists who are capable of describing what they are not.

Descriptive clarity is at the heart of Dutch painting, too; and what astonishes a visitor—not only in Vermeer, but also in De Hooch, Steen, Metsu—is how description *becomes* feeling. And how the peacefulness of the scene of beer drinking in a De Hooch in the glorious Mauritshuis Museum in the Hague is recapitulated even now in the traditional watering holes of Holland ("brown cafés"), where one stops for a simple lunch of eggs, potatoes, and beer. The women in the De Hooch and the respectable though eccentric-looking middle-aged lady tending bar today could be sisters.

The essence of Dutch life is its coziness. Only the great Rijksmuseum, home of Rembrandt's "Night Watch" and Vermeer's "Street in Delft," is as cold and impersonal as a Midwestern high school. The Mauritshuis—a seventeenth-century jewel among the smaller museums of the world, recently reopened after extensive renovations—is cozy in spite of its great elegance. I could sit forever in one of the Mauritshuis' deep window seats, looking at a Van der Weyden or a Ruysdael bathed in the most wonderful natural light.

De Stijl and Vermeer, Mondrian and Van Gogh: once you arrive in Holland the ordinary progression of styles begins to collapse into new, intriguing juxtapositions. Walking around Amsterdam, one gets caught up in reveries that telescope time present and past. At dusk, this is still the city that the nineteenth-century French painter Fromentin described in his wonderful *Masters of Past Time*: "The evening is soft, grey, and veiled. Light summer mists bathe the extremities of the canal."

I only begin to lose the Dutch strand when I go looking for contemporary art. The art scene here—as everywhere else in Europe—is now an international scene, and what is particular is at every moment in danger of getting lost in the flood of what is typical. At the Barbara Farber Gallery—located in a grand old house on the Keizergracht canal—I am dismayed to see work by young American artists, such as abstractionists Lydia Dona and Willy Heeks, whose New York reputations aren't two years old. Since Amsterdam dealers have to offer their local clients foreign art at the relatively low prices Dutch collectors are willing to pay, they offer the work of very new Americans. But the phenomenon of the international scene as a résumé-builder is depressing when the artists in question are ones whose quality we barely know. At the Farber Gallery, I find myself looking from what is on the walls to the pretty baroque ceiling of the main salon and through tall windows to the garden below.

Inevitably, when we go to galleries in foreign countries, we pay as much attention to the inflections of taste as to the art—it's so hard to make contact with an art scene when we're on the run. From the weeks I've spent going to galleries in Paris, I've brought home mostly the impression of the wonderful secret courtyards, the glass roofs, and beautiful light; in Amsterdam I'm struck by the modesty of gallery operations. The Paul Andriesse Gallery is on the Prinsengracht canal at the edge of the Jordaan section, an old part of the city where fashionable restaurants are tucked away on winding streets, and which is said to be Amsterdam's SoHo. Andriesse, who's in his thirties, mostly exhibits Dutch artists; throughout his gallery, there's an emphasis on the romantically handmade—elegant papers, swirling brushstrokes out of which figures and landscapes emerge. But I left Amsterdam with as much of an impression of the cups of tea that were offered around; the loose sport jackets and open-necked shirts worn by dealer and assistant; and the appearance of artist Pieter Laurens Mol, handsome as a movie star in the long raincoat that plays a role in some of the photo self-portraits he has done.

> Here, the party is still going strong

Mol drives me over to Prinseneiland, to a building full of studios. This old industrial neighborhood has an end-of-the-world mysteriousness. Nearby is De Appel, an alternative museum run by the dark, intense Saskia Bos, who refuses to be photographed: "Reproduce the art, not me," she says.

Aside from De Appel, the major cultural centers are in the old neighborhood around the Leidseplein. The painter Gerti Bierenbroodspot, whose bright-blue eyes flash from under an unruly mop of Rubens-blond hair, has a house nearby. One Sunday, she greets me at the front door with acrylic paint on her fingers, and the paint stays there through a brunch of fresh herring and Champagne, a visit to her tall, crowded studio, and a short bicycle ride over to De Balie, an old building that's been given a modern spin with the addition of lots of metal and plate glass, as well as cafés and restaurants and theaters. Just adjacent to De Balie is the old holding prison, now honeycombed with artists' studios; another few yards down the street, an old church has been turned into The Paradiso, a concert hall that hosts everything from rock to classical—often with several events going on in one night.

Nearby, in the comfortable old bourgeois neighborhoods around the Vondelpark (Amsterdam's equivalent of NYC's Central Park), actors and professionals who find the houses on the canal prohibitively expensive are moving in. Actress Renee Soutendijk, a delicate beauty with a shadow of Marlene Dietrich about her slanting green eyes, lives here when she's not off on assignment. This leading lady of Dutch cinema is just back from Poland, where she finished work on *Wherever You Are*, a movie in which she plays a woman struggling to cope with the war-torn Europe of 1938; her co-star is English actor Julian Sands.

Like many Dutch stars, Soutendijk started out in theater and has a cosmopolitanism that goes far beyond movie talk; conversation turns to books and exhibitions, the best shows to see in Paris. Having conquered Dutch cinema, the challenge for an actress like Soutendijk is to get major roles elsewhere—to move beyond the dangers of typecasting, of always being the strange foreign woman, the exotic at the edge of the story. Americans will see Soutendijk on TV this summer, in *King of the Olympics*, a miniseries about industrialist Avery Brundage and his involvement with amateur sports.

Americans will also be seeing Jeroen Krabbe, in Joan Micklin Silver's latest feature, *Crossing Delancey*. Krabbe began in the theater, and came to international prominence through the movies *Soldier of Orange* and *The Fourth Man*. I visit Krabbe in the house near the Vondelpark where he lives with his wife and sons. Krabbe, a man with a devilish look in his small eyes, pours coffee from a kitschy old pot; this whitewashed, floor-through apartment where Krabbe relaxes between movies is casual, unprepossessing. The descendent of two generations of painters, Krabbe himself has a second career as a painter, and the rooms are hung with his canvases, semiabstract fantasies on exotic locales, with a touch of Paul Klee's Tunisian images about them.

Krabbe strikes me as cheerful, pragmatic—very much a son of Amsterdam. "I don't plan my career," he says. "I just wait and see what comes my way." Steeped in history, this city nevertheless remains immune to the shrunken expectations that dog so much of European life today. Holland, feisty and independent, carries on, nearly as sure of itself now as it was two centuries ago, when writer Romeyn de Hooghe called it "far and away the most praiseworthy; the freest and safest state that had ever been known."

On an ordinary Wednesday night, Gerti Bierenbroodspot takes me along with a group of friends to her local café. It's a smallish room, chockablock with people, mostly standing, crowded together. The beers keep coming out from behind the bar—and if you don't drink yours down fast enough, it's whisked away, to be replaced by another with a fresh head of foam. The neighborhood locals, ranging from bohemian to bourgeois—it's not always easy to tell them apart—come and go. When I leave around midnight, the party is still going strong, a Jan Steen vision of carousing, with cigars and pipes and dogs underfoot, with smiling eyes and the lager flowing.

(ED. NOTE: More on Amsterdam, page 120.)

FALLING IN LOVE, AGAIN

(Continued from page 177)

problem, she argues, is that since men and women do not share the same understanding of what love is, many women consider men less loving than themselves; they are measuring men's behavior against a feminine standard. Women value talking about feelings, exposing vulnerability, and expressing affection, while men value more practical and material experiences: shared physical activities, spending time together, and sex. Cancian describes an almost tragicomic episode in one study on love in which researchers asked a husband to increase his affectionate behavior toward his wife. He washed her car, and then "was surprised when neither his wife nor the researchers accepted that as an 'affectionate' act."

Cancian believes it is damaging to both men and women to define love only in the feminine way. A man's "acts" on behalf of his love have a caring dimension, and, just as importantly, women's "feelings" have a competent, active component. Indeed, most women can tell you that it takes both skill and effort to be aware of, and attentive to, a loved one's feelings. On the other hand, if men didn't dismiss emotional sensitivity as "woman's intuition," they might find out that it is a powerful tool and one that can be vastly improved through use.

The solution is for the two cultures to draw closer: Cancian reports that as women gain equality and independence, more couples *are* achieving the "interdependent" relationships she upholds as the key to lasting, genuine love.

For philosopher Robert Solomon, the author of *About Love: Reinventing Romance for Our Times* (Simon and Schuster), it goes without saying that true love can occur only between equals. For him, love levels all status differences, whether based on gender or anything else; it is most inspired when two equals regard one another as superiors.

A professor of philosophy at the University of Texas at Austin, Solomon seeks a new ideal of love, though he is clearest on what love is *not*. First, it is not anything so banal as a "relationship." A "relationship," he tells us, is the "juxtaposition of two separate and self-contained entities. Love, on the other hand, is an explosive fusion." At the same time, Solomon's idea of love is not anything as fleeting as a "feeling." It is a *process* of mutual discovery—the voluntary and creative action of two people, in which a new and better identity is born for each. The "one grand reason for love," for Solomon, is the knowledge that "we bring out the best in each other."

When love doesn't last, Solomon suggests, it is because we haven't taken it seriously enough: "We conceive of it falsely, as a feeling, as novelty, as bound up with youth and beauty." Rather, love, for all its explosiveness, is an "accomplishment," one that we must treat as a process we have control over and can apply logic and reason to.

If we make true friendship, rather than passion, the foundation of love, then ". . . love actually gets *better* with time, rather than waning as we so often fear." It gets better as we apply our energies and intellects to it, working at being better lovers and more love-worthy people.

The problem with Solomon, from the point of view of any veteran of love, is that he overly idealizes romantic love. Certainly, we can *define* love as a "process," rather than an erratic "feeling," and as a process in which we are bound to become better people. But what we commonly experience as love is not at all rational and often not even emotionally healthful. Feelings of desperate dependency and insecurity may not be "love" in Solomon's dictionary, but they are part of the everyday drama of romantic love as most of us know it. Redefining romantic love as a controllable "process" may help us to revise our expectations in a sane and balanced way, but it will not automatically make love *safer*.

Psychoanalyst Ethel Person, M.D., author of *Dreams of Love and Fateful Encounters: The Power of Romantic Passion* (Norton), argues that love cannot be rationally "reinvented" according to some healthful prescription, no matter how sound and well-intended. Love does not necessarily rest on affectionate bonding; it may even be based on bonds of "mutual destructiveness." Love may be unrequited, it may be adulterous, it may be deeply destructive; it is possible, even common, to fall in love with a person one might otherwise despise.

But, to Person, the leap from objectivity and reason to subjectivity and passion is what gives love its liberating power. "Most mental health treatments of love are stale, antiseptic, and preachy," she remarks disdainfully; psychiatrists and other therapists "counsel a kind of love stripped of 'excess'—mature, as it were—and based on mutual respect, shared values, and common interests. . . . Their hope is that tamed, mutual love will be less disorderly than romantic love."

> "True romantic love breaks hearts"

To Person, true romantic love is amoral. It may appear and disappear frivolously, break hearts and hurt other people, but it is this very wildness and unaccountability that makes it glorious, brave, and free. Love worthy of the name lasts only as long as the blissful and self-transcendent feelings that it inspires.

Not surprisingly, Person does not see love fitting neatly into marriage or other long-term unions, for, as she says, "such obsession is not completely consonant with functional life." According to Person's observations, a "fortunate few" overcome this problem—by replacing the amorous quest with a joint voyage of psychological self-discovery, or by sharing another passion, such as political involvement.

But more significantly, Person argues that love ought not be judged by its longevity but simply valued in itself as life's peak experience. She writes that those who seek safety in love make a twofold error: first, because love so often proves unstable; second, because the ideal of safety may disguise a fear of "the risks attendant upon the adventure of becoming through love. . . the person we have not yet discovered." Fortunately, though, the changes that love may catalyze in us can outlast the relationship itself, since love is a route to "self-realization and self-transformation." Love allows us to "remake the past" as we reexperience old conflicts in a new context; with love's fresh surge of strength, we may be emboldened to drop hardened defenses, break stale taboos, change our values. So profound are the possibilities that Person describes love as the paradigm for the personality changes incurred in "born again" religious conversions or through many years of psychoanalysis.

Person shows unwarranted confidence, though, that the love-survivor, armed with this new self-knowledge, is better off after the affair than before. She shows little concern for the heartbreak that may follow romantic passion for all but the "fortunate few." If the experience seems entirely destructive, she tells us only that ". . . the danger of suffering in love is nothing compared to the danger of feeling that one has never lived. . . ."

For a modern psychoanalyst who has been in some ways so defiant of psychoanalytic orthodoxy—practically venerating what other experts would consider pathological obsession—Person is strikingly uncritical of the classic definitions of femininity and masculinity. Throughout the book, she refers to the "lover" as "he" and the "beloved" as "she." The prevailing imbalances in sex roles do not strike her as obstacles to love at all. She is dubious of any proposals to resolve those differences ". . . because of the importance of *otherness* to the process of being in love." That otherness, though, produces an extreme asymmetry; according to Person, the quest for an ideal love relationship is woman's central quest in life—while man searches for his identity through power, adventure, achievement. She says little to explain where a woman would ever find the emotional resources for anything *except* romantic passion—such as becoming a psychoanalyst, or writing a book.

What can we learn from the experts, with their thousands of words, hundreds of literary references, dozens of case studies? Is love an exercise in egalitarian "interdependence," a voluntary "process" of mutual discovery, or a heedless surrender to passion? Like the scholars, ordinary people come to love with vastly different definitions of what love "really" is. When one person says love, he means respectful affection; another means the room is spinning. One thinks love means commitment till-death-do-us-part; another thinks it means a cautious working out of expectations. To one, love is expressed in actions; to another, in words or just a silent glance. Presumably, we are each free to pick our own definition—along with the expert who best represents it.

But what happens when people who see love differently get together? Take the case of two talented and intelligent acquaintances of ours, who seemed very much in love. After six months of living together, she wanted to marry

and he wanted to wait. She left abruptly and, while he was still hoping they could get back together, the mail brought a formal announcement of her wedding to another man. Our friend was devastated. He felt he had been deeply loving—if love meant attentiveness, responsibility, and a willingness to "work" on the relationship. But to his lost lover, romance was all or nothing. His ideal was a labor of love; her ideal was a leap of faith. Our prescription, had she not bolted, would be that he should read Person to understand passion, possessiveness, and obsession, while she should cool her emotions with the wisdom of Solomon and the practical insights of Cancian.

The final book on love, however, has not been written and, like perfect love itself, may be an impossible goal. For the crucial insight may well be that there is no single definition of love. What our friends needed, after all, was not to know more about the "true" nature of love, nor to convince each other of their own beliefs, but rather to understand the beliefs and interpretations each brought to the experience of love. We may never get any closer, through intellect alone, to understanding the nature of that experience itself. For as Ethel Person argues, romantic love is one of the irreducibly primal experiences of our lives.

If, as the scholars of love seem to believe, we are ready for a new age of romantic love, we will enter it with at least one small grain of wisdom. We do not *need* romantic love; history tells us that much. But love is still the transcendent adventure that can transform our lives—at least the experts agree on that. The "trick," if there is one, lies in knowing that there is more than one definition of love and more than one language that lovers speak. Perhaps the most we can do is to learn, as best we can, the language of love that our own loved one speaks. In the new age of love, no one can afford not to be at least bilingual.

And if through each love we discover and create a new aspect of self, then through all of our loves we should grow ever richer in the vocabulary of human connectedness. In an era that has been marked by so much lonely self-centeredness, that may be enough to redeem the pain of love—the risk that no formula, no book, can hope to remove. ▽

PALOMA PICASSO

(Continued from page 156)

that fit into your own personal style. You can't just go with whatever comes along. This year, the whole thing about the hemlines going all the way up and then all the way down is driving women crazy. With accessories, it's up to you—to make your own look. And women are realizing that it *should* be up to them. To discover something that is their own."

There are things in this collection that reflect a personal style that's uniquely Paloma's. Things that stem from a certain confidence, exuberance, and level of taste that goes beyond the boundaries of one country or another. Things such as little "hidden" details. "It's the hidden things that are more important," she maintains. "That's what makes you feel more secure. No one sees it, but you know it's there. It adds something." Those details: the bright red lining in a sleek black bag. Or her "small leather goods"—beautiful little pouches and cases to be tucked inside other bags. Black leather gloves with two gauntlet cuffs, one folding back to reveal another in a burst of gold or red. A purse hidden in a trompe l'oeil-style bound book, complete with ribbon "bookmark" and gold-edged "pages." "Carrying a book looks natural," says Paloma, obviously pleased with her invention, an oversized book purse with a shoulder strap.

Another particular Paloma trademark is unusual color combinations. Despite the success of her one-perfect-red lipstick—Mon Rouge—color plays a major role in all her other designs. You see a leather bag patched in three different colors; a velvet scarf gradually blends from darkened olive to deep bordeaux to dark royal purple. "I thought the dark colors looked very good next to each other. Mixing colors has always been very important to me. When I first joined Tiffany's, I wanted to use semiprecious stones because they're so colorful. I thought that was interesting, the clash of colors."

Another scarf is imprinted with pages from her maternal grandfather's journal. He was a perfume maker, and they are his notes and recipes. "We reproduced the pages exactly as they were, with the perfume stains on them, different inks, things crossed out," she explains. "When I was a little girl, I loved to go to big department stores and see the Gilot stand; I thought it was so great. Somehow, it seemed more impressive than being the daughter of Picasso. I knew being the daughter of Picasso was extremely important, but when you are five or six, perfume is more real, because when you play, you play 'store.'" She pauses with a smile to acknowledge that "I also played 'art gallery,' where my brother and I would do some drawings and get people in, and if they bought something, we'd put a red dot on it. But my mother was also a painter, so it seemed everybody painted. The perfume seemed another world."

Paloma Picasso's practical creativity is evident in one set of evening bags that have a bracelet-style handle, meant to be worn on the wrist, with the bag dangling below. "Most evening bags you have to hold or put under your arm," she explains, "and maybe it's more of a French woman's preoccupation, wondering how to hold your drink and your bag, and then shake hands. Nobody's thought of this, because no one's had the connection in their mind. Nobody's been a jewelry designer and then a designer of handbags.

"What's great is that all of the problems that you have in designing make you more creative. You have an idea, and then somehow it can't be done. You have to replace that idea and come up with something different. Everything I approach, I approach with the same point of view. A timeless one. Working to make the environment that surrounds a woman more beautiful." With the newest Picasso accessories, she's done it again. In a big way. ▽

ESTATE OF MIND

(Continued from page 230)

conform with a Scottish custom I do not understand, is nearly a mile from the castle.

Blanche's husband planted the American Garden, or the Garden of Loving Friendship. A heart-shaped plaque recorded who had planted each tree, a tradition we still keep up. The Victorians were long on foresight; my mother, Ginny Ryan—an American with Irish, German, and Jewish blood, the granddaughter of banker Otto Kahn—arrived at Cortachy, age nineteen, as the American Garden reached its maturity.

In the 'sixties, my parents took over Cortachy in a financial climate very different from anything Blanche had known. They set about warming up the castle by filling it with people. Having six children was a help. But they were on a strictly limited budget; six children also need feeding. There are still no great pictures or memorable furniture at Cortachy. To find those, you have to visit my maternal grandmother, Mrs. John Barry Ryan, in New York.

We were brought up to feel extremely privileged but not rich. As a child, I used to travel by the overnight train from London to Edinburgh with my parents and nanny. My father traveled first class on his own; my mother and nanny shared a second-class two-bunk sleeper. In another compartment, the children slept two in a bunk, top to toe. In Edinburgh, my parents were picked up by the chauffeur, Mr. Little, in the Jaguar. The rest of us went by truck with the luggage. It was established procedure; nobody thought it odd.

Shortly after the Boer War, in which my great-grandfather was killed, a memorial to him was built. Its proper name is Airlie Monument, although a friend of mine christened it the Airlie Windmill. The hill is not spectacularly high, but the monument is visible from points twenty miles away. In some way, the monument encapsulates my view of Cortachy at my most melancholy. It mourns a way of life. Up on that hill, the Ogilvys are lords of much of what they survey, but the monument is a decaying folly. Only we remember why it was put there.

I was brought up to learn and believe in the duties of a Scottish laird: paternalism, continuity, the premise that land is in trust for future generations. I hope it will be possible to keep things going. It is extraordinary that Scottish estates such as Cortachy have lasted so long. But there are always fresh dark clouds above and beyond the Airlie Monument. ▽

HAIR Rx

(Continued from page 217)

lowest-dose birth control pills have little or no effect on hair. Corticosteroid drugs, given in high doses, can cause body hair growth and scalp hair loss; but in the low doses used to treat such chronic conditions as allergy or asthma, they don't usually have adverse effects.

A wide variety of other drugs can affect body or scalp hair growth, but most are used to treat serious conditions: acute life-threatening infections, epilepsy, heart disease, or high blood pressure. Some drugs that cause hair loss appear to do so by creating vitamin deficiencies; for many, reasons are not understood.

PREGNANCY Experiences vary, but most women notice changes in their hair during pregnancy—often for the better. "Hair volume may seem to increase early on, when estrogen levels are high; and thickness usually peaks during the final months, when there is a surge of progesterone, which directly blocks androgen action on the scalp," says Dr. Orentreich. After delivery, progesterone levels plummet, and many women shed large amounts of hair (which usually grows back).

ALOPECIA AREATA Sudden greying, loss of patches of hair, or complete baldness may be caused by this condition, in which the body's immune system attacks hair roots. Treatment with corticosteroids can bring back normal hair growth; but most women have subsequent episodes needing repeat treatment. Some experts speculate that a stressful event may precede hair loss due to alopecia areata, but this is controversial.

CHEMOTHERAPY Some, although not all, of the drugs used to treat common cancers cause *temporary* hair loss by halting normal cellular reproduction in roots. Some physicians have recommended using a tourniquet applied to the scalp or an ice bath to prevent chemotherapeutic drugs from reaching hair follicles. "These methods have fallen into disuse, not only because they caused so much discomfort but because they did not seem to prevent hair loss," says Robert J. Mayer, M.D., associate professor of medicine, Harvard Medical School and Dana-Farber Cancer Institute, Boston.

Since hair loss is almost inevitable during many cancer treatments, experts advise planning ahead. "The experience is much less devastating if a wig matching one's hairstyle and color has been purchased in advance," says Rachel Epstein, C.S.W., senior outpatient social worker, Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, NYC.

According to Epstein, women's reactions to chemotherapeutic hair loss can vary dramatically. "For some women, it's equated with loss of identity and is a constant reminder of illness, a source of anguish. Others may be equally concerned; but instead of feeling depressed, they focus on how to maintain their looks during chemotherapy." For a surprising number of women, hair loss is a minor worry. "Often, these women have good support systems—husbands, lovers, or other family members helping them feel whole and loved." ▽

FITNESS CRAZY

(Continued from page 222)

year has been to eliminate bulges inside knees to achieve the sort of legs blessed by shorter skirts. Fashion, at this moment, becomes not an act of delight but desperation.

The proverbial hat a woman buys to cheer herself or the exercise class she attends to relieve a job's emotional stress are reasonable steps toward coping with life's problems. When women feel the only control they have over their lives is over body and appearance, fashion becomes a lifeline; slimness, rather than a healthy ideal, becomes an obsession.

It's true that varying exercise routines can add interest to a fitness plan, decrease monotony. That is reasonable—in fact, desirable. One should be wary only when the urge for change becomes more imperative than the need to be fit. Many women who constantly seek the "newest" exercise aren't necessarily bored with the program as much as they are bored with themselves. Flinging themselves into a new activity, they are interested not only in the "new" body that will be created but in the new self that will emerge.

For other women, exercise is a commitment to body health; their exercise program a pragmatic one, with success measured in terms of heart rate and blood pressure. "One can make dramatic changes in fitness level that aren't noticeable in one's body shape," says O'Shea. "One can also tone muscle, take off fat, and never become any healthier or fitter."

Women who take a straightforward, health-related approach to exercise are the least likely to become frustrated with their programs—and drop out. That's when exercise achieves what its advocates promise: lower heart rate, changes in blood lipids.

Exercise works best when there is a deep sense of self that one seeks to match on a physical level. A woman with an inner sense of vibrancy who resents that her body has slowed with age may exercise to attain a physical boldness to match her spirit.

Women's lives have changed dramatically in the last twenty years, and women understandably are seeking a body image that accurately reflects their strengths. Historically, feminist voices have been encased in androgynous bodies; in the 1920s and 1970s, the idealized feminist body was one that could confront a male world: small breasts, firm muscles, short hair. Comfortable lately in their professional positions, women have felt brave enough to seek acceptance as not only colleagues but *women*.

When a woman feels her body matches her sense of self, she isn't likely to be deeply bored with her mirror image. Switching hemlines, colors, and styles with the season is an amusement, a pleasure; changing body shape on a whim has a profound impact. Discontentment with one's form implies a rejection of self—and that is the antithesis of what exercise and self-improvement are all about. ▽

DIET/EXERCISE EQUATION

(Continued from page 219)

sessions: at least three times a week in order to derive cardiovascular benefits. A woman may work out more frequently, but care should be taken to vary the intensity and/or the duration of the sessions. If one does a hard workout one day (e.g., 140 bpm for forty minutes), the next day should be easier (120 bpm for thirty minutes) to allow the body time to recover.

The type of activity chosen for an aerobic workout should be one that elevates heart rate to the training zone, but also one that uses large muscle groups (legs, buttocks, arms) and that eventually can be sustained for thirty minutes or more. Walking briskly, jogging, swimming, cycling, rowing, and rope jumping are all excellent aerobic exercises; choose exercises that best suit your liking and environment. Alternating activities is a good way to keep up interest and to tone a variety of muscles. If a woman is thirty-five years old and in moderately good shape, a good weekly program might look like the one on page 219.

Beginners: Obtain a physician's approval. Exercise at least three times a week at the low end of aerobic range. Aim to exercise for thirty minutes. You may need to start out at five minutes; take two to three weeks to build up.

EXERCISE GOAL: LONGER, NOT HARDER

An important point to remember is that for some women low-to-moderate heart rates (60-70 percent of maximum heart rate) may be more effective for burning body fat than higher heart rates. But if you decrease intensity, you should increase duration. Take a pleasant hike for one hour rather than an intense run for thirty minutes. Only competitive athletes need to train more intensely; to be slim and fit, exercise need not be painful or exhausting.

A good example of how working out too intensely may be counterproductive to weight-loss goals is the case of Annie, forty-one years old. She lost ten pounds in eight weeks by making small diet changes and riding her stationary bike five days a week for thirty to forty-five minutes at her *maximum* aerobic training rate (143 bpm). However, for several weeks she had not lost any more weight despite consistent cycling. When she consulted me, I asked her to keep her frequency (five times a week) and duration (thirty to forty-five minutes) constant, but to drop her heart rate ten to fifteen beats per minute to a *low-to-moderate* level (107-125 bpm). Following this new program, she lost eleven more pounds in two months. Annie

thought harder was better and that a high heart rate would help her to lose weight faster.

In addition to helping a woman lose weight and body fat, aerobic exercise offers other benefits: Heart and lungs become more efficient; resting heart rate and blood pressure are lowered. Individuals report the quality of their sleep improves; moods become more even; feelings of well-being, confidence develop.

LOSING WEIGHT

Because most women think about weight loss in terms of cutting calories rather than burning them up, they opt for "starvation" diets that eventually fail them. A starvation diet is generally considered to be one that provides fewer than 800 calories per day. Drawbacks associated with a starvation diet include: reduced metabolic rate (and eventual failure to lose weight); loss of lean tissue (from muscles and organs); regaining of weight as fat and water (rather than lean tissue); malnutrition; and feelings of deprivation that can result in binging. By understanding the body's caloric needs and the number of calories that can be expended through aerobic exercise, women can learn how to lose weight without starving. A thirty-five year old, 130-pound woman's daily caloric expenditure may look like this:

Activity	Time	Calories Burned
Sleep	8 hrs.	300
Desk work	8 hrs.	620
Normal activities (e.g., cooking)	4 hrs.	360
Rest activities (e.g., reading)	4 hrs.	220
	24 hrs.	1500 cal/day

Most women mistakenly believe they cannot lose weight if they consume more than 1000 calories per day. This is not true. The reason: they neglect to take into account their weight and caloric needs. A look at this chart, for example, proves that our sample woman could lose a half pound of body fat every nine days by eating 1300 calories a day: a 200-calorie deficit each day over nine days adds up to 1800 calories, which is just over a half pound of body fat (one pound = 3500 calories). A diet of 1300 calories would supply this woman's energy and nutrition needs, maintain metabolic rate, prevent deprivation feelings.

A more effective and healthful weight-loss approach for our sample woman would be for her to decrease food intake *and* increase caloric expenditure through aerobic exercise in the following way:

- Consume 1400 calories/day, creating a 100-calorie deficit per day—or a 700-calorie deficit for one week.
- Exercise aerobically four days a week for thirty-five minutes—which burns approximately 1100 extra calories for the week. (At 130 pounds, our exerciser burns about eight calories per minute at her training heart rate.)
- Through prudent diet *and* exercise, this woman can create an 1800-calorie deficit for the week—which equals about a half-pound loss of body fat.

HEALTHFUL EATING

A half-pound-to-one-pound weight loss per week may not sound like much when we're used to hearing about "diets" that promise losses of five to ten pounds each week. But when weight is lost through good nutrition combined with proper exercise, it not only makes a significant difference in appearance—but in a woman's stamina and health; because the weight lost is body *fat*, not lean tissue and water. Women should not be discouraged by what might seem like a slow rate of weight loss: The difference will be noticeable in how good one feels—and the losses are far more permanent.

Good nutrition, not dieting, is another important factor in attaining ideal weight. Eating a variety of wholesome foods not only assures a woman of getting basic nutrients but prevents her from developing cravings for foods high in fats and sugars. In general, the *ideal* diet has calories comprised of about 50-60 percent complex carbohydrates (grains, fruits, vegetables), less than 30 percent fats (oils, butter, margarine), and 10-20 percent protein (meat, fish, poultry, eggs). The basic American diet currently is about 46 percent carbohydrates, 43 percent fats, and 12-15 percent protein. Despite some gains, experts suggest we need to be more vegetarian-like: to substitute foods such as pasta, rice, breads, vegetables, and fruits for the large amounts of fat in our diets.

Along with maintaining a high standard for the foods we eat, a number of other techniques can help one lose weight and stay on a good eating plan over the long run.

1. Keep a food diary for two weeks. This will help you to become more aware of food habits and allow you to calculate daily caloric intake.
2. Never allow yourself to get very hungry. Research shows you will eat more if you delay eating past the time you feel hungry.
3. Eat frequently. A combination of small snacks and meals is ideal.
4. Don't skip meals.
5. Eat the majority of your daily calories during daytime hours, when you're active.
6. Eat slowly with taste, smell, and touch awareness.
7. Maintain a permissive attitude. "I can eat anything I want to; now, what do I *really* want to eat?"
8. There are no taboo foods, just taboo habits. Allow yourself small portions of "luxury" foods (e.g., desserts) from time to time.
9. Limit yourself to a maximum of two drinks three times per week.
10. After a binge, don't punish yourself the next day by starving; go back to normal eating.

TO START—AND KEEP IT UP

Make a few exercise and nutrition changes today, no matter how small, that you can incorporate into your life. If a change is not working for you, make adjustments. Don't make promises that, if you can't keep them, will propel you into abandoning the whole program. It's not how quickly you achieve a fitter, leaner self . . . but how long you maintain it. ▽

VOGUE, July, 1988

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Zip's innovative applicator tube: fast, safe, easy home waxing.

(Continued from page 222)

Norwich Inn in Norwich, Connecticut; the Spa at Williams Island in Florida. The Canyon Ranch, in Tucson, Arizona, plans a Ranch on the East Coast near Lenox, Massachusetts.

Another trend: Some of the big hotel chains are getting into the spa business. The Marriott Corporation (in Palm Desert, California) and the Hyatt Resorts (in Hawaii) are currently developing prototype spas. Outward Bound participation grew by almost 20 percent between 1986 and 1987. According to a 1987 study, 45.7 percent of resort hotels/motels now have outdoor tennis courts. Almost 30 percent have exercise/weight rooms and fitness trails.

5. HIGH-TECH SPORTS SHOES

Replacing the soft "freestyle" shoe: a sturdier, more "serious" exercise shoe that is safer, more protective, and better constructed.

Consumers are willing to pay for this well-built shoe. Of all aerobics shoes now sold, 36 percent cost between $40 and $65. Avia sold $70 million worth of sports shoes in '86 and $150 million in '87.

6. CORPORATE WELLNESS

According to a recent report: about 66 percent of companies with more than fifty employees now offer wellness programs.

Some reported results of corporate fitness among employees:

- 35 percent fewer visits to doctors for minor illnesses (at a Rhode Island HMO).
- 55 percent drop in medical-care costs (at Kennecott Copper).
- A drop in average disability days from 8.6 to 3.5 (at Prudential Life Insurance Co.).
- A savings of over $2.5 million a year in absentee/medical costs (New York Telephone).

In addition to corporate gyms and exercise allowances, companies now offer diet workshops, CPR training, smoking-cessation clinics, on-site breast cancer screenings; cash incentives for fitness participation; better-quality (and lower-calorie) food in employee cafeterias.

7. FIT SKIN

Americans spent an estimated $400 million on sun protection and a reported $1.5 billion on skin-care products for the face in '87. Services such as aromatherapy, massage, and facials now are seen not as frivolous but as treatments with real therapeutic/relaxation value.

8. BODY CONSCIOUSNESS

Women's interest in fitness has influenced their image of themselves, especially the way they view their bodies. The goal is no longer to be pencil thin. New body goals: to be shapely, healthy, vigorous. Some trends:

- Fashion/beauty industry members have teamed up with the medical community to form an advisory group opposing "the promotion of the overly thin image, a major cause of anorexia and bulimia in the U.S."
- There was a 78 percent increase in the number of liposuctions (a controversial technique of removing fat from the body) performed between 1984 and 1986. Liposuction is the fastest-growing area of plastic surgery today.
- The evolution of the leotard—from Donna Karan's bodysuits to Jean-Paul Gaultier's "leotard jacket"—demonstrates how fitness gear is becoming mainstream fashion. Gilda Marx's exercise-cum-weekend-clothes boutiques are one example. From a handful of boutiques in her exercise studios, Gilda Marx now has a freestanding store in NYC and about one hundred in-store boutiques across the country. Next year, there will be a projected two hundred. The amount of money women have spent on leotards has grown from an estimated $96.6 million in 1982 to $142.3 in 1986.

9. "SPA" FOOD

New "spa" food has now become America's way of eating. Nutritious, tasty, made with the freshest, most healthful ingredients, spa food—rather than being bland, depriving, or unhealthful—is a luxe, low-cal way of eating that follows the U.S. Dietary Guidelines and the guidelines of both the American Cancer Society and the American Heart Association. "Spa" food, in addition to being low in calories, is low in saturated fat, cholesterol, sugar, salt; moderate in lean protein; high in fiber and complex carbohydrates.

The new spa eating is everywhere: at The Four Seasons, NYC, for example, where chef Seppi Renggli has daily spa-cuisine entrees. Chicago's Ritz-Carlton offers "alternative gourmet cuisine"—appetizer, entree, *and* dessert that add up to less than 600 calories. Swissair and British Airways both offer "lighter cuisine" options.

10. KID-FIT

The fact that youth fitness in the U.S. has not improved has spurred government agencies and businesses to promote new fitness/exercise programs. Corporate sponsorship has about doubled in the past year. Just a few corporations sponsoring children's programs:

- Campbell Soup Company's Institute for Health and Fitness sponsors the Fitnessgram system, a computerized report for students based on health-related fitness assessments. The system, designed to inform, educate, and motivate students, is available for grades kindergarten through twelve.
- Procter & Gamble has a sixteen-minute film for schools on the President's Challenge fitness program; Pam Shriver hosts the tape.
- Kellogg's sponsors the Pitch, Hit & Run Competition for boys and girls between the ages of eight and fifteen. In '87, camps across the country implemented the program.
- Hallmark offers a children's coloring book designed to help youngsters stay fit. Copies of "Rainbow Brite's I'm a Fit Kid" are distributed in family physicians' offices.
- Hershey Foods sponsors a national track and field meet each year for beginners between the ages of nine and fourteen. ▽

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THE SEVEN AGES OF HAIR

(Continued from page 217)

affect hair follicles, leading to premature hair loss and/or thinner, weaker hair,'' says tricologist Philip Kingsley. How? ''Stress produces more adrenalin in the body, which can eventually result in the formation of more androgens (male hormones); more androgens in the body can cause hair loss in genetically predisposed women—where the family-tree rate of hair fallout surpasses the normal rate of regrowth or replacement.'' (A helpful treatment, Philip Kingsley's Intensive Scalp Stimulant.)

In conjunction with the endocrinology division of Mt. Sinai Hospital, New York City, Kingsley is now in the process of setting up the Kingsley Foundation for the study of female hair loss. He is also co-author, with Walter Futterweit, M.D., of the Mount Sinai Endocrinology Department, of a paper being published on the subject next month by the American Academy of Dermatology.

The age of hair color change starts earlier and earlier—depending where a woman lives. On the West Coast, haircoloring and makeup often begin together in early teens. Changing hair color with chemicals, however, is not like changing face color with makeup; it's a major change. Hair is made weaker, not only by added color but by *any* chemical processing—perming or straightening. It's the time when hair products should be chosen with as much care as those chosen for skin, ''matched'' to work with hair that's chemically processed. (Read labels!) There are many now to choose from: Foltène's Shampoo for Fine, Limp Hair and—when hair is in very poor condition—Foltène's Supplement for Fine, Limp Hair, where an effective ingredient, Hydrocore, penetrates the cortex to help increase ''bulk'' by increasing actual diameter of the hairshaft. Also, Helene Curtis Salon Selectives Level 3 Shampoo and Conditioner; Lamaur's Textra Shampoo; and, a favorite of Sergio Valente at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC, Aveda Shampoo and Conditioner.

Changing color with a temporary or semi-permanent product (such as Clairol's twenty-three-shade Loving Care Lotion) does not weaken hair and, unless a woman wants hair very much lighter, is an effective way to add tone and glow.

''Pre-formed dyes diffuse into the fiber—in this case, the hair—without any chemical impact,'' explains John Corbett, Ph.D., vice president of technology at Clairol.

Chemical overkill is a modern dilemma: too much color, too much straightening, too much everything. As Mitchell Wortzman, director of scientific affairs at Neutrogena, says, ''Many products that change color, curl or straighten hair are highly alkaline. With big doses of alkali, hair can reach a higher pH and become more porous. Instead of lying flat, close to the hair shaft, the cuticle opens and expands to leave the inner structure more vulnerable. Hair then swells whenever any moisture is applied and is dangerously prone to damage.''

With over-porous hair, some products should be avoided altogether—or certainly used with caution. Products (e.g., some mousses) that contain surfactants—which damage the cortex protein of the hair—are an example. Porous hair can absorb these like a sponge and be weakened still further. It's vital to use pH-balanced products: shampoos that clean hair with neutral or slightly acidic compounds, then rinse away dull residue/buildup from styling mousse or gel—exactly what women once did when they used vinegar or lemon rinses. They were, in fact, replacing nature's own acidic mantle. (Some answers: Neutrogena Shampoo, Fabergé's Organics, Revlon's Clean & Clear Conditioner, Gillette's Silkience Self-Adjusting Conditioner, Regis Moisturizing Conditioner.)

''Conditioners have a lower pH than shampoos,'' says Dr. Corbett. ''Hair that has been subjected to 'too much product' or too much manipulation by hot rollers or curlers needs special attention. It can't always be corrected by applying conditioner after shampoo but requires the sort of deep-conditioning treatment that would not normally be used more than once or twice a month.'' (Clairol II Revitalizing Formula or conditioning Beauty Pack; Korff's Energia Vitale Capelli.)

The age of thinning hair comes with menopause, when diffuse thinning occurs all over the scalp along with a general loss of ''body'' and volume. The newest perms help: Sassoon's Reel to Real, Zotos Bain de Terre, Sebastian's Timed Right, Paul Mitchell's Symmetry Wave. When hair starts to thin, scalp oils begin to diminish, too, and lack of body and sudden dryness, even if hair has been oily all its life, can result. (Good solutions: Redken's Vivagen Hair Enrichment Treatment, in salons only; Foltène's Supplement for Thinning Hair.)

Hair's inherent tensile strength is incredible; but chilled by the wind, polluted by the environment, dried out by the sun, it can't be expected to recover and shine after only a wash and blow-dry. The answer lies in learning what suits each individual head of hair best. Here, some basics:

HAIR RULES FOR THE SEVEN AGES OF HAIR

1. Wash limp hair regularly to avoid the accumulation of excess oil deposits, which can weigh down strands.
2. Always rinse hair first with warm water, then shampoo. Rinse again thoroughly.
3. Blot, pat dry. Never rub vigorously.
4. Avoid excess heat and over-drying.
5. Never wind hair too tightly on curlers.
6. Brush hair only when absolutely dry, never when wet. Always use a wide-toothed comb on wet hair.
7. Keep hair as pruned as a plant. Trim every six weeks.
8. Use only brushes with natural bristles; boar is a good choice.
9. Change your style occasionally to give hair a change—which is also a rest.
10. *Less is more* is the best hair credo. ▽

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FASHION INFORMATION

Page 22: Earrings and necklace at Macy's, Herald Square. **72:** Nylon/spandex bathing suit, Dance France, $38. New York Body Shop, NYC; Dance 'N Things, Miami FL. **82:** Cotton shirt, Isaac Mizrahi, $195. Bloomingdale's; Caron Cherry, Coconut Grove FL. Manicure, Jill Friedman/Visage Style. **88:** *Photo, top right*: Jacket, Schott Bros. at the Antique Boutique, NYC. Shirt, Agnès B. Shoes, Ralph Lauren Footwear. **90:** *Photo, top left*: Hat, Paul Smith, NYC. Sweater, Cashmere & Company. **130:** *Top row, left*: Fratelli Rossetti brown over-the-knee boot. *Right*: Joan & David Couture red pump on curvy heel. . . . *Second row, left*: Charles Jourdan black pump with gold metal on heel and toe. *Right*: Robert Clergerie greyish-green pump with thicker heel and toe. . . . *On sketch*: Donna Karan green flat with gold metallic heel and thin wedge. Robert Clergerie green high-heel shoe/bootie with elastic gores at sides. . . . *Bottom inset, clockwise*: Diego Della Valle black stretch leather bootie. Diego Della Valle green ankle bootie with self leaves on ankle. Mario Valentino suede ankle boot with horn toggle closing. **132:** *Top row, left*: Yves Saint Laurent Footwear pump with silk bow. *Center*: Charles Jourdan brown pump. Pupi D'Angieri dark green stitched suede low-heel pump. Kenneth Cole green high-heel pump. *Right*: Robert Clergerie green suede pump on stacked heel. . . . *Second row, left*: Joan & David Couture green suede over-the-knee boot. *Center*: Beene Bag for Diego Della Valle Mary Janes. . . *Third row, left*: Yves Saint Laurent Footwear shoe/bootie with buckle. *Center*: *Top shoe*, Fratelli Rossetti patent tuxedo flat with big bow. *Bottom shoe:* Anne Klein Footwear tuxedo flat with bow. . . . *Fourth row, left*: Yves Saint Laurent Footwear smoking pump with red bow and heel. **134:** *Top left*: Ralph Lauren Hats. *Bottom right*: Glasses, Oliver Peoples. *Bottom center*: Shoes, Zoran for Diego Della Valle. **141:** Shirt, Calvin Klein. Scarf at Ultimo Ltd., Chicago; Madeleine Gallay, West Hollywood CA. Necklaces at Roz & Sherm, Birmingham MI; Haute Rocks, Newport Beach CA. To order at Barneys New York. Manicure by Perla Winer of Nails by Josephine. **142:** Cotton shawl and pants. Turnout at Linda Dresner, Birmingham MI; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, Los Angeles. Necklace, Renee Lewis. Artwear, NYC. **143:** Wool blazer. Raincoat, Ronaldus Shamask. Gloves, Sachiko for La Crasia. Mishon Mishon, NYC. **144:** Coat, Isaac Mizrahi. Shirt, Calvin Klein. Earrings, Mark Spirito. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus, San Francisco; Miriam Rubins, Beverly Hills. Scarf, Sunny Leigh. Beads, Renee Lewis. Artwear, NYC. Bracelet, Wendy Gell Jewelry. The Great Salt Marsh, NYC. Gloves, Portolano Products. **145:** Wool/nylon/spandex turtleneck. Belt, Takashi Wada. Bracelet, Tina Chow. Bergdorf Goodman. Shoes, Calvin Klein Collection Footwear. **146:** Calvin Klein wool/nylon/spandex top, $150, and double-faced wool pants, $630. See stores page 146. Gloves, Aris. **147:** Cummerbund, see stores page 147 (except Neiman-Marcus). **148:** Lambswool sweater, $96. Henri Bendel; Accents Plus, Pittsburgh; The Gazebo, Dallas. Ring, Kazuko Mitsushima. Artwear, NYC. Manicure, Elisabeth Drabinski. **149:** Jacket and jumpsuit, $3295. Leather by Libra International. Jersey by Corisia. Turnout also at Martha, Bal Harbour FL. Earrings, Barbara Groeger. Bloomingdale's; Roz & Sherm, Birmingham MI. Shawl, Isabel Canovas, NYC. Gloves, Geoffrey Beene for Portolano Products. **151:** Jewelry at Fred Leighton, NYC. **153:** Scarf, $390. Bergdorf Goodman; Bloomingdale's, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, Beverly Hills; Nordstrom, Costa Mesa, CA; I. Magnin. **154:** Bag, $500. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; Bonwit Teller, Bal Harbour FL, Troy MI (late July); Ultimo Ltd., Chicago; I. Magnin; Creeds, Ontario, Canada. **155:** *Left*: Bags, $104 each. Bergdorf Goodman; Georgina, Hewlett NY; Bloomingdale's, Chicago; Maxfield, Los Angeles; Creed's, Ontario, Canada. *Right*: Gold/black bag, $128. Other bags, $104 each. All at Saks Fifth Avenue; Bloomingdale's, Chicago (except gold/black bag); Tootsies, Houston; Bullock's, Los Angeles, Las Vegas NV; I. Magnin. **157:** Bag, $545. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hirshleifer's, Forest Hills and Manhasset NY; Garfinckels; Bonwit Teller, Bal Harbour FL, Troy MI (late July); Creeds, Ontario, Canada. Gloves, $283. Saks Fifth Avenue; Twigs, Birmingham MI; Ultimo, Ltd., Chicago; Tootsies, Houston; I. Magnin. **160-161:** Ralph Lauren Hosiery, $8. At select Polo/Ralph Lauren Shops. Donna Karan Hosiery, $9. Bergdorf Goodman (August); I. Magnin. **164-165:** *Model, left*: Turnout of melton wool, available late July. Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, Los Angeles. Shorts, $240. See stores listed on page 164. Mufflers, Isaac Mizrahi. Bergdorf Goodman. Panty stockings, La Leg. Aug. at Bonwit Teller; Macy's, San Francisco. *Right*: Jacket, $2350; blouse, $1195. Wool pants, Gianfranco Ferre, $685. See stores on page 165. Turnout available late July. Earrings, Escada by Margaretha Ley. Escada Boutique, Great Neck NY; Lilly Dodson, Richardson TX. *Both models*: Wigs, Barry Hendricks at Trocadoro. **166:** Comme des Garçons by Rei Kawakubo wool pants, $260. For stores, see page 166. Turnout also at Alan Bilzerian, Boston and Worcester MA; City, Chicago; Maxfield, Los Angeles. Bracelets, Tribe. Barneys New York; Urban Outfitters, Cambridge MA; Roxy, Palo Alto CA. **167:** Wool gabardine pants, Gianni Versace, $430. Late Aug. at Gianni Versace Boutiques, NYC, Miami, Chicago, Beverly Hills; Divino, Boston. Earrings, Ooops A Daisy. Canadians, NYC. Bracelets, Kalibre. Ella Pryor, Houston; Kong Lung, Kilauea HI. Scarf, Karen Washington. Brooklyn Museum Shop, Brooklyn NY; Summer Illusion, Bridgeport CT; Madame Butterfly/Moda Fashions, Philadelphia. **168:** Bolero, $2760. Callaghan by Romeo Gigli polyester/cotton shirt, $340, and cotton pants, $565. For stores, see page 168. Turnout also at Alan Bilzerian, Boston and Worcester MA; Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Savannah, Santa Monica CA. Accessories, Callaghan. **169:** Pants, Callaghan by Romeo Gigli. For stores, see page 168. **170:** Wool/polyamide dress. **171:** Cotton/bemberg coat. Wool/cotton/viscose jacket. Polyester/cotton lace shirt. White cotton/polyamide shirt. Accessories and shoes, Callaghan. **172-173:** Coat, Christian Lacroix RTW. Panty stockings, $76. Fogal of Switzerland, NYC, Houston, San Francisco. **174-175:** *Left to right*: Patricia Clyne wool jersey pants, $200. (Fabric, Jasco.) Macy's, Herald Square; Marshall Field's. Green panty stockings, Hanes Silky Opaques. Marc Jacobs wool houndstooth pants, $240. Charivari, NYC; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore. Argyll panty stockings, $10. Park Lane Hosiery. **178-181:** Hair, Max Pinnell; makeup, Tracy Grey. **179:** Horse, Kline Arabians. **180:** Navy sweater, Benetton. **184:** Black Star. **185:** Jacket, Ralph Lauren Classifications. Earrings, Erwin Pearl. Hair, Garren for Garren, NY; makeup, Margaret Avery. **186:** *Top*: Black Star. *Bottom, left & right*: UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos. **187:** *Left*: Paul Sakuma/Sygma. *Right, top & bottom*: UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos. **189:** Hair, Cydney Cornell; makeup, Andrea Paoletti. **190-191:** *Driver*: Scarf, Amicale Industries. Bonwit Teller, NYC; Bullocks Wilshire. *Foreground*: Dress also at Horne's, Pittsburgh; Cyreld, Brookline MA; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; Swansons on the Plaza; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle. Sunglasses, Exotique. Gruen Optika, NYC. Earrings, Erwin Pearl. Saks Fifth Avenue. Bracelets at Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field's. Gloves, Portolano Products. Bonwit Teller. Boots, Diego Della Valle. Diego Della Valle, NYC; Toby Lerner, Philadelphia. **192:** Wool/silk/yak jacket. Viscose/silk skirt. Also at John Wanamaker; Neiman-Marcus, Houston, San Francisco; Helen's of Course, Seattle WA, Portland OR. Earrings, Erwin Pearl. Scarf, Amicale Industries. Panty stockings, Danskin. Macy's. Shoes, Sam & Libby. Emporium Capwell, San Francisco. **193:** Cotton twill trousers. Also at Oxford Baggs Outfitters, Avon CT; RFD, Baton Rouge LA; Margaret's, Lubbock TX. Cotton twill parka. Lambswool turtleneck, Johnstons of Elgin for John Mendez. Late August at Cuffs, Chagrin Falls OH; Brittany, Chicago. Hat by Madcaps. Charivari, NYC; Urban Outfitters, Cambridge MA, Georgetown, Washington DC. Glasses, Exotique. See info. page 191. Scarf, Chanel. Saks Fifth Avenue. Earrings at Saks Fifth Avenue; Bullocks Wilshire. Pearls at Bergdorf Goodman; Saks Jandel. Chain necklace at Saks Fifth Avenue; Garfinckels. Cuff, Chanel Boutiques, NYC, Chicago, Beverly Hills. Gloves, Portolano Products. Montaldo's. Bag at Barneys New York; Swansons on the Plaza; I. Magnin. Fur coat, Basile for Goldin-Feldman. For stores, see info. page 194. Blanket, Chanel. **194:** Turnout also at Harry B.'s, Nashville TN; Jacobson's; I. Magnin; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle. Natural Canadian sable coat, $40,000. Aug. at Carl W. Herrmann, Pittsburgh PA; Dittrich Furs, Detroit; Marshall Field's; Bullock's. Earrings, Issac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Macy's, Herald Square; W.H. Harris, Warwick RI. Exotique sunglasses. Gruen Optika, NYC. Rings, Jewels by Poiray Paris. Bag, to order at Hermès, NYC, Dallas, San Francisco. Desk agenda. Hermès, NYC, Chicago, Beverly Hills. **195:** Turnout also at Roz & Sherm, Birmingham MI; Stanley Korshak, Dallas. Earrings at Kenneth Jay Lane, Trump Tower, NYC. **196:** Suit, $2115. Wool coat, Valentino, $1490. Available in Aug. For stores, see page 202. Earrings and earrings as pocket pins. For stores, see info. page 194. Muffler, see info. pages 190-191. Pocket scarf, Chanel. Gloves, Prada, NYC. Suitcases, Louis Vuitton, NYC, Atlanta, San Francisco. Panty stockings, La Leg. August at Bonwit Teller; Marshall Field's. Shoes at Emporium Capwell, San Francisco. **197:** Cashmere coat, $2005. Fabric, Corisia, available in August. Also at Panache, Millburn NJ. Cotton pullover, $100. Saks Fifth Avenue; Robinson's. Pants, see page 202, *inset top right*. Sunglasses, Exotique. Gruen Optika, NYC. Chanel scarf. Bracelet, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Macy's, Herald Square. Gloves, see info. page 196. Bag, to order at Hermès, NYC, Dallas, San Francisco. **198:** Wool cardigan and cashmere/silk pullover also at Chanel Boutique, Beverly Hills. Cardigan at Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore. Pants, see page 202, *inset top right*. Scarf, Chanel. Chanel Boutiques, NYC, Beverly Hills; Saks Jandel. Purse and luggage, Chanel. Luggage at Chanel Boutiques, NYC, Palm Beach FL, Chicago, Beverly Hills; I. Magnin. Toilette case and small duffel at Nordstrom. Raincoat, Burberrys. **199:** Polyester/satin charmeuse teddy also at Xaviera, Jacksonville FL; The Undie Box, Lexington KY; The Underworld, Denver CO. Cardigan, Ballantyne. Natural Canadian sable, see info. page 194. Sunglasses, Exotique. For stores, see info. page 191. Mini "gold" bag, Chanel. Bath sheet, Descamps. **200:** Cotton velvet jacket, silk skirt. Shoes at Bloomingdale's. **201:** Silk chiffon top also at Martha, Bal Harbour FL. Wool pants, $176. Bloomingdale's; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Atlanta, Dallas, Costa Mesa CA; I. Magnin. Shawl, Cashmere Concepts. Sable, Basile for Goldin-Feldman. See info. page 194. Gloves, Sachiko for La Crasia. Earrings, Richard A. Serbin. Head Master, NYC. Necklace at Saks Fifth Avenue. Scarf at Bottega Veneta, NYC, Chicago, Beverly Hills, San Francisco. Belt at Dressings On Fifth, Des Moines IA; C'est Chic, San Pedro CA. Bag, Chanel. **202:** For details, additional stores, see info. pages 190-203. **203:** For pants, see page 202, *inset top right*. Sable at Fendi Boutique at Torie Steele, Beverly Hills; The Carol and Irwin Ware Fur Salon at I. Magnin, Chicago. To order at Neiman-Marcus. Belt at Hermès Boutique, NYC, Dallas, San Francisco. **204:** Acrylic/wool/nylon shirt, $85. Fiorucci, NYC, Miami, Houston. Scarf (on head), Echo. Earrings at Bonwit Teller, NYC. Rings at Craft Caravan, NYC; Hilines, Fayetteville AR; Opus 204, Seattle WA. **205:** Ralph Lauren Roughwear cotton shirt, $75. Bonwit Teller, NYC; Woodward & Lothrop; Polo/Ralph Lauren, La Jolla CA. Beaded necklaces, Craft Caravan. Craft Caravan, NYC; Middle Earth, Ann Arbor MI; Run Of The Mill, Little Rock AR. Necklace with silver triangles at Craft Caravan, NYC. Silver disc on cord, Denise Solay The World On A String. Bergdorf Goodman. Ring, see page 204. Bag, Ralph Lauren Handbags and Luggage Company. **206:** Gloves, Avirex for the Cockpit. The Cockpit, NYC. Scarf, Giorgio Sant'Angelo Knits. Henri Bendel. Socks, Hue. Bloomingdale's; Marshall Field's. **207:** Wool vest. Cashmere turtleneck, Pringle of Scotland, $270. August at Altman's; Thos. David, Philadelphia; The Lake Forest Shop, Lake Forest IL; Balliet's. Glasses, Oliver Peoples. Robert Marc Opticians, NYC; Doc Optique, Birmingham MI. Belt, Ralph Lauren Leathergoods. Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC. **208:** Saint Laurent Rive Gauche wool top, $690. See stores listed on page 208. Turnout also at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques, Chevy Chase MD, Costa Mesa CA; Rich's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Gloves, Norma Kamali. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. Yves Saint Laurent Footwear. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC. Silver chrome chair from Oops, NYC. **209:** Wool fabric, Boggio Casero. Jumpsuit, $2500. Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Gloves, Portolano Products. Sept. at Bergdorf Goodman. Shoes, Kenneth Cole, NYC, San Francisco. **210-211:** *Left*: Turnout also at Buffalo, Tarzana CA. Scarf, Isabel Canovas, NYC. Necklace, Eric Beamon. Bergdorf Goodman; Haute Rocks, Newport Beach CA. Bracelets, Wendy Gell Jewelry. Emotivity, NYC. Boots, Claude Montana for Stephane Kèlian. Stephane Kèlian Boutiques, NYC, Washington DC, Beverly Hills. *Right*: Hat, Christy's London. Peter Elliot, NYC; A.J. Borenstein's Eclectic, Baltimore MD; David Wood, Portland ME. Gloves, Fownes. Boots, Giorgio Armani. Maraolo, NYC. Leather sofa from Furniture of the Twentieth Century. **212:** Wool/acrylic/angora/rayon cardigan. Wool pants. Earrings, A and G Artwear Changing Times. Caché, NYC. **213:** Turnout also at John Wanamaker. Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Macy's, Herald Square; Ben-Amun Gallery, New Orleans LA. Bracelet at Fred Leighton, Trump Tower, NYC. Donna Karan Shoes. Bergdorf Goodman; Jildor, Great Neck NY; Knit Wit, Philadelphia. **214:** Robe, Victoria's Secret. Hair, Oribe/Oribe at Parachute; makeup, Laura Mercier for Trish McEvoy. **215:** Lycra/nylon bathing suit, Gottex, $74. Lord & Taylor; Montaldo's. Hair, Oribe/Oribe at Parachute; makeup, Laura Mercier for Trish McEvoy. **216-217:** Photos courtesy of Redken. ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE.

Correction: The price of the Mercedes 300E mentioned in the Driving Style column in the May issue is actually $44,400; the 420SEL costs $59,080; the 560SEL is $69,760.

SALON SECRETS
For Extra-Frequent Shampooers

TOWEL DRYING

Hair dryers can damage hair if used too often. So towel dry when possible. And use fingers to flick in fullness.

RINSE WELL

To keep hair at its cleanest, rinse well— at least a minute— after you shampoo and again after you condition.

What's the right way to keep extra-frequently washed hair at its prime? The light way, of course. And that's Jhirmack's Lite shampoo and conditioner.

They're Jhirmack's salon secrets for leaving your hair radiantly clean. Without dulling build-up. No matter how often you shampoo.

THOROUGH BUT GENTLE

Constant shampooing and conditioning can be really tough on hair. Which is why the Jhirmack professionals developed Jhirmack Lite. Lite shampoo's gentle cleansers, conditioners and moisturizers help prevent dryness and combat static. Without overcleaning.

While Lite conditioner penetrates deeply without build-up, to aid in restoring and maintaining your hair's essential moisture balance.

Together, they're a great solution to your busy routine because their light formulation treats your hair gently. Yet every bit as effectively as other shampoos and conditioners.

So you always get that "just washed" freshness and shine. Without dulling build-up. Even if you shampoo and condition as often as twice a day.

And for terrific hold without build-up, try Lite mousse. If you shampoo a lot, it's just your style.

Light. Bright. Absolutely right. That's the beauty of Jhirmack Lite. Wash after wash. After wash.

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